

LIFE

FAMOUS BRITONS
A PORTFOLIO BY ALFRED EISENSTAEDT

**PAINTER
AUGUSTUS
JOHN**

20 CENTS

JANUARY 14, 1952

Right before your eyes—

A DISHWASHING MIRACLE!



CLEANER DISHES... RING-FREE PAN
...Tide CUTS GREASE AS NO SOAP CAN!

**1. No greasy water—
no dishpan "ring"!**

Lady, Tide not only gives you cleaner dishes—Tide actually makes dishwashing a clean, pleasant job, instead of a greasy, messy one. It's a miracle the way Tide floats grease off dishes, seems to make grease *disappear*. The dishwater stays so *clean*, and when you pour it out, there's no greasy "ring"... even the dishpan is clean! There's *nothing* like Tide!

**2. Dishes sparkle—
even without wiping!**

It's a miracle the way Tide gets dishes **CLEANER**—more sparkling bright—than *any* soap of *any* kind! Tide *leaves no soap film* to dull or streak them. No need to wipe! Just rinse and let them *drain dry*... and they will simply *gleam*! Try Tide—and see for yourself! Talk about *easy*! No other product made will do the job easier than Tide!

**3. Kind to hands, too—
now milder than ever!**

If you hate putting your hands in greasy dishwater—how you'll love Tide's smooth, stay-clean suds! Those long-lasting suds are *kind* to hands—milder than ever before. Yes, Tide makes dishwashing so much *pleasanter* and *easier*, gets dishes so much **CLEANER**... no wonder more women use Tide than *any* other dishwashing product in the world!



ALWAYS BUY TWO...



ONE FOR DISHES...

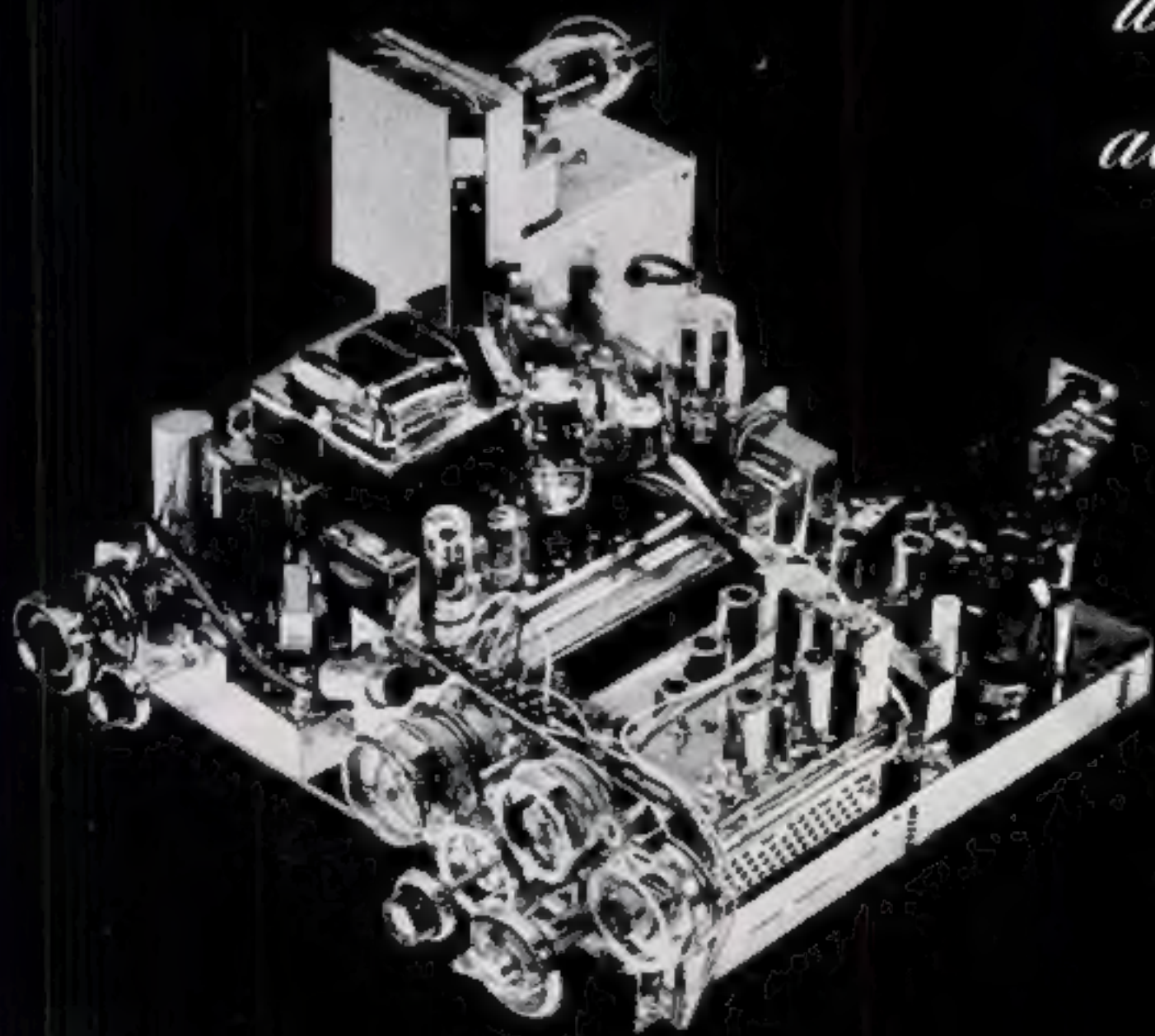


ONE FOR LAUNDRY!



Sensational new 20 inch **PHILCO**

*with TV's greatest "Power Plant"...
at the lowest price in Philco history*



It's brand new, all-new for 1952... this magnificent 20-inch Philco. With the famous Balanced Beam Chassis and Colorado Tuner that have set unequalled performance records all over the country... and a price that revolutionizes quality television. See all the great new 1952 Philcos at your dealer's now. Yours from Philco—famous for quality the world over.

Philco Factory Supervised Service, industry's largest organization of factory-trained TV specialists... available through your dealer.

WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW BEFORE BUYING "JUST ANY" PILLOW...

Foam, Feather, Down, Kapok...
which shall it be?

• The newest thing in pillows is foam latex and people who have tried all kinds say these are infinitely better than old-fashioned pillows. They're more comfortable, look better and last longer. But you know well that no matter how good a new material is—there's always one outstanding line. A best product that gives you the best value for your money. And we'd like to tell you about the best foam latex pillows you can buy—pillows made exclusively of Firestone *Foamex*.



Q. Are all pillows alike?

A. No, indeed. Pillows vary in size, shape, weight, resiliency, buoyancy and quality of filling. Pillows made of Firestone *Foamex* are 100% pure latex, whipped with air to cloud-soft comfort—quality controlled every step of the way by Firestone's exacting standards.



Q. What is the best size to get?

A. There is only one satisfactory pillow size for adults. The full-size pillow made of *Foamex*. Designed for maximum "head-room," there's no wrestling, pounding, punching. No slipping or sliding. *Foamex* keeps its shape...can't lump, sag, or lose its liveliness.



Q. What about allergy sufferers?

A. Leading allergy specialists recommend *Foamex* for sufferers from allergies caused by conventional pillow stuffings. "Blissful rest, from the first time I used a pillow made of *Foamex*" reports a sufferer from this common type of allergy.



Q. Why are some cheaper than others?

A. You will usually find that a bargain pillow is substandard either in construction, workmanship, size, plumpness. Beware of these. Skimp pillows fail to provide you with the full measure of comfort you get from full-size pillows of *Foamex*.



Q. Which pillows will fit my pillow slips?

A. Pillows made of *Foamex* are designed to fit standard pillow cases; full-size, no skimping—so that you can make up your beds to have that "perfect" appearance your friends expect of your home. *Foamex* pillows are available with removable, zipped-on ticking.



Q. How often do I need new pillows?

A. Here's a sure test. Place your hand under the center of your pillow and lift it up. If the pillow sags or droops at the ends—it is dead. No amount of fluffing can restore it. This can't happen to a pillow made of *Foamex* because buoyant *Foamex* stays lively for life.



Q. What kind of pillows for restless sleepers?

A. Most everybody is a "restless sleeper." Doctors say we turn as many as 35 times a night. The best pillow is made of *Foamex*. Firestone technicians have given *Foamex* the right blend of comfortable support and contour—with slow, gentle return to perfect shape.



Q. What kind of ticking shall I get?

A. Choose ticking for strength as well as beauty. You'll wear out a half-dozen tickings, before the *Foamex* ever shows signs of wear!



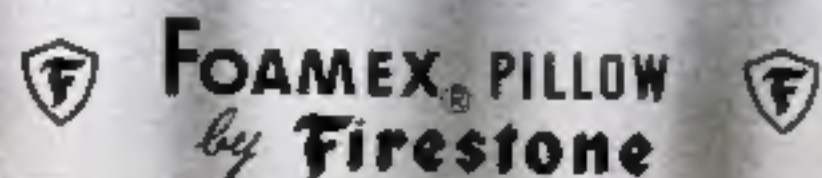
Q. Are foam pillows washable?

A. Yes...though washing is seldom necessary as *Foamex* air-cleans itself. Hospitals, however, often wash and sterilize *Foamex* pillows.



Sleep like a baby on a full-size pillow

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL AT YOUR FAVORITE STORE



Firestone FOAMEX®

FOAMEX PILLOWS ARE TAILORED BY SPECIALLY-SELECTED MANUFACTURERS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY

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THIS \$20 box of Norman Rockwell's paintings is YOURS

FREE! *Frei! Gracieusement!* **GRATIS!**

if you obtain a Trial Membership in The Heritage Club *now*



BECAUSE we are offering you a \$20 set of Norman Rockwell's paintings as an inducement to obtain a Trial Membership in The Heritage Club *at this time*, we had better tell you something about them:

In the first place, they are *not* the original paintings in oil! If you are in position to pay several thousands of dollars to obtain one of Norman Rockwell's original oils (and if you know where one *could* be obtained), then you will not want these facsimiles.

For they are facsimiles. Yet we will wager one good sixty-cent dollar that, even after examining them, you wouldn't recognize them as such if we didn't tell you; and we will wager two good sixty-cent dollars that none of your friends will recognize them as such if you should hang them (the facsimiles!) on your wall.

They are created by several unusual processes. They are in full color; and they are on heavy board-canvases such as oil painters use; and their surfaces are *moulded* so that you can feel the actual brush-strokes with your fingers.

Facsimiles have been created in this fashion before, of some of Norman Rockwell's famous paintings: notably his paintings of The Four Freedoms, the facsimiles of which have had so extraordinary a sale in the shops. We would present *those* to you, if we could! But we can't, for the right to reproduce them doesn't belong to us. However, we do have the right to reproduce Norman Rockwell's paintings made to illustrate *Tom Sawyer*; for they were made for the now-famous edition published by The Heritage Press.

WE HAVE NOW taken three of them (the original oils are in the possession of the Mark Twain Museum) and have created facsimiles which are four times larger than the plates in the published book. Each of them is twelve inches across by sixteen inches long. Each of them is made to become a decoration on your wall of which you will be continuously proud. Each will be sold in the shops for \$6.95; the set of three, for \$20.

But we will give you a complete set free, **FREE!** *gracieusement*, **GRATIS!**—if you obtain a Trial Membership in The Heritage Club *at this time*. Why?

WELL, IN THE FIRST PLACE, we have persuaded the mills which produce our fine papers to increase their allotment to us—with the result that, of six of our recent publications, we have obtained from the printers about a thousand extra copies. So, in the second place, we have decided to take in one thousand new members: to *try* the Club out for just six books.

But we want to enroll this limited number of people with an even more limited expenditure upon expensive advertisements such as this one! We want to cut down our advertising expenditure by offering this irresistible inducement to you, to become one of these new members. If you do, you will during the coming six months obtain six beautiful, *beautiful* books—at the same price as ordinary rental library fiction.

You will obtain a copy of Oscar Wilde's *Salomé* illuminated with genuine gold by Valenti Angelo; *War and Peace* by Tolstoy, illustrated by Fritz Eichenberg and Vasily Verestchagin; *Great Expectations* by Dickens, illustrated by Edward Ardizzone the English painter; *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking-Glass* in one charming colorful volume; *The Sketch-Book of Geoffrey Crayon* illustrated by Gordon Ross; and *The Pilgrim's Progress* with the water-colors by Blake.

Or, if any of these books should not be of interest to you, you may choose substitutions out of a long list of other Heritage books-in-print. Then, after the trial period, you can decide whether you want to continue your own membership. Obviously, we think you will!



FOR THE MEMBERS of The Heritage Club regularly come into possession of those "classics which are our heritage from the past, in editions which will be the heritage of the future." Yet each of these books—because of the cooperative nature of the Club's system—costs each member only \$3.65! or *only* \$3.28 if payment is made in advance!

A Prospectus is now ready. You are invited to send for a copy. One of the remaining Trial Memberships will then be reserved for you until you have had time to study it—and your reservation will also be entered, for the complete set of Norman Rockwell *Tom Sawyer* facsimiles which will be yours. Never in the history of book publishing has a greater bargain been offered to wise buyers of books. The coupon below gives you the opportunity to put this statement to the test:

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**in work clothes
one name
towers above
all others
for rugged wear
and good looks...**

Lee

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yet my mouth feels
fresh, clean and cool
No "DENTURE BREATH"
for me*



"I keep my false teeth clean and
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my plate feels clean and fresh
and cool from a Polident bath,
I'm safe from Denture Breath."
Mrs. S. B. McE, Longview, Wash.

You know what Mrs. McE. means—
it's a wonderful feeling to know that
you're not offending friends with
Denture Breath. And it's great when
your plates feel clean and cool and
fresh—from their Polident bath.

Remember, dental plates need the
special care of a special denture
cleanser. Don't brush, soak them in
Polident (only about a cent a day)
to keep them sparkling clean, free
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tomorrow.

NO BRUSHING

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or more—in a fresh,
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Polident and water.



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weapon...*

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That didn't just happen. It's the result of constant teamwork between Bell Laboratories people who *design* telephone equipment, Western Electric people who *make* it and Bell Telephone people who *operate* it.

In Western Electric's regular job as manufacturing unit of the Bell System, we've gained a wealth of specialized experience which is also being applied to making military communications and electronic equipment needed by the Army, Navy and Air Force.

Western Electric



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cereal!

Warms you up!
Builds you up!
Costs LESS than
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Natural
protection!



P.S.
Ever try it
with BROWN sugar?
Kids LOVE it!

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

LIFE'S CHRISTMAS ISSUE

Sirs:

Thank you for helping make for me the happiest Christmas I have ever had. For a month I have been searching for an impressive illustration of the significance of Christmas for my high-school-age Sunday school class. *LIFE* (Dec. 24) provided the reason not only for making it the biggest celebration in the Christian year but also for re-dedicating ourselves to the promotion of all the beneficence given us that day nearly 2,000 years ago. . . .

M. R. SPAHR

Corpus Christi, Texas

Sirs:

Many thanks for the Christmas issue. It is indeed a gift.

RT. REV. A. J. SAWKINS

Toledo, Ohio

TINTORETTO'S CHRIST

Sirs:

Your pictorial essay, "Tintoretto's Story of Christ" (*LIFE*, Dec. 24), is superb. The opportunity to drink deep of the living faith glowing in those pictures is a significant Christmas gift to millions of Americans.

REV. FRANCIS J. CUBRAN, S.J.

St. Louis, Mo.

Sirs:

Thanks for making my Christmas complete. The color photographs of Tintoretto's Story of Christ are magnificent. I will keep my copy for many years.

STANLEY ANAST

Chicago, Ill.

RELIGION HE FOUNDED

Sirs:

It is truly wonderful that a secular magazine should present a full page editorial on the Christian religion ("The Religion He Founded," *LIFE*, Dec. 24)—and such a helpful and inspiring one. . . .

REV. L. T. WILDS, D.D.

Hendersonville, N.C.

Sirs:

I think your editorial was the finest constructive religious review I have ever been privileged to read. A sermon in epitome. . . .

SAMUEL D. W. MILLS

Fallbrook, Calif.

Sirs:

Why do you argue about anxiety as though it were an undesirable quality? Without anxiety man cannot be

Christlike. Only the selfish are indifferent. Christ worried. He felt anxiety for the future of the world, a world He found sordid, selfish and materialistic, even as He would find our world today. He reminded His listeners that God, as the great loving Father, was ever anxious about the well-being of the least of His children. . . .

PERCIVAL MOTT

Winchester, Mass.

Sirs:

Your editorial said some fine things about the significance of Christmas. With the increased commercialization of this holy day it was a welcome relief to read your comments.

What a degrading thing we have done by exalting Santa Claus in place of Jesus Christ. Santa comes supposedly only for those who are good; Jesus came for the sinful and destitute. . . .

JOHN ELIASON

Ballston Spa, N.Y.

PLIGHT OF HOLY PLACES

Sirs:

I was shocked at Mr. Waugh's callous half-truths and complete malice in "The Plight of the Holy Places" (*LIFE*, Dec. 24). . . . Mr. Waugh had indeed to pay higher prices in Israel than he did in Egypt or Rome because Israel refuses to allow a depressed fellahin class to bear the burden of living while literary butterflies eat and travel cheaply. Moreover the Israelis have bankrupted their tiny country to save hundreds of thousands of their brothers who would otherwise be huddled in the camps of Europe or the ghettos of the Islamic world.

A modern crusade was in order—to rescue the millions of Hitler's victims. Mr. Waugh sneers at the pitiful remnant instead of cheering their most brave endeavors.

MORRISON D. BIAL

Assistant Rabbi

Free Synagogue of Westchester
Mount Vernon, N.Y.

Sirs:

. . . Mr. Waugh belittles and shows disrespect for the Mother Faith of the Decalogue, calling it a "religion of a particular people," of certain "rites and social habits." He seems to forget entirely that some of the principal tenets of Christianity and Islam are basically Hebrew. The Mosaic faith of the Old Testament is a universal one and the God of Israel is the God of all life, the Creator of heaven and earth, who declared (Isaiah 56): "My House shall be called a house of prayer for all peoples."

The Bible has a warning against all those who have no business in Jerusalem: "Behold, I will make Jerusalem a cup of staggering unto all the peoples round about, and upon Judah also shall it fall to be in the siege against Jerusalem. And it shall come to pass in that day, that I will make Jerusalem a stone of burden for all the peoples; all that burden themselves with it shall be sore wounded. . . ." (Zechariah 12: 2-3).

DAVID HOROWITZ

Editor

United Israel Bulletin
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

. . . Prices are high in Israel for inhabitants as well as pilgrims, and the Israelis rescued hundreds of thousands of pitiful refugees from Hitler's Europe and the mullah ghettos of the

Moslem world. They have sacrificed their own standard of living to rescue their brothers.

DAVID BEAL

New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

. . . Waugh's statement that Israel's unfavorable rate of exchange is a "trick" designed to squeeze money out of pilgrims is as untrue as it is mischievous. . . . His remark, "Indeed, the conditions which provoked the First Crusade were scarcely more offensive to the pilgrim than those existing today," can only be interpreted as a call for another crusade, however flippantly sounded.

ERNEST STOCK

New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

. . . In the matter of historical precedence, Waugh calls the Mohammedans "late-comers" because Jerusalem was sacred to Christians "for 600 years before it fell to Omar." According to Mr. Waugh's own criterion, since Jerusalem was sacred to Jews for over 2,000 years before Jesus' birth, whose, then, is the best claim to the city?

ALEX HOFFER

Feature Editor

The Commentator

New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

The Eastern Orthodox churches are by no means comparative newcomers to the Holy Land, as the author seems to imply. The Armenian church has maintained establishments there since the Seventh Century A.D. . . .

Western knowledge of and appreciation of Eastern Christianity seem to be extremely shallow.

ARMEN OVHANESIAN

Detroit, Mich.

Sirs:

Waugh's article and the accompanying panoramas by Leydenfrost are of tremendous interest to those of us who have been fortunate enough to tread the streets of Jerusalem. Mr. Waugh's treatment of the controversial authenticity of the shrines in the Holy City is fair and reasonable, even to those of us who viewed them from the Protestant approach. . . .

COL. DONALD F. HALL

Fort Monroe, Va.

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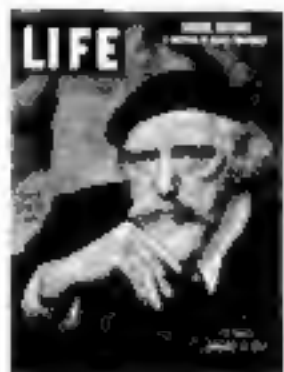
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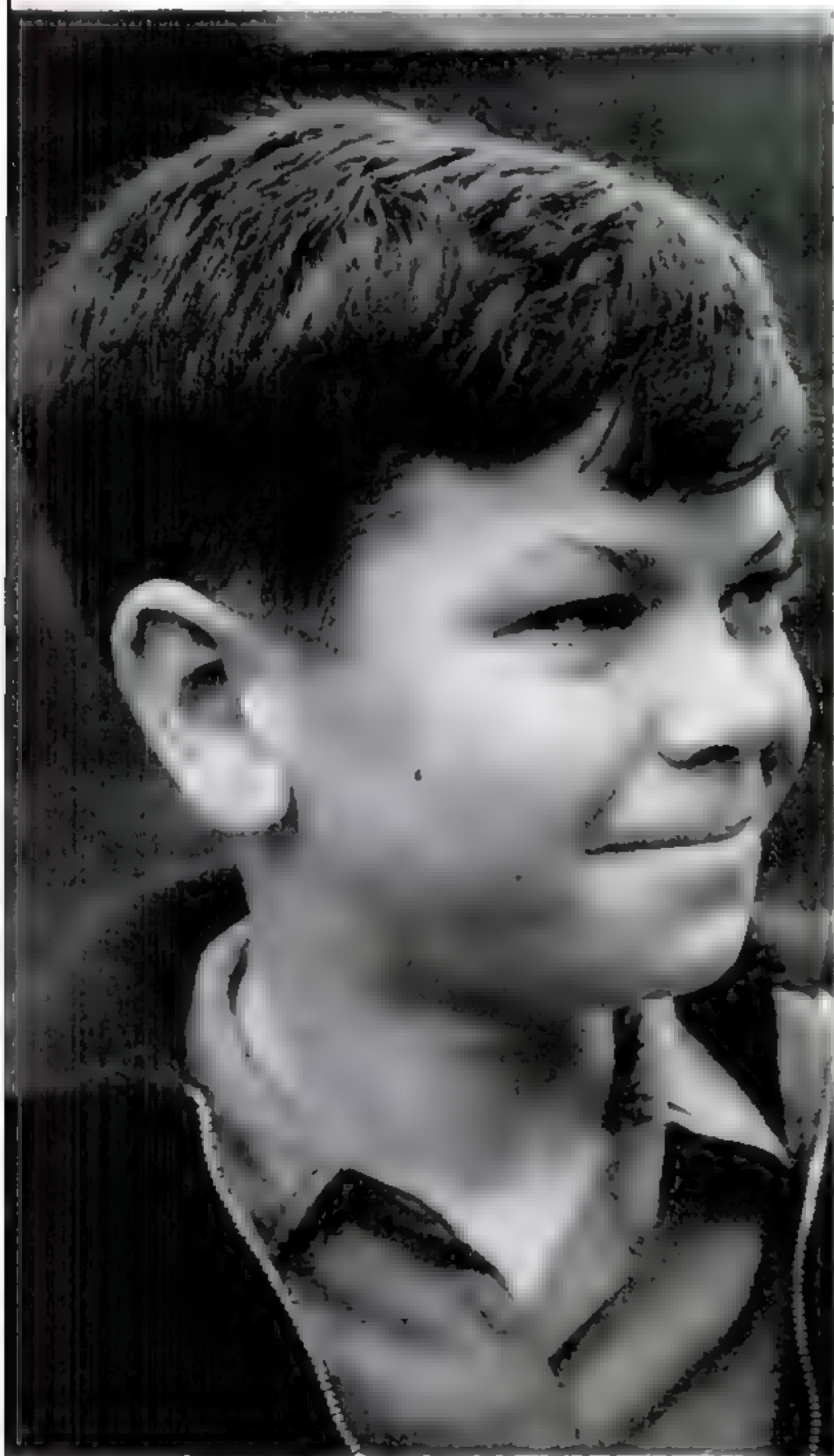
FIREMAN'S DAUGHTER. Erna Wolters, 11, appeared on 20-cent stamp. But she took fame so lightly that when a stranger gushed over her, Erna coldly said, "Go jump in the lake." Large figure on stamp shows postage, small one, 7-cent surcharge (one U.S. cent equals 3.8 Dutch cents).



SHIPWORKER'S SON, Jacob Blom, 12, grins happily from 10-cent stamp which with charity surcharge costs 15. The day children's post office opened Jacob heard Louis Neher, director general of Dutch postal system, say: "Just think, your portrait goes all over the world by the millions."

Ordinarily to get your face on a postage stamp in any land you need to be famous and/or accomplished and quite often dead. But once a year in the Netherlands this eminence can be won merely by being young and photogenic. These kids are Dutch schoolchildren chosen to grace 1951's *Kinderzegels* (Children's Stamps) whose proceeds help support

350 Dutch child welfare institutions. The regular postage price is charged for each stamp, plus an extra tariff which goes to child welfare. About 13 million stamps were sold and are expected to net charity about 450,000 guilders (\$118,000). To give the campaign added luster, Dutch officials gave the kids their own post office to sell their own stamps.



SALESMAN'S SON, Jan van den Heuvel, 12, a local marble champion, was selected for 5-plus-3-cent stamp. Like the other stamp kids, Jan was sworn in as a postal employee for the campaign and received as his reward a collector's set of every year's children's stamps issued since 1946.



FISHERMAN'S BOY, Andries Zwart, 9, was the only non-Amsterdam selection. Tousle-top Andries, whose hair was slicked down a little for his stamp appearance, was discovered on beach at Egmond-aan-Zee by Cas Oorthuys, commissioned by postal authorities to design stamps.

HOW I RETIRED IN 15 YEARS WITH \$200 A MONTH

"Down here in Florida, boating, fishing, getting brown on the beach, and taking trips in my car, my old job in New York seems far away. Yet it was just about five years ago that I left the firm I'd been with for many years. And even the boss envied me. For I was retired at 55 with a life income of \$200 a month.

"But I'd never be here if I hadn't lost my shirt in the crash of 1929. Just before that, everything was going up. I had a little money and put it in a 'sure thing.' It went up—then down. I lost everything but my job. I was forty years old.

"Well, I'd always pictured myself retiring before I was too old to enjoy life. And now after working for all those years, I had nothing to show for it. Suppose I could save again—would I be able to hold on to it?

"One day, the man who lived next door to us in Bayside, John Hughes, told me he'd sold his house and was planning to move South. He was retiring—giving up a pretty good job, too. I couldn't help saying how I'd about given up hope of ever being able to retire.

"But John said something that woke me up. Planning to retire is no longer a matter of smart investments. There's an up-to-date way almost any man can use today. There's just one secret—starting in time. You can get a guaranteed income, with no investment headaches, when you're—for instance—55. It's a modern plan called the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan. With it, you simply make your salary now buy you a retirement income later!

"That night I dropped a card to Phoenix Mutual asking for details. As soon as I read the booklet they sent, I said *here's just what I need.*

"Soon after, I applied and qualified for a Phoenix Mutual Plan. It was a marvelous feeling to know I'd get \$200 a month—guaranteed—every month, when I hit 55. Meanwhile, my family was protected with life insurance.


"You'd be surprised how quickly the years tick off. A while ago, I got my first Phoenix Mutual check and retired. Now my checks come



every month to my Florida mailbox. I've security a rich man might envy."

Send for Free Booklet

This story is typical. Assuming you qualify at a young enough age, you can plan to have an income of \$10 to \$200 a month or more—starting at age 55, 60, 65 or older. Send the coupon and receive, by mail and without charge, a booklet which tells about Phoenix Mutual Plans. Similar plans are available for women—and for employee pension programs. Don't delay. Send for your copy now.



PHOENIX MUTUAL
Retirement Income Plan
GUARANTEES YOUR FUTURE

PLAN FOR WOMEN

PHOENIX MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE CO.
872 Elm Street, Hartford 15, Conn.

Please mail me, without cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet "Retirement Income Plans for Women."

Name _____

Date of Birth _____

Business Address _____

Home Address _____

PLAN FOR MEN

PHOENIX MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE CO.
872 Elm Street, Hartford 15, Conn.

Please mail me, without cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet showing how to get a guaranteed income for life.

Name _____

Date of Birth _____

Business Address _____

Home Address _____

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LIFE

Vol. 32, No. 2

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

January 14, 1952

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LIFE'S COVER

Painter Augustus John, O.M., R.A., the grand and grumpy old man of English portraiture, passed his 75th birthday last week still working and going strong. Life's Alfred Eisenstaedt, visiting John in his Hampshire studio recently while working on the portfolio of distinguished Britons which appears on pages 94 to 103, found him in robust spirits: "He is huge, he couldn't look better and he kept turning on a perfect Mephistophelian glare." Augustus John's autobiography, a lively testament of his testy rebellion against the regimentation of modern life, will be published in March.

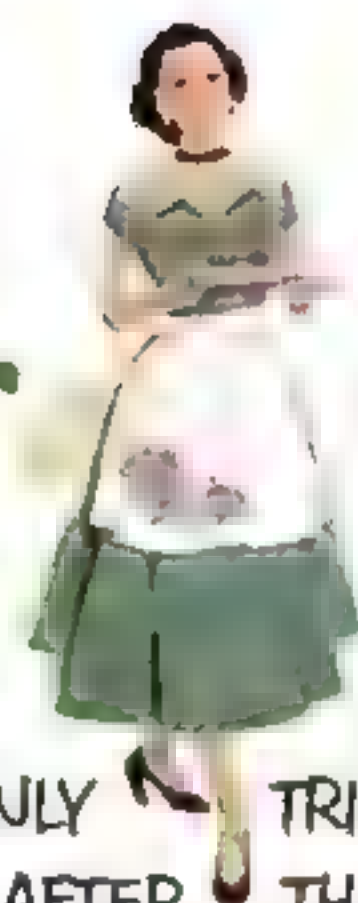


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Party Pleasers



any gal
can fix!

You needn't be a genius cook to serve exciting party fare. Just consider these lovely salads—glamorous is the word for them, yet they're no trick at all to fix. Only the salad *dressings* require the "genius" touch . . . and they are ready and waiting, blended for you by *Kraft*. Look for them at your grocer's! See the many varieties, the exciting choice Kraft brings you. There's a Kraft Salad Dressing for every shade of taste!

THE DRESSINGS ARE THE ONLY TRICKY PART,
AND **KRAFT** LOOKS AFTER THAT.
COMPLIMENTS ARE GUARANTEED WITH
Kraft Salad Dressings



Limeberry Mold

Dissolve in 1 c. hot water with 2 tbsp. sugar. Cool. When it begins to thicken, add 1 c. ground raw cranberries and 1 tsp. grated orange rind. Chill.

Dissolve 1 pkg. lime gelatin in 1 c. each diced celery and white grapes over low heat.

Combine with bunches of grapes and cold sliced turkey. Center on lettuce leaves and Kraft Kitchen-Fresh Mayonnaise or Miracle Whip Salad Dressing.



Fruits Royale

Place a bowl of Miracle or Kraft French Dressing near the edge of a large chip plate. Cover the rest of

1 apple wedges, 1 avocado halves, 1 lemon juice, 1 orange sections, 1 prunes, 1 Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese, 1 cling peach halves, 1 Grapefruit sections, 1 raw cranberries, 1 pine-apple slices, 1 shelled walnut halves.



MIRACLE WHIP. The best-liked salad dressing in the whole wide world! Find out what that *one and only* flavor does for cole slaw, and for aspics!

KRAFT MAYONNAISE. True mayonnaise at its finest! Its delicacy and luxurious richness make it a perfect choice for fruit and chicken salads.



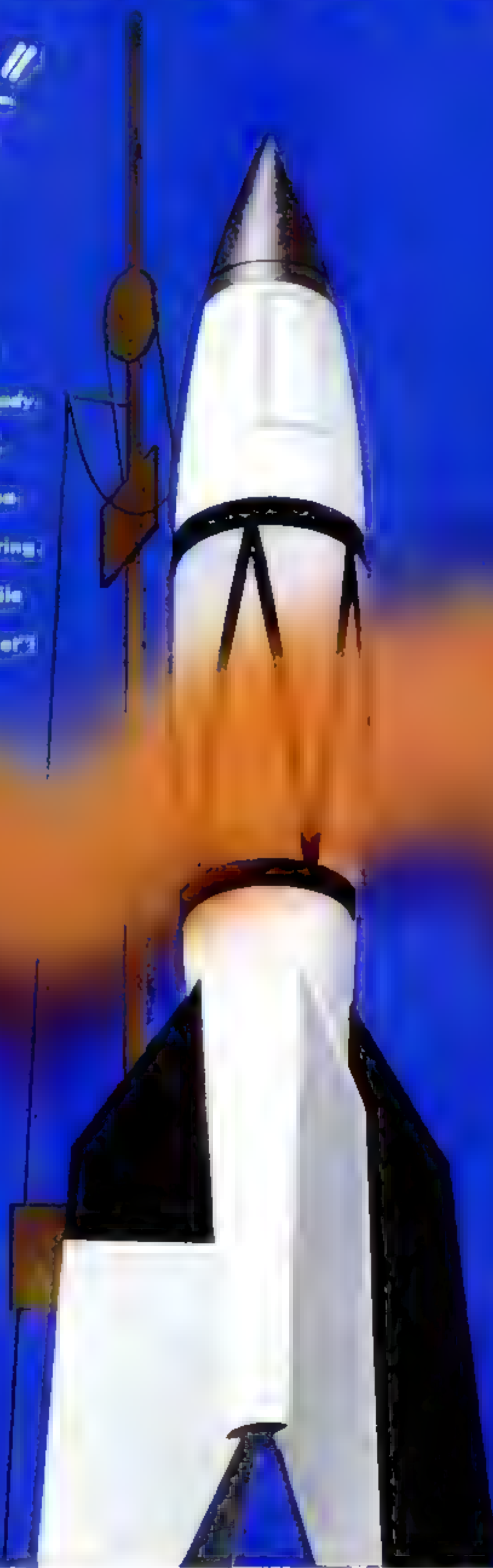
KRAFT FRENCH. Young fry—and grownups, too—who don't like other french dressings love this one's flavor and creamy-thickness.

MIRACLE FRENCH. Robustly seasoned with onion and garlic! Gourmets sing its praise on tossed salads, fruit salads, avocados, shrimp.

OLDSMOBILE

New "Rocket" Ready!

Ready for take-off! Ready to thrill America with
the most beautiful, most powerful Oldsmobile ever! Ready
with Oldsmobile's glamorous new "long look" styl-
ing! Ready with a brilliant new "Rocket" Engine—sensa-
tional new Hydra-Matic Drive—effortless new steering
ease! Watch for the launching date at your Oldsmobile
dealer's! Make this your year to "Ride the Rocket!"



Red Smoke

Red smoke from the block-
house means that a rocket
is about to be launched!
That is the signal used
at the White Sands rocket
base to show that a rocket
is ready for the take-off!

AMERICANS WELCOME AN OLD FRIEND

Onto an Army dock in New York City last week stepped a rotund, slightly stooped but still magnificently imposing figure—one as familiar to most Americans as any native hero. Here for the eleventh time in the land of his mother's birth was Winston Churchill. This time, as often during the war when he commuted across the Atlantic to confer with President Roosevelt, Churchill carried in his shrewd old brain problems of powerful import to the Western world. Primarily the old warrior wanted to renew "the comradeship and friendship" he had known with Roosevelt. More specifically he wanted to talk about Western defense, the oil impasse in Iran, Arab-Jewish strife in the Middle East, the West's attitude toward Russia and China, and Britain's need for steel.

Churchill's pause in New York was brief. He accepted Mayor Impellitteri's welcome and the First Army's military honors. He said that the chance of peace looked "solid" for 1952. The Churchillian wit gleamed once when a reporter asked how he gauged the Russian threat. "I am not a member of their cabinet," he said. By noon the presidential plane *Independence* had whisked him to Washington for a welcome so warmly chipper as to melt away the last of the recent chill rumors that Washington had tagged him as an uninvited guest. Indeed, the British Prime Minister seemed somewhat more welcome there than at least one of the U.S. dignitaries who had turned out to greet him (*next page*). Though he looked tired, Washington quickly discovered that the Churchillian English still commanded its sonorous roll. "We have only to go along together, each loyally doing his best to understand the other's point of view, and we shall find ourselves safe at the end of the road and having—through your vast strength—brought peace and hope and salvation on earth to struggling mankind," he said to President Truman. Never a time waster, before the day was finished Churchill and his blue chip staff, headed by Foreign Minister Anthony Eden, had plunged into the work at hand.

AT ATTENTION during *Star Spangled Banner* Churchill and Eden face the forward captain in

New York. "This is the first time I ever received military honors on arrival in the U.S.," Churchill said.



FIRST HANDSHAKE comes at capital airport where President and Prime Minister were hatless.



FOREIGN MINISTERS look very much alike. Eden is one with belt, Acheson with the bolder tie.



REPEAT HANDSHAKE finds Churchill and Truman in front of Blair House, this time with hats on.

CHURCHILL'S VISIT PROVIDES DUPLICATE OF A FAMOUS PICTURE

Although the visit was concerned with foreign affairs, the Administration's domestic troubles were recalled by the eloquent tableau below. In both composition and significance, it is an almost exact duplicate of what has now become a famous LIFE picture. On Oct. 30 Hank Walker photographed Democratic National Committee Chairman Bill Boyle, whose resignation

followed charges of influence peddling, standing disconsolately aside while reporters swarmed around his successor (right). On Jan. 5 Mark Kauffman photographed Attorney General Howard McGrath, under fire because of scandals connected with his tax prosecutors, standing disconsolately aside while other Cabinet members wait to greet Churchill at the airport.







HOCK-DEEP IN SNOW, Charles Adams' horse kicks up a flurry around his head as he lunges awkwardly through a deep drift. Like many other South Dakota

farmers Adams, fearing the approach of another storm, is setting out to round up his cattle so that they will be nearer his supply of fodder when the storm comes.

'THE CHILL EMBARGO' ENVELOPS THE ADAMSES

How one of many snowbound families gets along

From the Great Plains west to the High Sierras last week much of the U.S. remained immobilized by snow—and nothing but more snow was in sight. Unofficially, the weather bureau thought, the fall might yet set a record. But it was less violent than steady; inexorably it was stalling cars, blocking roads and causing families in a dozen states to lead old-fashioned lives at home. The Adams children think this is fine. Since Dec. 5 they and their family, shown on these pages, have been snowbound in The Rosebud, a four-county area around Winner, S. Dak. (LIFE, Jan. 7). Thanks to snow there has been no school. Thanks to the drifts the flat fields now have hills to coast on. Indoors, for the kids, are games and songs and only a few chores. For Mrs. Adams the party line takes the place of a newspaper and the family has a battery radio. Only Mr. Adams finds being snowbound a particular hardship. Hopping through the deep snow with his horse at a carousel gait (*opposite*), he must constantly watch lest his cattle drift off before the wind. He has had to move his hogs closer to the house to feed them corn. The shifting snow has made some fences useless and each morning in subzero cold he must chop 16-inch ice off the watering troughs. These duties aren't much fun, but at least Mr. Adams is spared the anxiety that would have beset him in the old days. Now, if a sudden emergency arises in the snowbound Rosebud, there is a local airlift to break what Whittier called "The chill embargo of the snow."



WITH A CAT ON HER HAT Sharron Adams, 10, plays in a big snowpile. The land has been blown bare by the wind in some places, has 10-foot drifts in others.



AN ADAMS STEER, coated with snow, stands miserably in feed lot. Adams has 100 head, the last of which was born in his barn after storm had started.



THE ADAMS HOUSE shines cozily in early evening. The house is lit by kerosene lamps; it was being electrified when storm started and the electrician left.



MIDDAY PLAY finds Susan Adams, 10, jumping off haystack into a snowdrift as her sisters wait turns.



MORNING CHORE for twins Susan and Sharron is to go to henhouse and give feed to Adams chickens.



EVENING MUSIC is supplied by Avis Ann while Sharron tries to think up something better to do.



IN FRIGID SHELTER made of parachute, survivors of an air crash in Salamanca, N.Y. are shown in this picture made by first man to reach scene. En route

from Pittsburgh to Buffalo their C-46 airliner inexplicably hit a hillside, killing the pilot and 25 more. These survivors waited 40 hours while another went for help.

STORMS WERE NO JOKE TO THOSE CAUGHT OUT

The snowy cold was less tolerable to those who were caught away from their homes. It turned into torture a long wait by 14 unrescued survivors of a New York plane crash (above). Colorado had its worst blizzard in years; trains stalled in the passes, cars were flung from roads

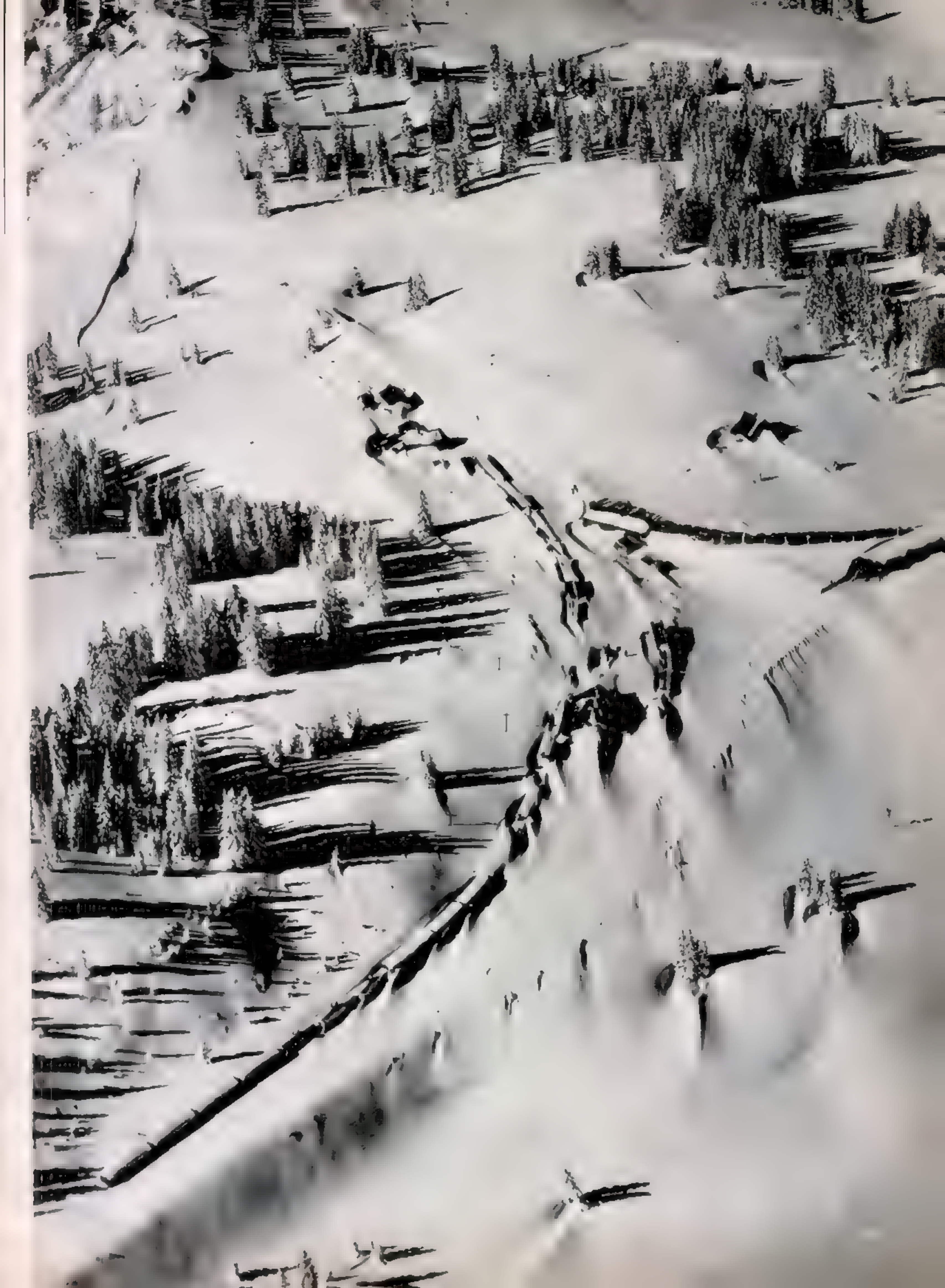
by avalanches, wires were torn down and six died. In northern California a thousand cars were backed up on Highway 50. In Texas and Missouri cars skittered and crashed on icy highways. Even official predictions were ominous: "above average" snowfall in the next 30 days.



CRUMPLED BARN, its roof pushed in by heavy snow, sits by road at Spanish Fork Canyon, Utah. Snow had highest water content anyone could remember.



BURIED GAS STATION marks road in Daniels Canyon, Utah, where snowslide crashed down. As early as Tuesday 600 motorists had been stranded in state.



IKE BECOMES A CANDIDATE

A long campaign by the General's faithful friends finally pays off when an authorized statement enters him in New Hampshire primary

Finally this week General Eisenhower was in the race. An authorized declaration established that he was a candidate for the Republican nomination and that he would stay in the fight "to the finish."

This all-important news cleared up a confused and critical political situation which began in October 1950 when Dewey said that he would not be a presidential candidate again: the



BOOM BEGAN in October 1950 when Dewey on television said he was for Ike. Dewey doffed his vest before show but put his coat on to announce choice.



CAMPAIGN IN EARNEST got its start in New Hampshire where Governor Adams (standing, left) enlisted fellow Republicans to set up Eisenhower-

for-President headquarters in Concord in November 1951. The state's 14 votes in convention have importance out of proportion because theirs is first primary



PILGRIMAGES to Ike in Paris became politically fashionable as drive gained momentum. Here he is with Republican Senators Hickenlooper and Smith.



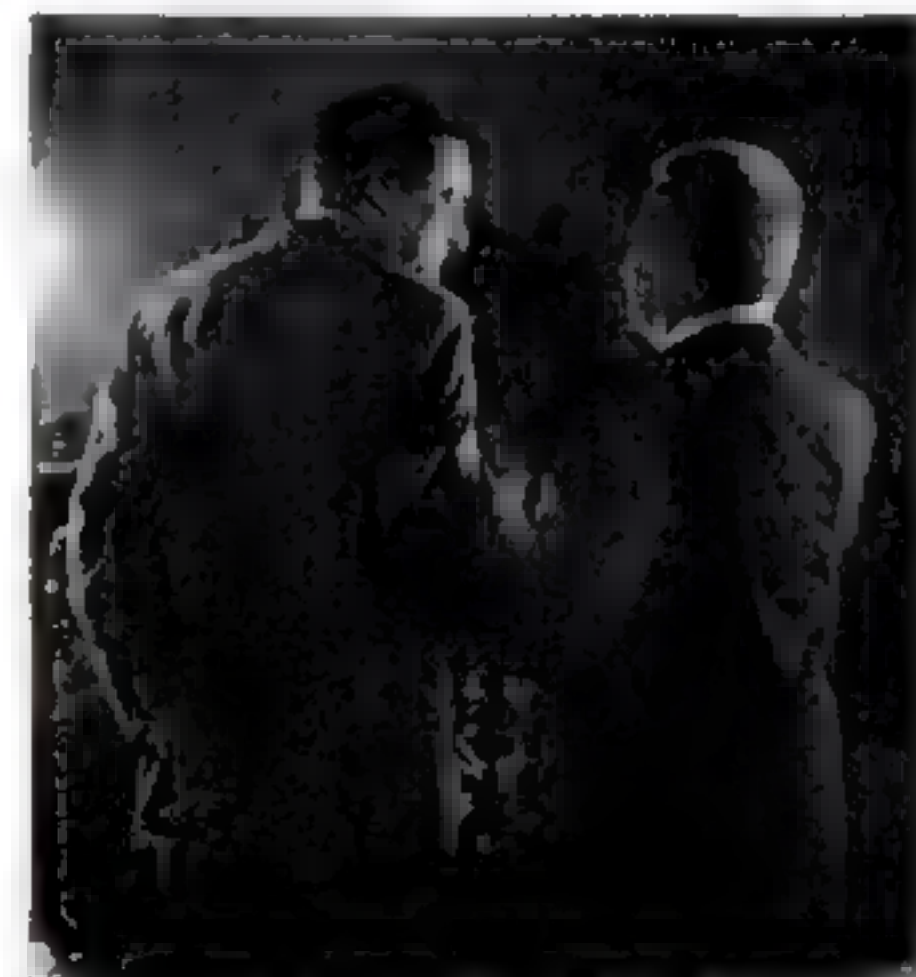
CAMPAIGN BANNER, 30 feet long, was unfurled Nov. 16 in Abilene, Kan., which claims to be his home town because his family came there when he was a

year old. It was Kansas Republican Committeeman Harry Darby who adapted the slogan "I Like Ike" from a song in the musical comedy *Call Me Madam*.



IN THE MIDWEST, where Taft is strong, Senator Lodge last November addressed a Republican women's group the day after he was chosen as Eisenhower's

manager. When asked then about Ike's intentions he asserted, "I think Eisenhower will run and be nominated. Otherwise I wouldn't be in it, would I?"



POLITICAL STRATEGISTS, Lodge and Duff, on Nov. 17 officially announced a nationwide campaign to nominate Eisenhower on the G.O.P. ticket.



Mmm, Good!



fresh, tender **Mushrooms**

with extra-heavy **Whipping Cream**

HERE'S THE LUXURY SOUP
THAT MAKES ANY MEAL A DELIGHT!

Campbell's

CREAM OF MUSHROOM SOUP

Once served only in the finest restaurants, cream of mushroom is known everywhere as "the luxury soup". Now Campbell's bring you for home use this famous delicacy with all its old-time richness and delicious flavor... a velvety-smooth blend of choice cultivated mushrooms and extra-heavy whipping cream, with plenty of tender mushroom pieces. For the most casual lunch or the most formal dinner, this superb soup is equally appropriate... equally good. No wonder it has become a national favorite!

5-MINUTE MUSHROOM CREAM SAUCE

Try it... and you'll never again make "white sauce" the old, slow way!

● SO DELICIOUS! ● SO SURE! ● SO EASY!

Pour-on Sauce: Blend 1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, simmer 2 minutes. Serve over meats, chicken, fish, vegetables, egg and cheese dishes, etc.

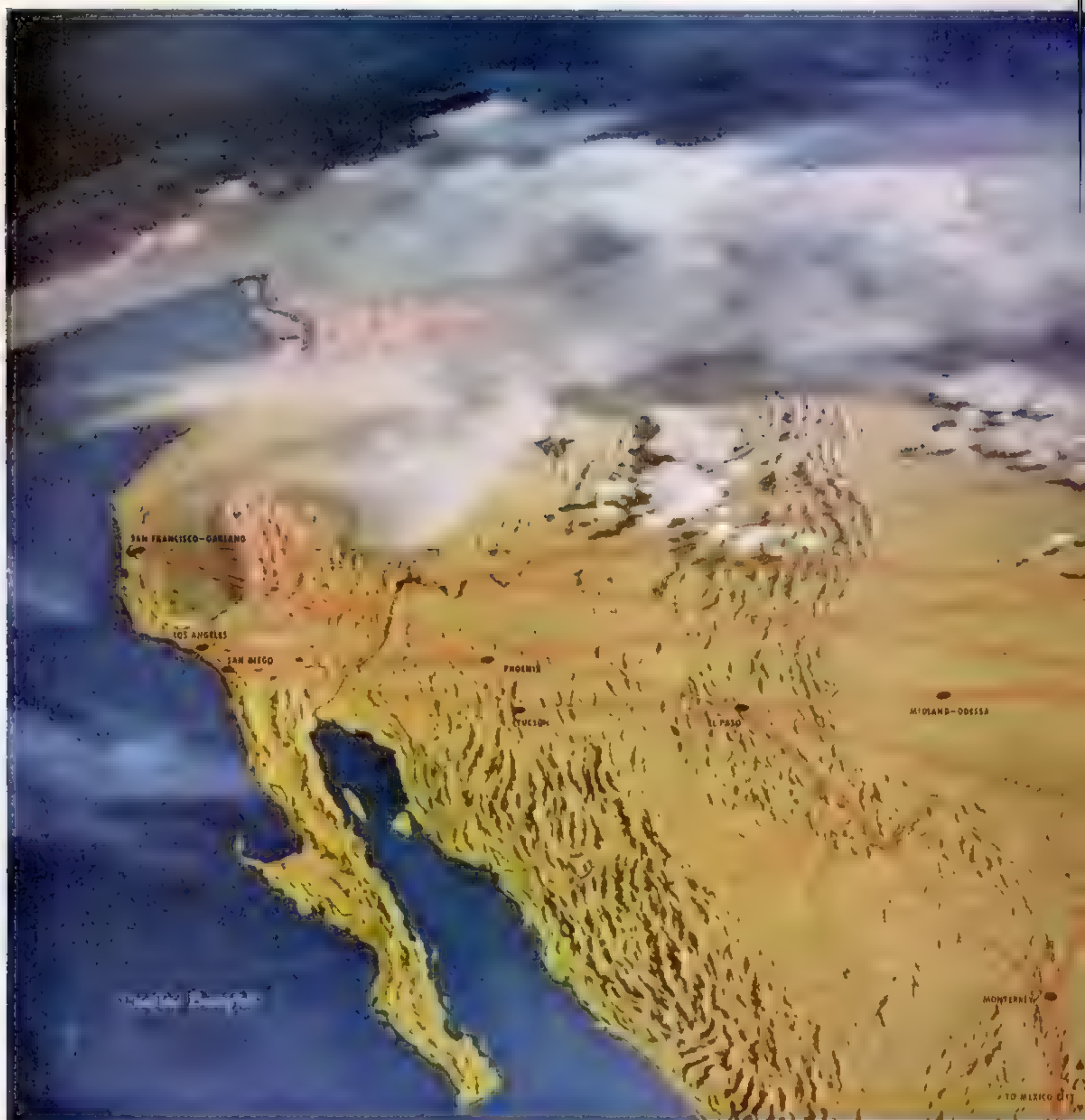
Cooking Sauce: Blend 1 can Cream of Mushroom Soup with milk $\frac{1}{2}$ cup more or less, depending on desired thickness of sauce. Use in casseroles with potatoes, rice, noodles, macaroni.

PERFECT TUNA CASSEROLE

1 can (1 $\frac{1}{4}$ cups) Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
1 7-oz. can (1 cup) tuna, drained and coarsely flaked
 $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups crushed potato chips
1 cup cooked green peas, drained

Blend soup and milk in small casserole. Add tuna, 1 cup potato chips and peas. Stir well. Sprinkle top with remaining chips. Bake at 350° F. for 20 minutes. 4 servings.

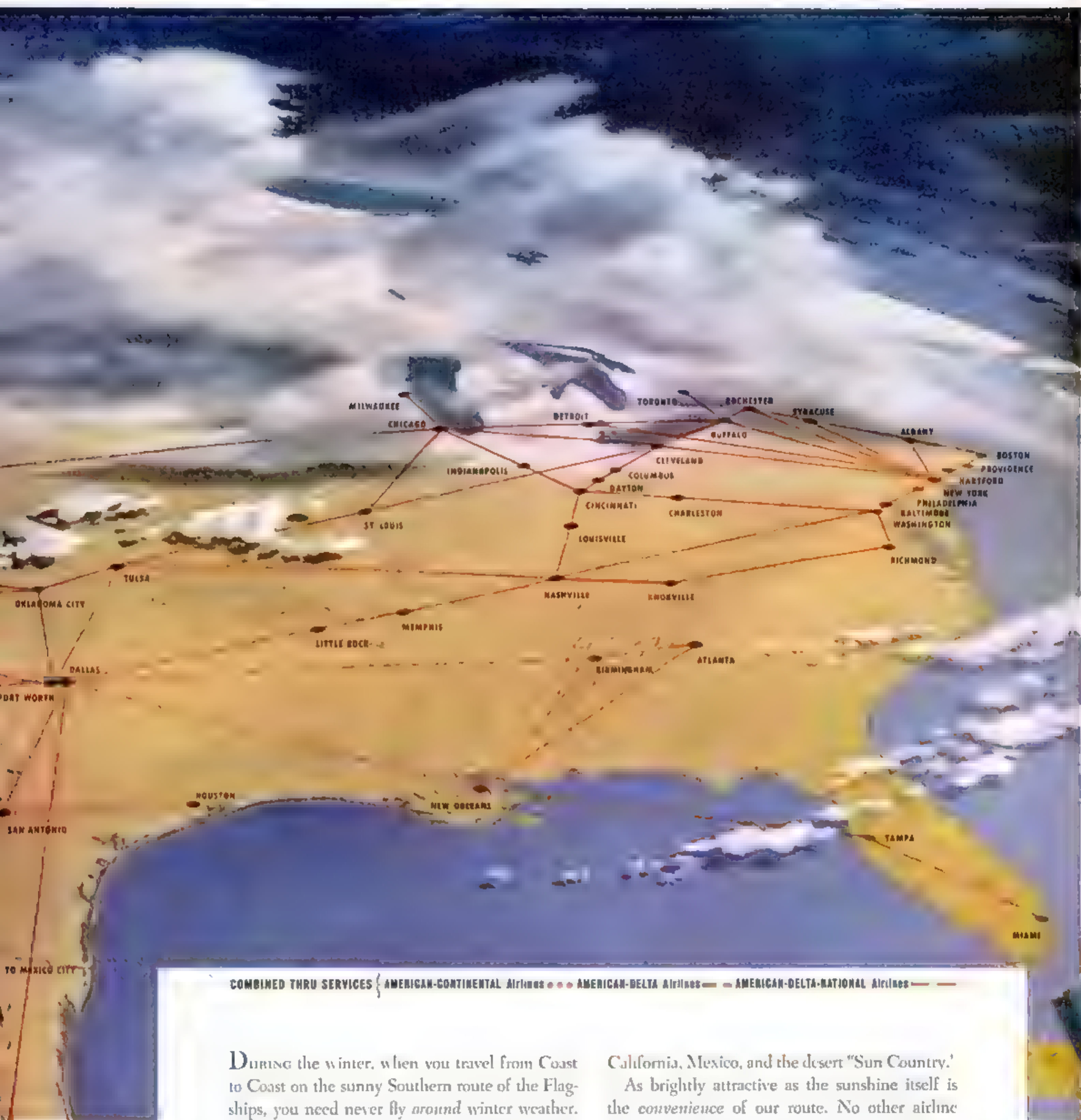




GET OUT FROM UNDER

WINTER WEATHER

ON THE SUNNY SOUTHERN ROUTE OF THE AIRSHIPS!



DURING the winter, when you travel from Coast to Coast on the sunny Southern route of the Flagships, you need never fly *around* winter weather. You just fly right out of it as this picture shows.

Because we fly where there's usually summer sunshine all year long (the route you'd choose yourself) American Airlines is the overwhelming choice of travelers bound for winter vacations in

California, Mexico, and the desert "Sun Country."

As brightly attractive as the sunshine itself is the *convenience* of our route. No other airline from coast to coast takes you to so many places you want to go, whether you travel on business or for pleasure. So, whenever you go this winter, follow the sun *right from the start* on a Flagship where your whole trip is always a *shining success*.



AMERICA'S LEADING AIRLINE

AMERICAN AIRLINES INC.



How to blow your own horn. If you're too modest to brag about yourself as a host, just serve Four Roses and let this superb whiskey speak for you. So many people prefer Four Roses that it outsells every other whiskey at or above its price—even outsells most other whiskeys at any price.

MILLIONS WHO KNOW IT, KNOW IT'S BETTER!

Wouldn't you
rather drink

Four Roses



Frankfort Distillers Corp., N.Y.C. Blended Whiskey. 86.8 proof. 60% grain neutral spirits.

PEOPLE

CAPTAIN 'STAY-PUT' CARLSEN MAKES SEAFARING LEGEND BY STICKING WITH CRIPPLED SHIP



AT HIS SHIP'S RADIOPHONE ON A CALMER VOYAGE, CAPTAIN CARLSEN WAS A STERN, HANDSOME MAN

Last week, on both sides of the storm-tossed Atlantic, millions of people watched with anxiety and joy and swelling pride while a seafaring man named Henrik Kurt Carlsen, 37, master of the American freighter *Flying Enterprise*, calmly created one of the great sea legends of modern times. Caught in a hurricane that disabled his ship, Captain Carlsen saw to the rescue of 10 passengers and 40 crewmen (one of whom died), then remained alone aboard the nearly capsized vessel for seven days until a British tug fittingly named *Turmoil* succeeded in giving him a tow. Many who saw the pictures of the cracked and listing 6,711-ton vessel tossing in the violent sea wondered about the logic of seafaring tradition, which holds that a captain does not give up his ship while she stays afloat. Some remembered the skipper in Poet John Masefield's *Yarn of the Loch Achray*:

The old man said, "I mean to hang on
Till her canvas busts or her sticks are gone"—
Which the blushing looney did, till at last
Overboard went her mizzen-mast. . . .
Her masts were gone, and afore you knowed
She filled by the head and down she good.
Her crew made seven-and-twenty dishes
For the big jack-sharks and the little fishes. . . .



ALL ALONE ON DISABLED "FLYING ENTERPRISE," CARLSEN HUGS HIGH RAIL

Was Captain Carlsen being pretty much a "blushing looney" like the skipper of the *Loch Achray*—preparing himself for the jack-sharks and little fishes? In Captain Carlsen's own opinion the perilous watch seemed essential to keep the *Flying Enterprise* from becoming a derelict, thus making both ship and valuable cargo liable to seizure as a salvager's prize. But maritime lawyers thought that the captain's bravery was not necessary if those considerations alone had inspired it; admiralty courts would always uphold the owner's interest. A lot of people thought he should save his own life, whatever the tradition of the sea. In Denmark, his mother remarked, "My son was always such a wonderful boy, but obstinate." His father said, "We know that Kurt is a fine seaman, but he has done more than his duty by that ship." In Woodbridge, N.J., Captain Carlsen's blond wife Agnes, waiting with their two young daughters, said, "All we can do now is wait and pray." She explained, "Once I begged him to stay at home. But he couldn't do it. He was born for the sea."

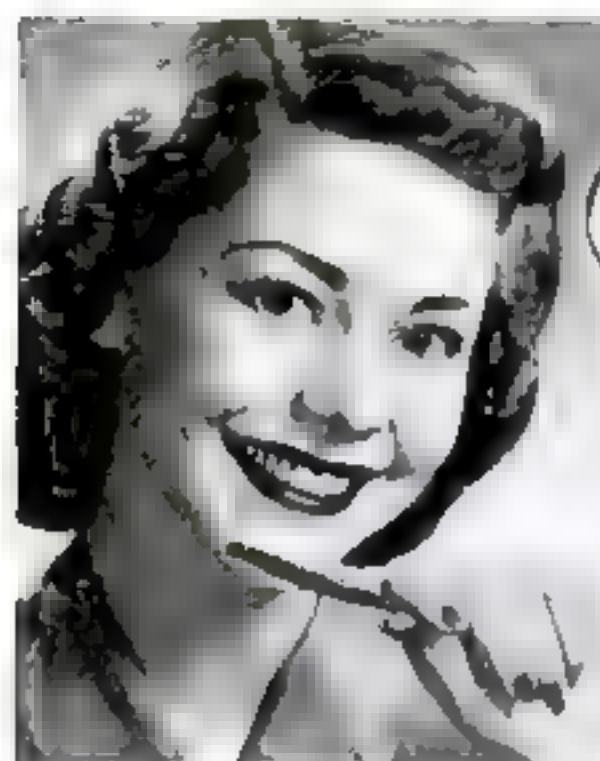
Captain Carlsen set out on the current voyage four days before Christmas, easing the *Flying Enterprise* out of fog-bound Hamburg. A ship of the Isbrandtsen line, she was bound for New York with a cargo worth \$2 million, including coffee, pig iron, automobiles and five tons of mail. Once in the Atlantic, she ran into a roaring hurricane. Before dawn of Dec. 28, while the ship shuddered with every crashing wave, something seemed to explode. The ship had cracked open at midships. She started heeling over, and everybody assembled on the slanting boat deck, leaning against the bulkheads—it was "like sitting on the side of the wall at home," a pantryman said. The pumps went dead and for 17 hours people had nothing much but crackers to eat and Coca-Cola to drink. As rescue ships approached, Captain Carlsen ordered the ship abandoned and everybody else donned life jackets and jumped overboard.

Then began the captain's incredible vigil. He held a daily radio conversation with ships standing by to rescue him. On Dec. 28 he described the hurricane: "... Nothing but terrific mountains of sea. . . ." The next day he commented: "... I have to crawl everywhere. . . ." On Jan. 1 he reported: "Nothing new, nothing exciting. . . . I am sorry this has upset your schedule." He rejected all offers of rescue.

The legend of Captain Carlsen, created in a dramatic week, took shape in new nicknames in Britain, where headlines called him "Stay-Put" and "Captain Enterprise." Hollywood Producer Hal Wallis announced he would do a picture, *The Flying Enterprise*. The legend will grow, and it will tell too of 27-year-old Kenneth Dancy, mate of the *Turmoil*, who risked his life to board the *Enterprise* and help the durable skipper pull a line aboard. Many efforts failed before one succeeded, but at week's end the battered ship was in tow for Falmouth, 300 miles and a probable four days away. Still aboard, "Stay-Put" Carlsen radioed: "Feeling like a million."

ONLY COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HAS PROVED SO COMPLETELY IT STOPS BAD BREATH*

*SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!



**Colgate's Has the Proof!
IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH
WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH!**

For "all day" protection, brush your teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream. Some toothpastes and powders claim to sweeten breath. But only Colgate's has such complete proof that it stops bad breath.* There's a big difference!



**Colgate's Has the Proof!
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
IS BEST FOR FLAVOR!**

Colgate's wonderful wake-up flavor is the favorite of men, women and children from coast to coast. Nationwide tests of leading toothpastes prove Colgate Dental Cream preferred for flavor over all other brands tested!



**Colgate's Has the Proof!
THE COLGATE WAY
STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!**

Yes, science has proved that brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream stops tooth decay best! The Colgate way is the most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!



**No Other Toothpaste or Powder
OF ANY KIND WHATSOEVER
Offers Such Conclusive Proof!**

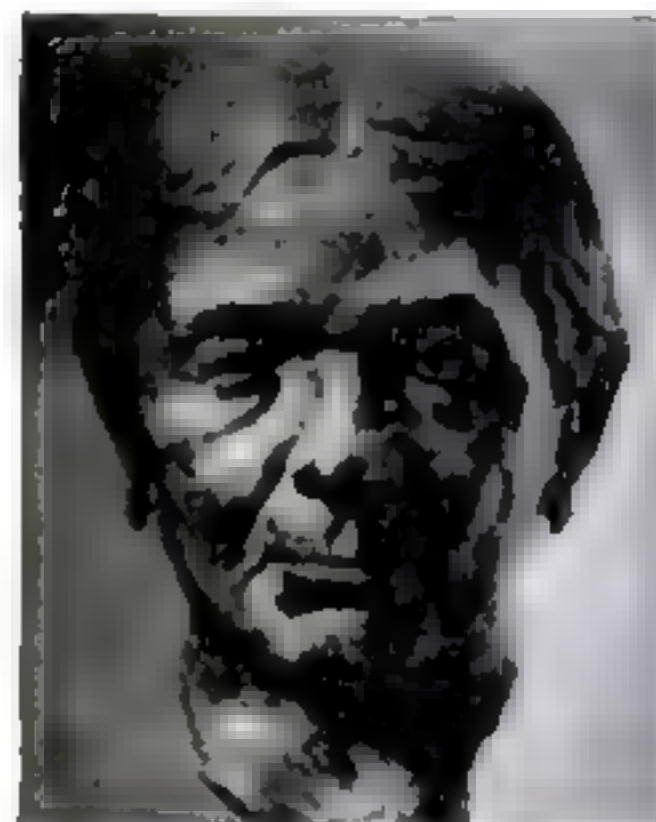
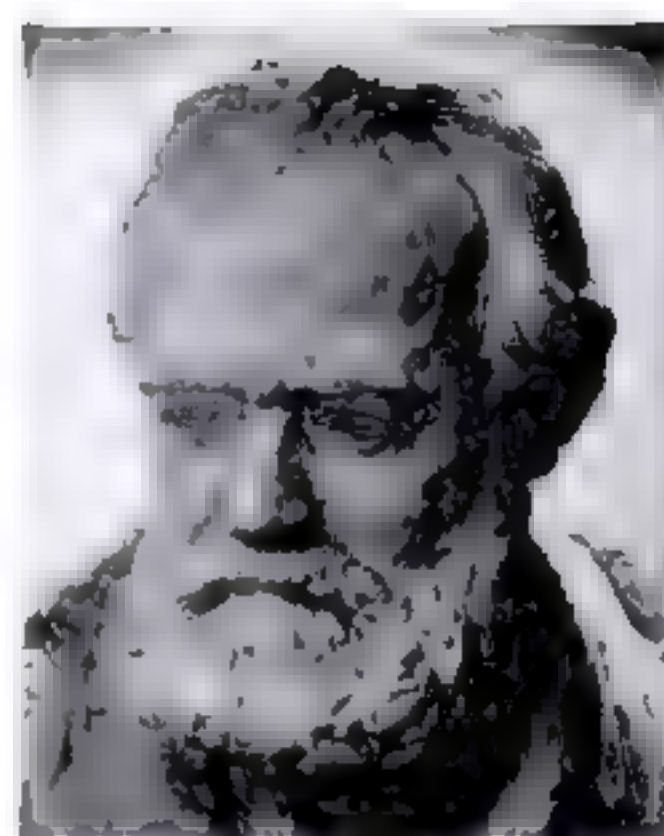
READER'S DIGEST reported the same research which proves that brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream stops tooth decay best! And, while not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the only toothpaste used in this scientific research.

Get PURE, WHITE, SAFE COLGATE'S Today!

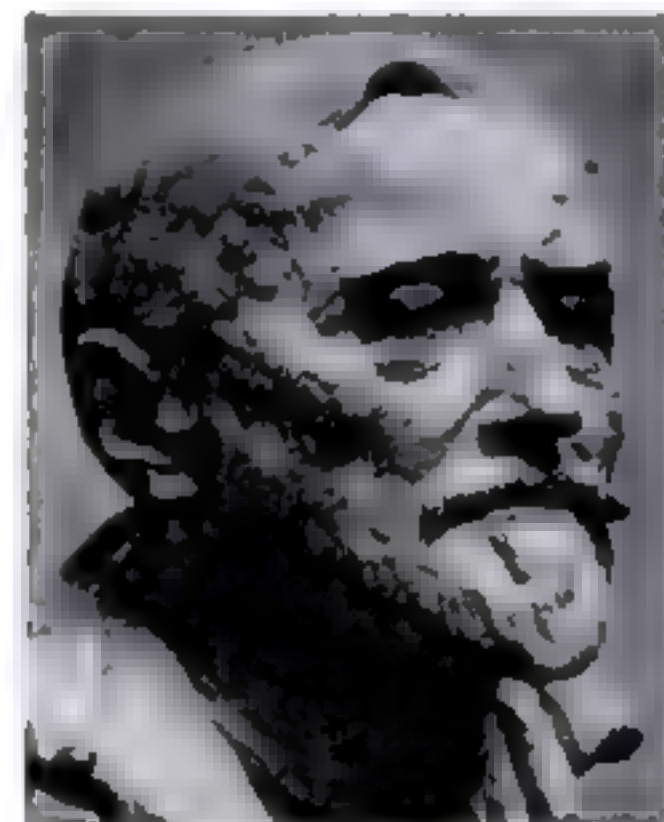
PEOPLE CONTINUED

THE LATE JO DAVIDSON'S SUBJECTS

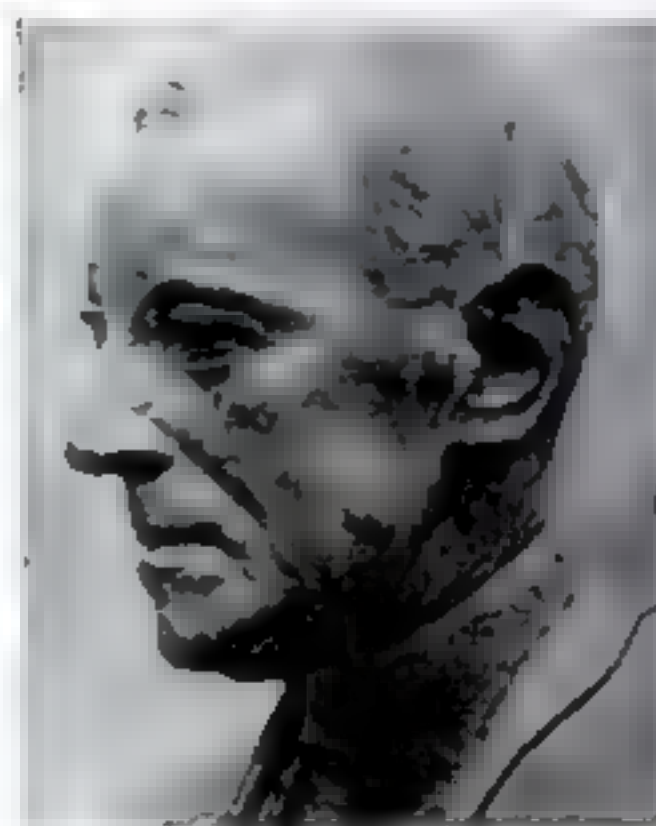
Busby-bearded Jo Davidson (at right, sculptured by himself) was once described by Will Rogers as "the last of the savage headhunters." Born on Manhattan's lower East Side, the "Biographer in Bronze" made a bust of almost every prominent personality of the last 40 years—from Clemenceau to Gandhi, Foch to Eisenhower, John D. Rockefeller to Gertrude Stein and George Bernard Shaw to Frank Sinatra. When Franklin D. Roosevelt asked Davidson, before sitting for a bust, if he was a member of the plasterers' union, the sculptor replied: "I'm not a plasterer, I'm a chiseler." Last November Jo Davidson summed up his personal reminiscences of people, great and small, in an informal autobiography, *Between Sitzings* (Dial, \$5). Last week, at 68, he died.



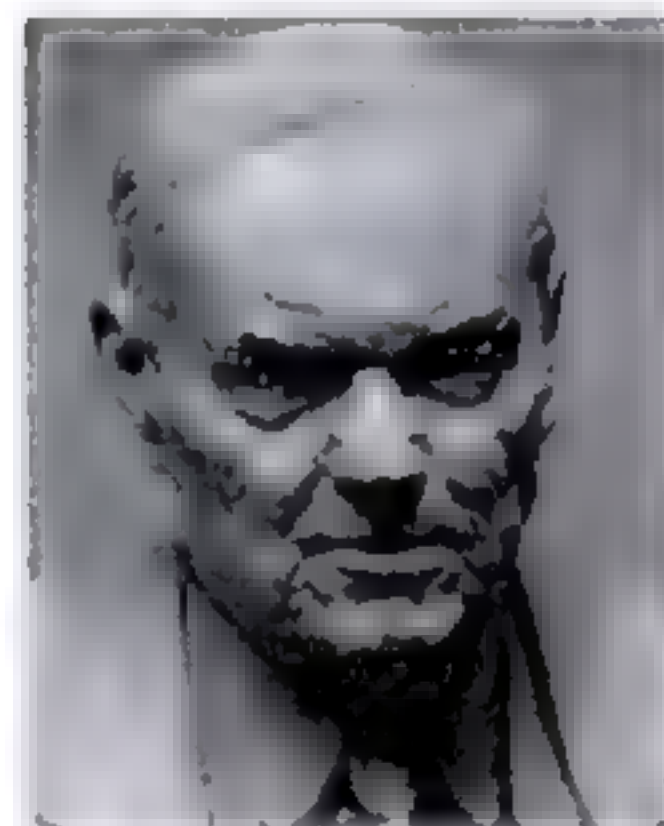
DAVIDSON'S MOTHER



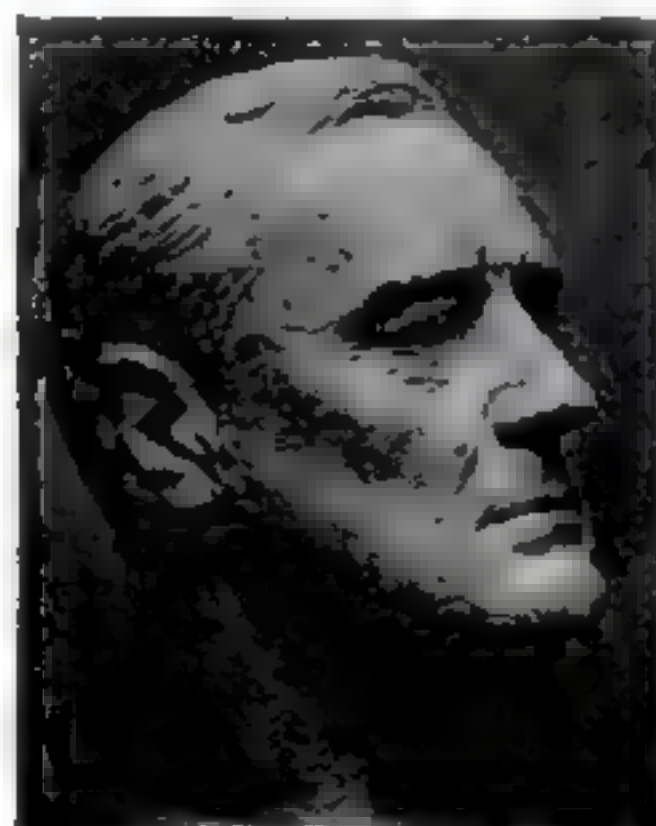
JOSEPH CONRAD



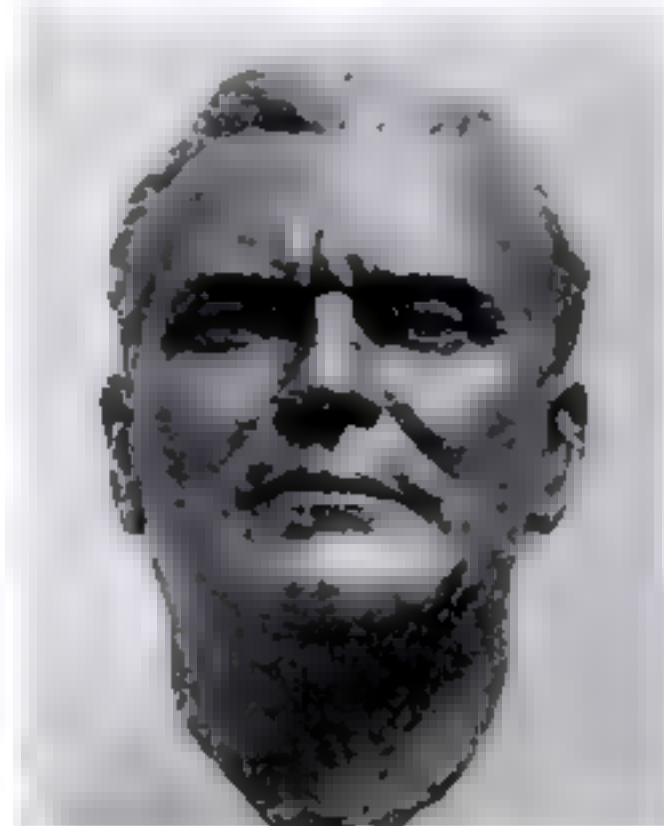
WOODROW WILSON



CLARENCE DARROW



FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT



MARSHAL TITO



There's a big difference between a

cat...and a...caterpillar

—and there is a powerful difference, too,
between gasoline and **"ETHYL"** gasoline!

TRADE-MARK



"Ethyl" gasoline's high all-round quality ... and



smooth power ... make it

ideal for winter driving!

Because "Ethyl" gasoline is high octane gasoline, it brings out the top power of your engine. Try a tankful today and see if it doesn't make a powerful difference in the performance of your car. *Ethyl Corporation, New York 17, N. Y.*

Other products sold under the "Ethyl" trade-mark: salt cake...ethylene dichloride...sodium (metallic)...chlorine (liquid)...oil soluble dyes...benzene hexachloride (technical)

TESTED! PROVED! SURE!

*F.T.D. Florists
merit your Trust*



**LOOK FOR THIS
EMBLEM WHEN YOU
Say it with Flowers-By-Wire**

Trust... Confidence... Dependability. Just words? Not to your F.T.D. Florist. He... and 18,000 F.T.D. and INTERFLORA Members like him consider them vital business assets. That's why he requested his organization to set up a Test Order Service.

Trained, expert shoppers regularly visit shops displaying the famous MERCURY EMBLEM, place various types of Flowers-By-Wire orders. These are carefully checked by F.T.D. Headquarters to insure fast, dependable delivery on *your* order.

Thus your F.T.D. Florist is able to offer you PROVED SERVICE... with quality maintained at its high level

by constant testing. He gives you other dividends, too, in the form of...

- **GUARANTEED DELIVERY**... Worldwide... through 18,000 members of F.T.D. and INTERFLORA.

- **SELECTED MEMBERSHIP**... Only first-class Florists... leaders in their communities... are admitted.

- **40 YEARS OF DEPENDABLE SERVICE** make F.T.D. the oldest, as well as the largest, organization devoted to the delivery of FLOWERS-BY-WIRE.

- **5,000,000 ORDERS LAST YEAR** mean that F.T.D. FLORISTS delivered Flowers-By-Wire on an average of almost 14,000 times per day.

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION
Headquarters: Detroit, Mich.



JUMP, PIG, JUMP

Any fireman with the proper ambition dreams sometime of rescuing hundreds of children from a burning orphanage. The wonderful dream became a nightmare last month for firemen of Oslo, Norway when they were called out to fight a fire in a barn populated by 130 panicky p'gs. The firemen put up their ladders, spread their nets, and down came pig after pig, scorched and squealing but saved for Oslo's dinner tables.

ALL OVER AMERICA SMOKERS ARE CHANGING TO CHESTERFIELD

... AT THE **20th CENTURY FOX** CAFE de PARIS

certify that Chesterfield is our largest
selling cigarette by **3 to 1** *Nick Janios*
MANAGER



TRY
THEM
TODAY

Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
CHESTERFIELD

3 to 1 because of

MILDNESS

Plus

**NO UNPLEASANT
AFTER-TASTE***

*FROM THE REPORT OF A WELL-KNOWN RESEARCH ORGANIZATION

...AND ONLY CHESTERFIELD HAS IT!

Nourishing

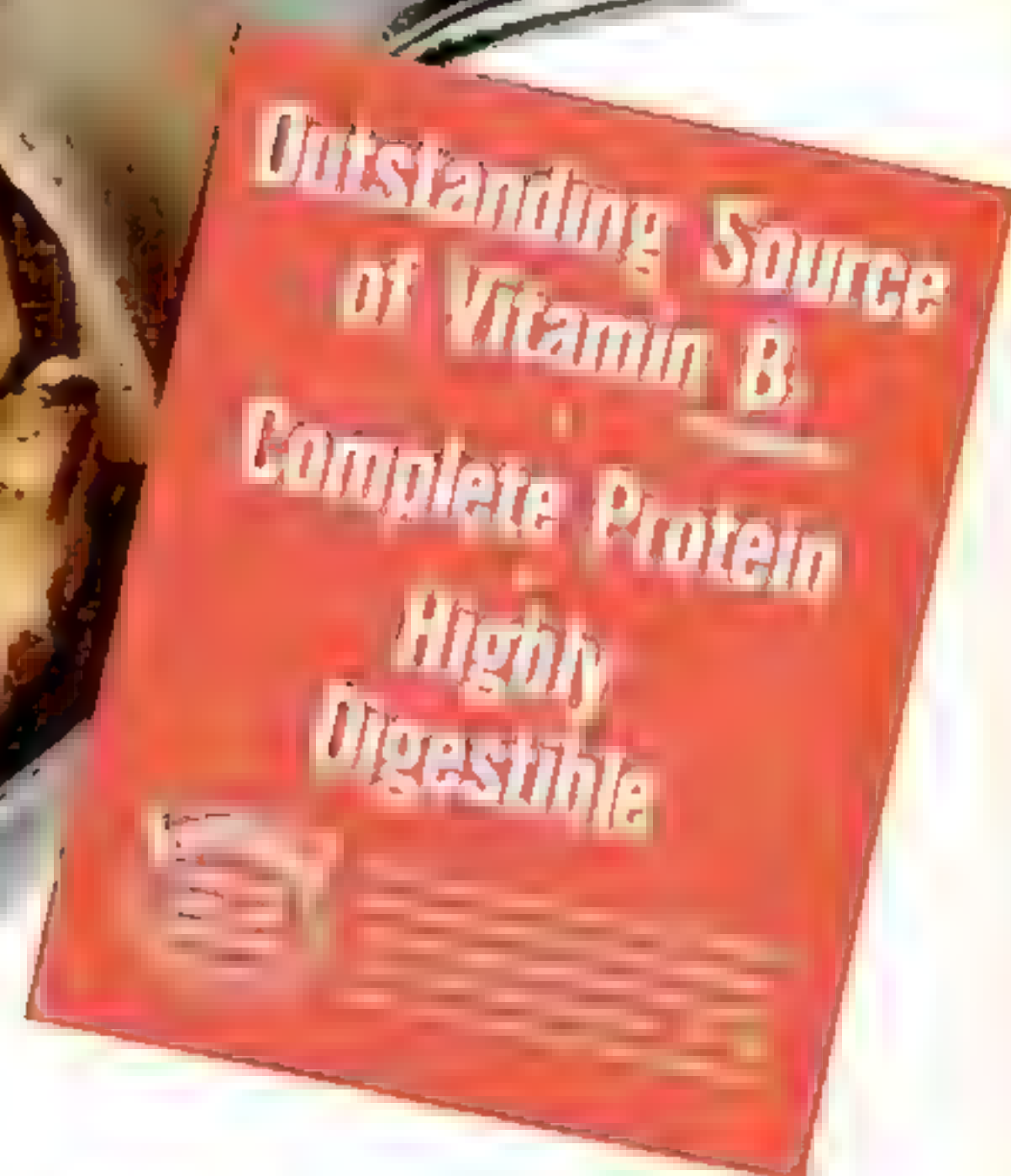
Pork

Big Seasonal Supply





Great American Pork Chops
Sizzling in the Pan



Now at Your Market

Good news...with the country calling for more and more meat,
another record pork crop comes in

PORK SAUSAGE

Morning, noon, night

PORK CHOPS

Good and handy

PORK STEAKS

Tasty and tender

The pork industry is proud to announce that it has achieved another record crop. This is a significant achievement for the industry and a testament to the hard work and dedication of the farmers and producers. The record crop is a result of favorable weather conditions and the use of modern farming techniques. The industry is confident that this record crop will meet the growing demand for pork in the United States and abroad. The record crop is a testament to the hard work and dedication of the farmers and producers. The industry is confident that this record crop will meet the growing demand for pork in the United States and abroad.



RICE AND BEEF PORCUPINES made with

EASY RECIPE

GOOD? They're simply wonderful!

Just look how those grains of rice swell up luscious and tender, thanks to nice-and-spicy Hunt's Tomato Sauce.

Hunt's is the *real, kettle-simmered* tomato sauce—not a soup, no starchy thickeners! It's for one purpose—to make your favorite dishes still more flavorful. Get some and try this recipe!

Mix together:

1 lb. ground beef ½ cup raw rice, well washed
3 tbsp. chopped onion ¼ tsp. pepper
¼ tsp. poultry seasoning 1 tsp. salt

Form mixture into 10 or 12 small balls. Brown

them *lightly* in an uncovered saucepan in:

3 tbsp. fat

Drain off excess fat and add:

2 cans **HUNT'S TOMATO SAUCE**
1 cup water

Cover *tightly*. Simmer 45 to 50 minutes, or till rice is tender. Serve with the flavorful pan gravy. Ummm, but it's good!

Using Hunt's Tomato Sauce is like doubling the number of recipes you can make. How it does brighten up stews, soups, casseroles, leftovers. Costs but a few cents a can!



The Kettle-simmered
tomato sauce

For breakfast or dessert...



Hunt's Heavenly Peaches

Hunt Foods, Inc., Fullerton, California

Hunt-for the best

FAMILY'S REWARD

The multi-racial Dosses hit a \$10,000 jackpot

Six weeks after the Reverend Carl Doss, his wife Helen and their nine adopted multi-racial children appeared in *LIFE* ("Life Visits a One-Family U.N.," Nov. 12), Parson Doss received a startling phone call. "Get your whole family out of your house before 9 o'clock tomorrow," the voice at the other end said. The reason: a lady in Michigan who read *LIFE*'s story had convinced NBC and its judges Joe E. Brown, Cornelia Otis Skinner and Wade Nichols that the Dosses should be "Christmas Family of the Year." So the show's cast was on the way to the Dosses' Boonville, Calif. home to record the Christmas day broadcast in the Doss parsonage. When the dispossessed Dosses were allowed to return just before time for the show, all their household furnishings had been tossed out. Waiting in their place and overflowing the yard they found spanking new sofas, chairs, beds, lamps, silverware, a television set, an all-electric kitchen, Christmas decorations in every room, plus several bicycles and doll carriages (below), a new Nash and a \$2,000 check—all gifts from patrons of the show. Said Helen Doss, "We were doing fine before, but I just couldn't see how we were going to put all the kids through college. Now I think we'll make it."



GYMNASTIC GROUPING of the Carl Doss family appeared in *LIFE* last Nov. 12 and inspired a reader to nominate them for NBC's \$10,000 Christmas jackpot.



GIFTS FOR CHILDREN lined up in the yard beside the parsonage include five red wagons, five doll buggies, six bicycles and three outdoor gyms, complete with

swings, trapeze bars and overhead ladders. The sudden plethora of presents confused the children, but they began playing with their new vehicles immediately.



PAUL GALLICO graduated out of newspaper sportswriting in 1936 to distinguish himself as a contributor to national magazines. Journalism reclaimed him as a

war correspondent in 1944, then as a satirical columnist. His most recent role is that of successful novelist — his latest book, *The Abandoned*, was a 1951 best-seller.

So different...so much better...this great ale outsells any other 4 to 1 —

HOW WOULD YOU put a glass of Ballantine Ale into words?

Here, Paul Gallico—novelist, columnist and
correspondent—has a try at it...

PAUL GALICO

Hold your glass of Ballantine Ale up to
the light and you will see what many a
photographer has long ago noted - that
this amber brew is as clear as fine
champagne.

The difference is, here the bubbles are
much less coarse than in champagne and
the bouquet is of malt and hops. The
flavor is honest and direct on the palate
... its heartiness is satisfying as the
feel of good earth in your hand in a
happy garden on a sunny, summer afternoon.

You'll find that there's an integrity
about Ballantine which, like friendship,
should be treasured as a boon to man.

Paul Gallico



BALLANTINE ALE



Purity, Body and Flavor
in every refreshing glass

P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.

Don't ever let **HEADACHE**

interfere



BROMO-SELTZER

does more for you
-it's faster, too!

COMPARE

	BROMO-SELTZER	ANY OTHER HEADACHE PRODUCT
1. RELIEVES HEADACHE PAIN FAST	YES	
2. SOOTHES YOUR UPSET STOMACH	YES	
3. CALMS YOUR BODY NERVES	YES	

Bromo-Seltzer and only Bromo-Seltzer is ready instantly to fight headache all three ways. For best results, use cold water. Follow the label, avoid excessive use. Keep ahead of headache. Keep Bromo-Seltzer handy.



Millions believe in **BROMO-SELTZER**

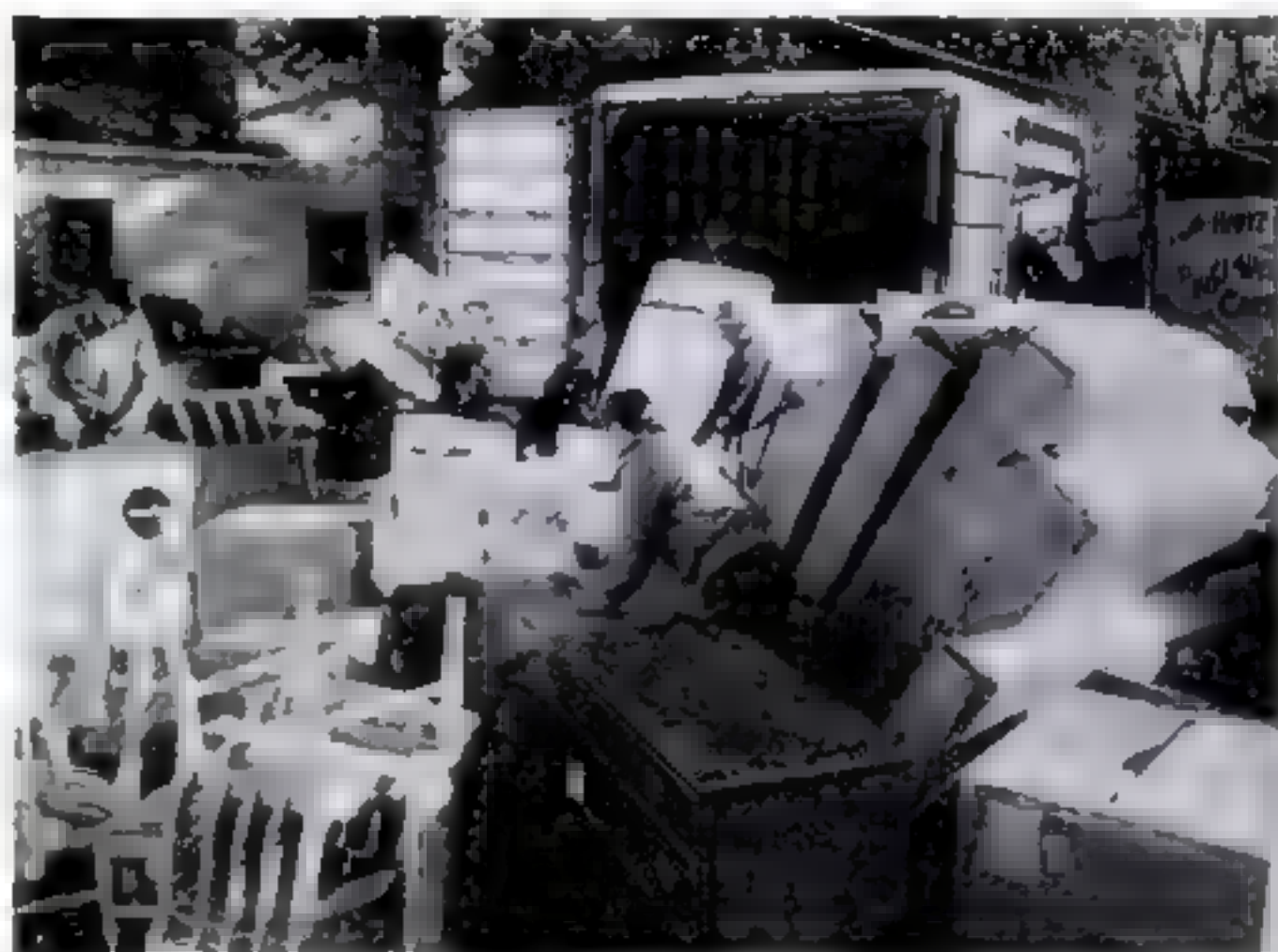
Family's Reward CONTINUED



RETURN OF THE DOSSES gave children first glimpse of decorated house, prompted the Reverend Mr. Doss to give Rita's hair last-minute brushing.



FRUSTRATED CYCLIST Timmy Doss, 4, vainly attempts to climb on his new bicycle but finds it several sizes too big, no matter how he approaches it.



LAWNFUL OF LOOT is unloaded from trucks. Said slightly worried minister, "Guess we'll have to build a new house—the old one won't hold it all."

Swift-y nifties for elegant eating!

Watch Minute Rice do speedy tricks no other rice can do!

FIX-EASY DINNER MAGIC... IN 15 MINUTES!

Minute Rice Dinner Plate Late getting home from bridge club? Don't short-ration your family with quick-quick Minute Rice. You can dish up a tasty, well-balanced dinner in minutes. Prepare Minute Rice as directed on package. Place a pat of butter on each serving of rice. Serve with leftover roast pork, quick frozen broccoli, and mock Hollandaise sauce. Garnish with watermelon pickle, and you have a fix-easy meal so easy for you, and full of the extra special deliciousness found only in Minute Rice.



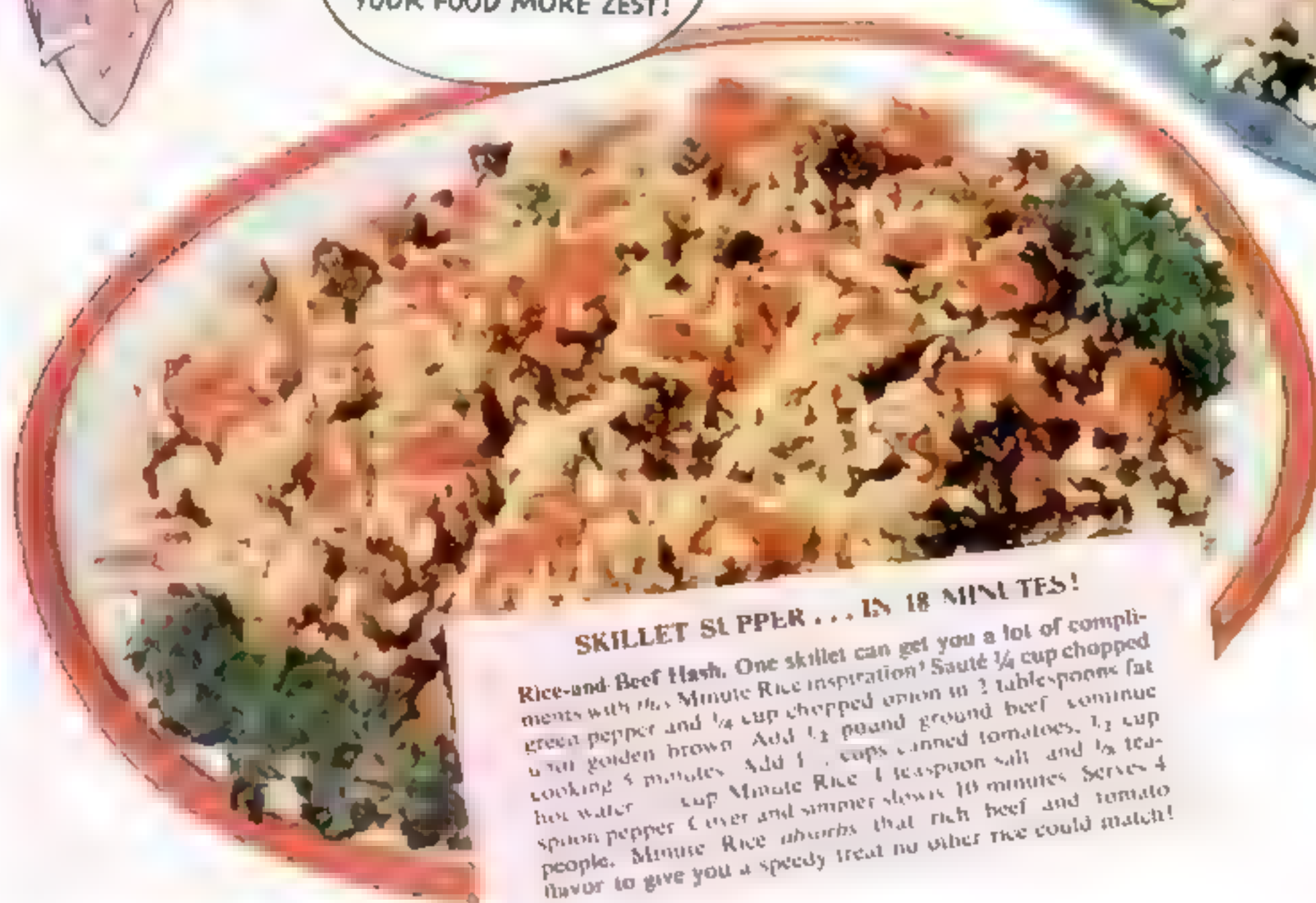
MINUTE RICE
PREPARES ITSELF
—JUST BRING
TO A BOIL!

SUNDAY NIGHT SPECIAL... IN 18 MINUTES!

Bacon 'n Egg Rice Prepare 1 1/2 cups (4-oz. package) pre-cooked Minute Rice as directed on package. Let stand 10 minutes. Add 4 slices cooked bacon, diced, and 2 hard-cooked eggs, diced. Melt 1 package (8 ounces) processed American cheese in double boiler. Add 1/2 cup milk and blend well. Place rice mixture on platter and top with cheese sauce. Then try to make people believe you turned out this luscious feast, with perfect rice, in so few minutes! Serves 6.



MINUTE RICE
TAKES ON FLAVOR
AND COLOR—TO GIVE
YOUR FOOD MORE ZEST!



SKILLET SUPPER... IN 18 MINUTES!

Rice-and-Beef Hash. One skillet can get you a lot of compliments with this Minute Rice inspiration! Sauté 1/4 cup chopped green pepper and 1/4 cup chopped onion in 2 tablespoons fat until golden brown. Add 1/2 pound ground beef. Continue cooking 5 minutes. Add 1 1/2 cups canned tomatoes, 1/2 cup hot water, 1 cup Minute Rice, 1 teaspoon salt, and 1/2 teaspoon pepper. Cover and simmer slowly 10 minutes. Serves 4 people. Minute Rice absorbs that rich beef and tomato flavor to give you a speedy treat no other rice could match!

BETTER GET
THE TRIPLE ECONOMY
SIZE!



Get the big, new 15-oz. box of Minute Rice. Every day you'll find wonderful new things to do with this fancy, long-grained, pre-cooked rice—new speedy glamour dishes, new thrifty tricks with leftovers.



★ NO WASHING! ★ NO RINSING! ★ NO DRAINING! ★ NO STEAMING!

For perfect rice
without the work
***pre-cooked

MINUTE BRAND RICE



A Product of General Foods



PANMUNJOM DUDE

This splendid figure is North Korea's General Nam Il, outshining his Chinese colleague, General Pien Chang-Wu (*right*), after a Panmunjom truce session. Those who study Nam think

Russia inspired his gaudy stripes and braid, and his onetime job as a schoolmaster taught him a grim manner. But he sets his own style with his fancy felt boots and blunderbuss cigaret holder.

Choose a throat-soothing
and palate-softening



One point is:

It can save a throatful of a CREAMMENT

Old Golds!



Our pedigree shows nearly 200 years of tobacco experience. So when you're confused by cigarette claims, just remember: No other leading cigarette is less irritating, or easier on the throat, or contains less nicotine than Old Gold. This conclusion was established on evidence by the U.S. Government.

You Can't Make a Mistake

on any purchase you make... at A&P!

This is more than a promise... it's a guarantee that you'll never risk a penny on any item you buy at A&P!

And because a healthy, hearty breakfast is so important at this time of the year — let's concentrate on the foods that make it a real meal.

Eggs are a grand example. A&P insists that they be perfect — whether you fry, poach, boil or scramble them. That's why *every* A&P egg is so specially selected, candled, graded and carefully packed. We know that the millions of folks who depend on A&P for fine eggs can't afford to make a mistake. That goes for bacon, fruits, cereals, and all the other breakfast-time favorites. So A&P guarantees everything — our customers must be completely satisfied or their money will be cheerfully refunded.

Why don't you shop at your A&P Super Market for breakfast needs... and all your foods? Each item is packed with value and backed by the pledge, "You can't make a mistake on any purchase you make... at A&P!"



It's Better Breakfast Month at A&P

You'll find your friendly A&P featuring such favorites as bacon, eggs, juices, cereals, pancake mixes, butter, donuts, breads, coffee and many another hearty eat treat. They're priced to give you real value — and everything is guaranteed unconditionally. Join the more than 6,000,000 folks who make A&P their favorite food store!

Super Markets

Where the Sale is never completed
until you're completely satisfied

Customers' Corner — Do you find all the leading cereals... the varieties of frozen juices you'd like... at your A&P? Do you ever find any cracked or broken eggs in the cartons you buy? If you have any suggestions or complaints about the way we stock, handle or display breakfast-time foods, our loyal clerks would like to have them. Please write:

CUSTOMER RELATIONS DEPARTMENT

A&P Food Stores, Graybar Building, New York 17, N. Y.

AMERICA'S FOREMOST RETAILERS OF... FINE MEATS... FRUITS AND VEGETABLES... DAIRY PRODUCTS... BAKED GOODS AND GROCERY NEEDS

© 1952 — The Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company



MINIATURE BOUQUETS, shown actual size, are dwarfed by rose. Flowers are made of: (left to right, from top) weed, artemisia, dill, marsh grass, artemisia, butterfly weed, shrub, butterfly weed and goldenrod, goldenrod calyxes, goldenrod, edelweiss, phlox, pasture weed, marsh grass, seed pods of weed, evergreen.

Bouquets in Buttons

HOUSEWIFE MAKES TINY FLOWERS
OF DISSECTED WEEDS, BLOSSOMS

Mrs. Malcolm Hart, a Roanoke, Va. housewife, dislikes gardening but "loves nature." Instead of taking nature as she finds it, however, Mrs. Hart likes to pull it apart and concoct, out of calyxes and other particles of weeds and flowers, tiny bouquets which are scarcely an inch and a half high. These she mounts on buttons which serve as bowls for the diminutive arrangements. Wherever she goes, Mrs. Hart looks for things she can break down into miniature flowers. She stuffs her pockets with oddments of plants which suggest other plants; after drying and often coloring them, she pieces them together into bouquets she calls "miniflora."

Kinder to Your Eyes

HALOLIGHT, for Greater Viewing Comfort, comes only in

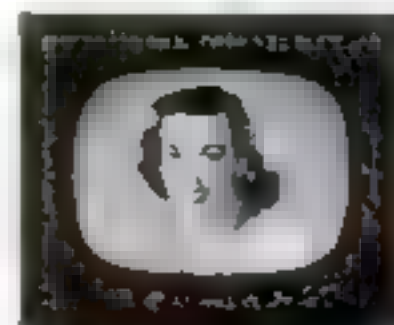
SYLVANIA TV

HALOLIGHT, the new exclusive Sylvania development for greater viewing comfort, surrounds the picture screen with a cool frame of light. HALOLIGHT* ends the sharp contrast between the bright picture screen and the dark surroundings. Actually makes the picture look larger, seem clearer. Your eyes will thank you for HALOLIGHT.

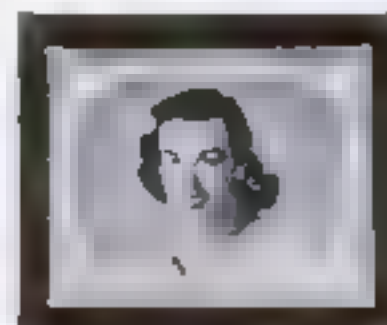
HALOLIGHT is only one of the many exclusive

The JEFFERSON—20" Life-size Movie-Clear television receiver with HALOLIGHT—Hep-plewhite cabinet with hand-rubbed finish. Console with doors finished in delicate marquetry.*

television features in a television set manufactured by Sylvania, pioneers for 50 years in the development of lighting and electronics. For the finest reception in television today and television to come, be sure—select Sylvania.



Conventional Picture



Kinder to Your Eyes
HALOLIGHT



SYLVANIA



Established 1901—Great Name in Electronics

Television Sets; Radio Tubes; Television Picture Tubes;
Electronic Products; Electronic Test Equipment; Fluorescent Lamps,
Fixtures, Sign Tubing, Wiring Devices, Light Bulbs; Photolamps; Radios.

Sylvania Electric Products Inc. Radio and Television Division, 254 Reno Street, Buffalo 7, New York

Hear Sammy Kuyse's SYLVANIA SUNDAY SERENADE Sunday Afternoons, ABC Radio Stations . . . See SYLVANIA'S BEAT THE CLOCK on CBS-TV.

*Sylvania Trademark



BAKING prepares edelweiss which Mrs. Hart will use for "dahlias." She also dries the plants in the sun or at room temperature.



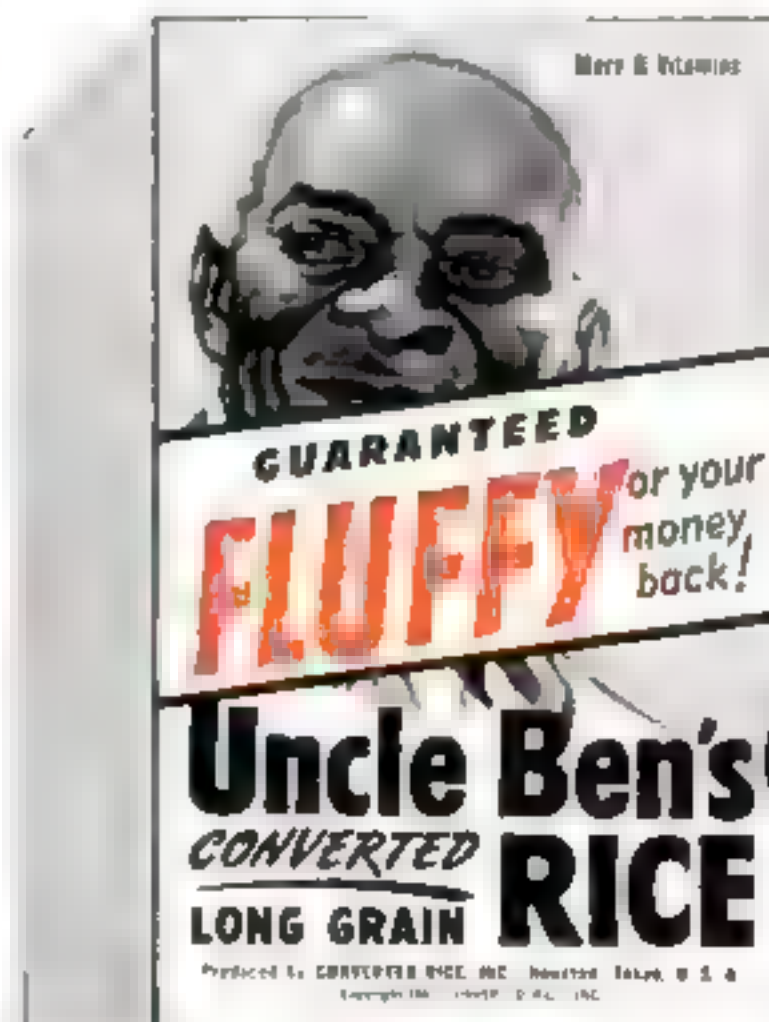
ASSEMBLING "miniflora," Mrs. Hart sees "cherry branch" in root. Her daughter Tertia checks on "rose" she has just painted.



HARVESTING weeds for "delphinium," Mrs. Hart admires specimen held by her granddaughter, "Cyndy," who at 3½ has a wide knowledge of plants.

THE *fluffy* **RICE**

**Here's rice that stays fluffy even in the refrigerator!*



This is the nutritious rice you've been reading about

You want your rice with plenty of B vitamins. Naturally. And you want it white and fluffy. You get all that—plus delicious flavor—when you use Uncle Ben's. Cooks up fluffy every time—even reheats that way. Economical! One cup of Uncle Ben's makes four cups of fluffy rice.

A special vacuum-pressure process, exclusive with Uncle Ben's, drives B vitamins (ordinarily lost in milling) deep into the grain, makes this rice the easiest to cook, makes it turn out fluffier every time.

"Uncle Ben's" and "Converted" are trade-marks of Converted Rice, Inc. ©1951, Converted Rice, Inc.

CONVERTED RICE, INC., Houston, Texas

Uncle Ben's CONVERTED **LONG GRAIN Rice**



What happens when LIFE hits Cleveland?

America's businessmen know Cleveland as a famous Midwest port... a major link in the distribution of ore, grain and steel throughout our country.

But the 905,636 people who live in America's seventh largest city know Cleveland for other things:

A fine symphony orchestra—opera—several universities—the Cleveland Browns, five times football league winners—the Cleveland Indians, holders of the major league attendance record—and LIFE, the magazine with the largest audience of any in the city.

Because 3 out of 5 Clevelanders over age 10 are LIFE readers,* LIFE exerts a powerful influence on the city—an influence the examples on these pages suggest.

In this respect, Cleveland is like most other U. S. cities—for in city after city across the nation more people read LIFE than read any other magazine.

In fact, LIFE—read by over half the nation—has become an integral part of the cultural and recreational life of Americans no matter where they live.

*From *A Study of the Accumulative Audience of LIFE*, by Alfred Politz Research, Inc. A LIFE reader is any person who has read one or more of thirteen issues.

TWIN SYMBOLS OF CLEVELAND'S COMMERCE: TERMINAL TOWER, AND ORE SHIP IN CUYAHOGA RIVER

PEOPLE FEEL ITS POWER...



MAYOR Thomas A. Burke, recently elected to his fourth term, says: "With so many of our citizens reading LIFE it's no wonder LIFE's impact on Cleveland is great." Over 700,000 people in the city's metropolitan area read LIFE.*



EDITOR Louis B. Seltzer of *The Cleveland Press*, subject of LIFE article, "Mr. Cleveland," says: "LIFE completely revolutionized my life. 489 letters, 154 wires, and 150 long distance calls showed me how intensely LIFE is read."

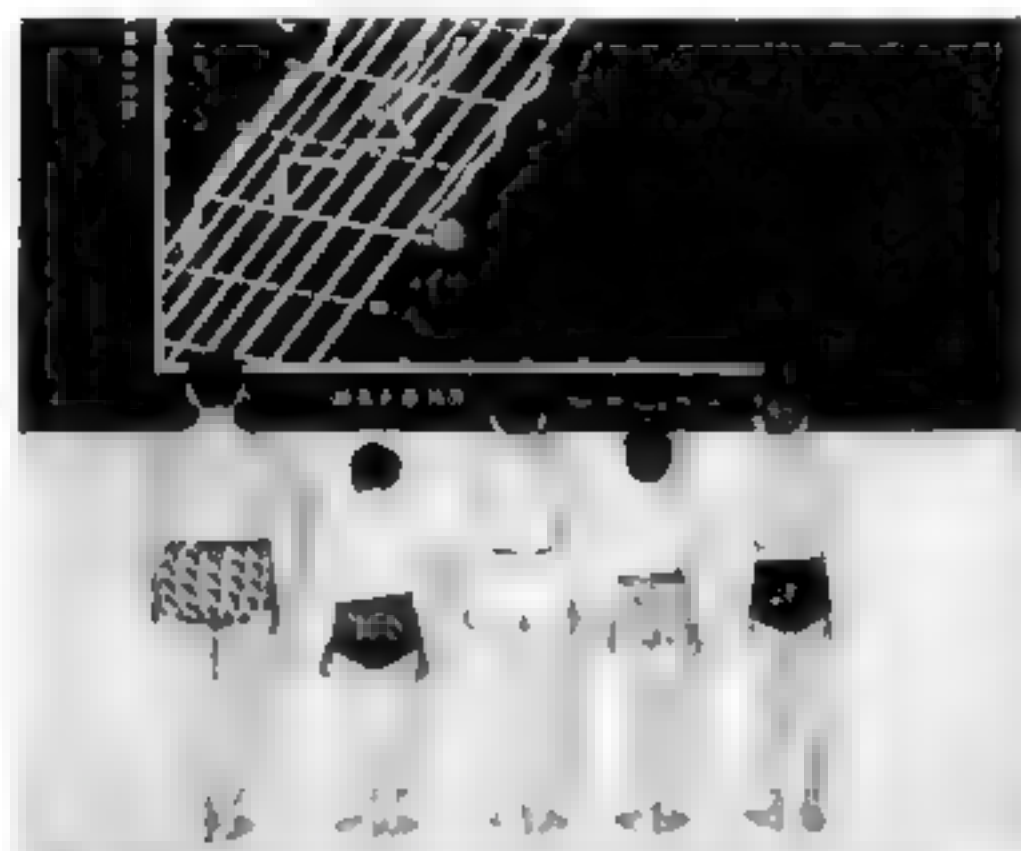


PITCHER Bob Feller of the Cleveland Indians, shown with sons Marty and Stevie, says: "LIFE's wonderful sports pictures make it a must on my family's reading menu." 31,050,000 American males over age 10 are LIFE readers.*

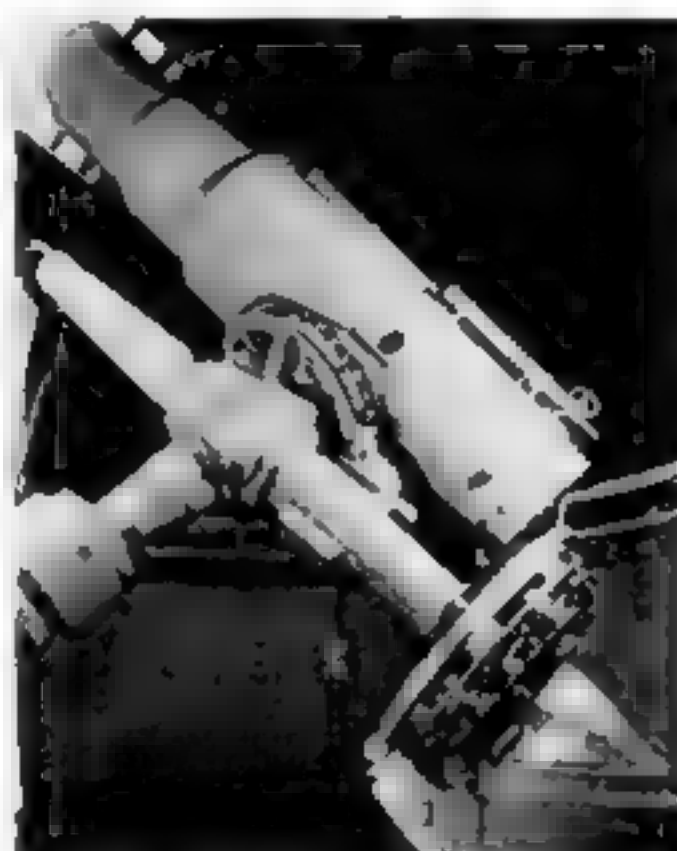
CIVIC AND CULTURAL AFFAIRS FEEL ITS EFFECT...



DANCE GROUP appeared in LIFE article on Karamu House. Reported Russell and Rowena Jelliffe, directors of art center: "We had an avalanche of visitors and letters from over the country. The State Department has since used LIFE's article to show people of other countries just what we are doing."



GROWTH CHARTS for children, originated by Dr. Norman C. Wetzel, appeared in LIFE. Wetzel got over 3000 letters asking more facts; said: "LIFE's article stimulated further research on the program by co-operating schools."



AT CASE INSTITUTE'S Observatory, Astronomer J. J. Nasseu says: "I often use LIFE's accurate science articles for illustrating points during my lectures."



BLOOD DONOR at Red Cross Center is one of many people who read LIFE's story (Oct. 22, 1951) on need for blood in Korea. Said William Buchold, Red Cross official: "The following week after LIFE's story appeared, the number of blood donations here increased about 700 to 800 pints."

COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY FEEL ITS INFLUENCE...



THE MAY COMPANY is well aware of LIFE's effect on retail selling. Say store's officials: "LIFE has influenced the requests of thousands of our customers for items advertised in its pages."



HALLE BROTHERS CO. Pres. Walter M. Halle: "LIFE's reporting is a persuasive force in people's acceptance of new products."



RITMOR SPORTSWEAR CO. advertised knit dress in LIFE, got \$750,000 retail sales in two months, according to Pres. Maurice Saltzman (above left). 31,550,000 females over age 10 read LIFE.*



THOMPSON PRODUCTS Pres. F. C. Crawford: "LIFE helps millions to understand the operation of American industry." Over half of all Americans read LIFE.*



GLIDDEN COMPANY Pres. Dwight P. Joyce: "Our advertising in LIFE has paid many dividends in our merchandising of Durkee Foods and Spred Satin Paints."



FISHER FOODS Pres. T. J. Conway: "Our request for 100,000 recipe folders of LIFE's article on meat indicates our belief in LIFE's ability to stimulate food sales."



SHERWIN-WILLIAMS Pres. A. W. Steudel: "LIFE's dramatic documenting of our times is a highly effective background for advertising of Sherwin-Williams Paints."

SAW-WHET OWL SWOOPS DOWN

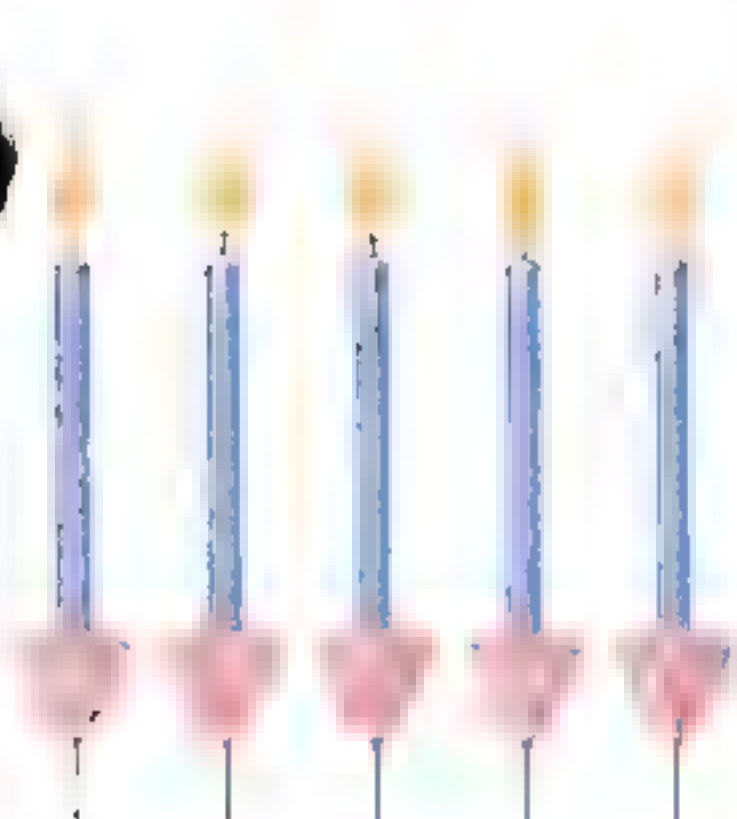
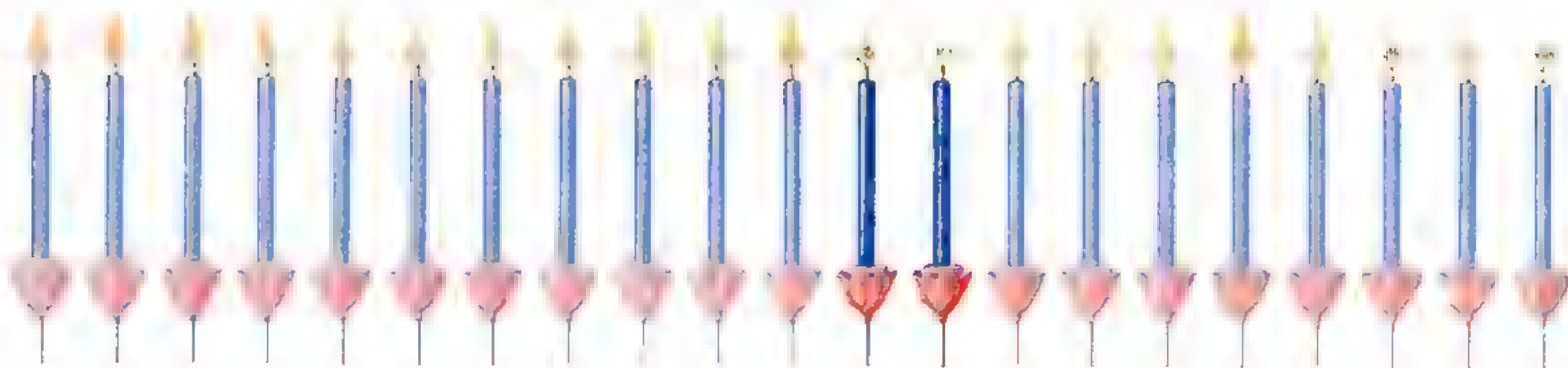
Bird enjoys a temporary utopia
hunting on a dining room table

Like most other owls the saw-whet owl, an eight-inch bird whose name comes from the scraping, squeaking sound of its call, prefers mice to other foods. When Photographer Robert Hermes of Buffalo, N.Y., was given one of the birds recently as a pet he decided to study its feeding habits by placing a white mouse every five or six stamps on his dining room table and letting the owl swoop down on its prey. Often the mouse escapes but the owl would continue to chase it, sometimes for as long as two and a half hours before finally catching it. Hermes plans to keep the bird until springtime and then release it. This probably will bring no great joy to the owl, since in the wild state it will not only miss getting its daily buffet served up to it but will also find its life again in constant danger from its enemy, the bigger, fiercer 24-inch barred owl.



THE MOUSE ESCAPES temporarily (left) as the owl whose name comes from a cutting is to be kept until springtime and then released. After ending its hunt the owl peers about to find another mouse which has taken refuge in papers on the table.





IN A WAY, the familiar birthday candles represent the most important—and the most gratifying—advance of our times. In 1900, the average man lived to see only 50 of them on his last birthday cake. Today, he can look forward to a cake with as many candles as there are on this page.

This added gift of years has been made possible by thousands of men and women who work together to make and keep our country the healthiest nation in the world—doctors, dentists, nurses, pharmacists, public health workers, and others. Their work has

not only increased the span of life—it has also helped to fill these years with more useful and more enjoyable living.

One of medicine's greatest problems is to get people to take advantage of the help it can offer them. And *you* are the only one who can solve this problem. Remember, every time you act on a warning that may mean trouble—every time you take full advantage of medicine's resources to build, conserve, and restore health—you increase your chances of adding more candles to your birthday cake.

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PARKE, DAVIS & CO.

Research and Manufacturing Laboratories—Detroit, Michigan

Parke, Davis & Company are makers of medicines prescribed by physicians and dispensed by pharmacists. Among the more than a thousand products bearing the world-famous Parke-Davis label are Antibiotics, Antiseptics, Biologicals, Chemotherapeutic Agents, Endocrines, Pharmaceutical Preparations, Surgical Dressings, and Vitamin Products. If you will ask your physician or pharmacist about them he will tell you that each needs no further recommendation than the simple statement: "It is a Parke-Davis product."

Again...one of the most re
in the history of



1915



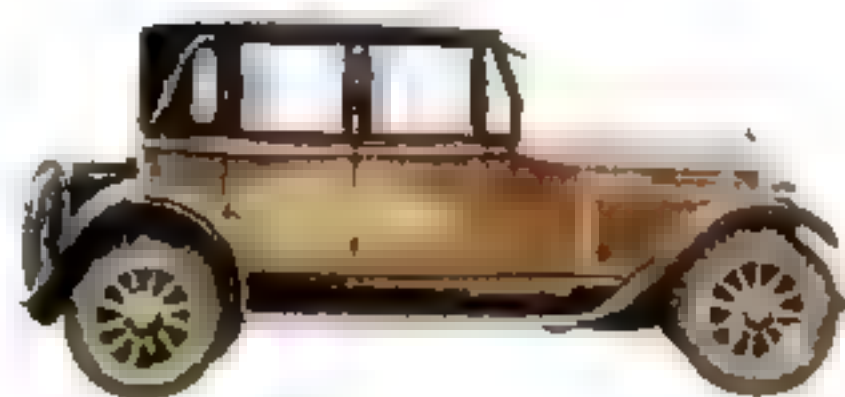
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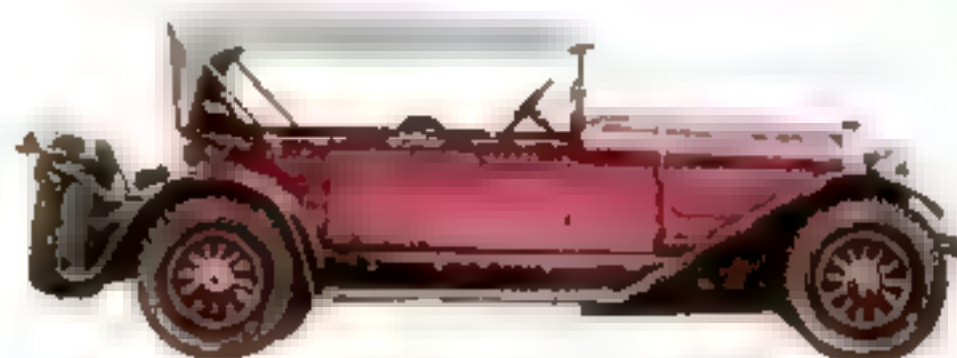
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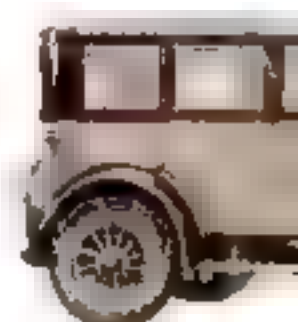
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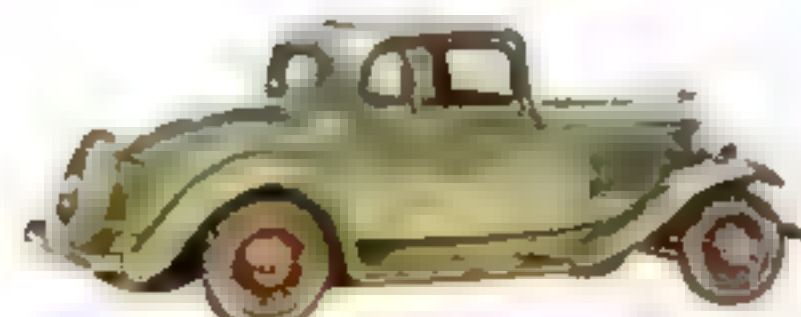
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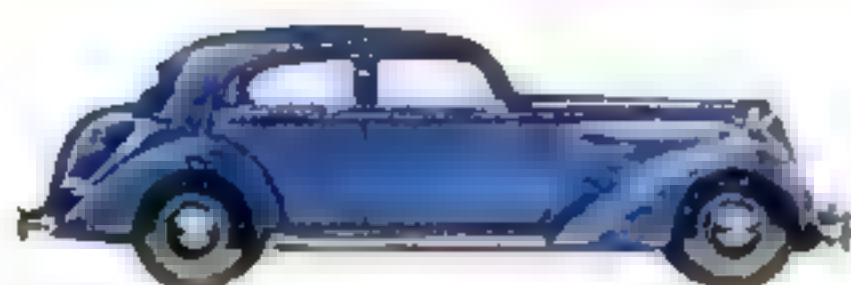
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1932



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1939



1940



1945



1946



1947



1948

Again in 1952... as in every single year
MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES

GOODYEAR

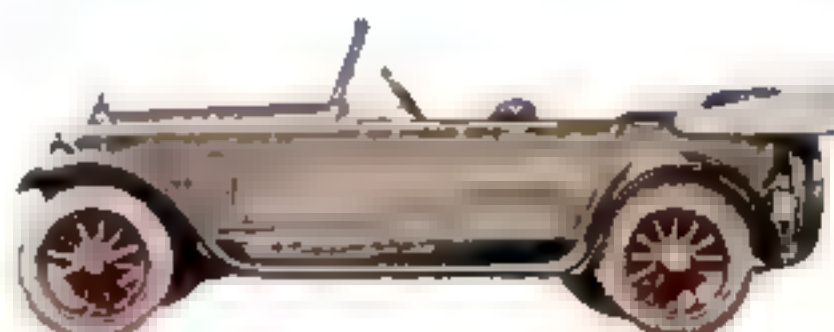
Remarkable votes of confidence American industry



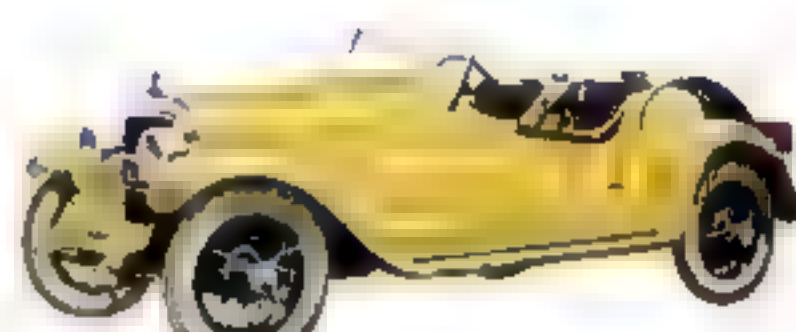
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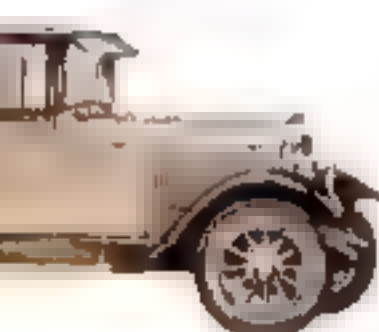
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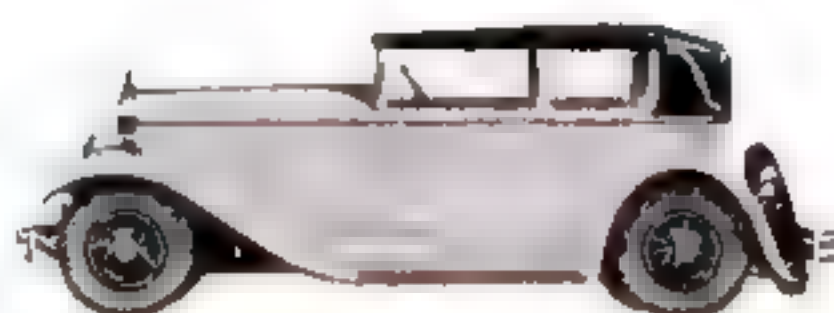
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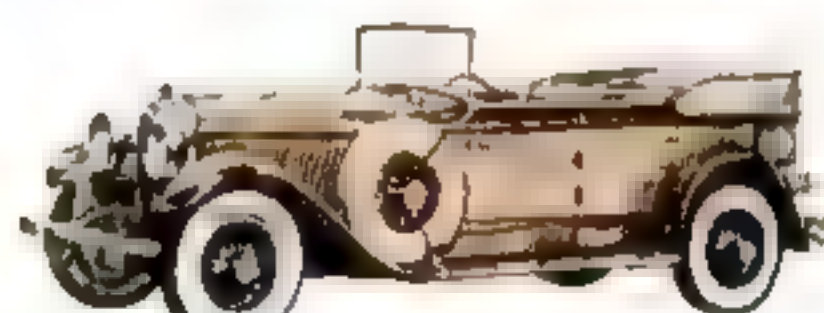
1926



1927



1928



1929



1934



1935



1936



1941



1942



1943



1944



1949



1950



1951

car for the last 37 years:

THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

GOODYEAR

THE SUPER-CUSHION by Goodyear is just one example of Goodyear leadership. Car makers put more Super-Cushions on the new cars than any other tire. Car owners buy more Super-Cushions than any other low pressure tire. They know you can't beat Goodyear for safety, comfort and mileage.



Super-Cushion, T. M.—The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

DISCRIMINATING PEOPLE PREFER HERBERT TAREYTON



MISS CHESBROUGH L. HALL, lovely young member of New York society. Discriminating in her choice of cigarettes, Miss Hall says, "So many of my friends have changed to Herbert Tareyton my friends..."

Discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton. They appreciate the kind of smoking that only fine tobacco and a genuine cork tip can give. The cork tip doesn't stick to the lips... it's clean and firm. And discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton because their modern size not only means a longer, cooler smoke, but that extra measure of fine tobacco makes Herbert Tareyton today's most unusual cigarette value.



T H E R E ' S S O M E T H I N G A B O U T T H E M Y O U ' L L L I K E

Copy, The American Tobacco Company



WILLY'S DEVOTED AND LONG-SUFFERING WIFE LINDA (MILDRED DUNNOCK) KNEELS BESIDE HIS GRAVE TO SAY SADLY, "FORGIVE ME, WILLY, I CAN'T CRY"

Death of a Salesman

Willy Loman's futile life and pathetic death in Brooklyn are re-created impressively on the screen

Willy Loman, the Brooklyn salesman who ranks as the drama's most talkative failure since Hamlet, has made his appearance on the screen. When Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman* was produced on Broadway three years ago, it was a huge critical and popular success. But nothing seemed more unlikely as a movie subject than its gloomy story of a misguided man whose childish faith in facile go-getter success corrupted his sons, embittered his wife and finally destroyed his own life. However, Hollywood's boy wonder producer Stanley Kramer, who believes in making serious

films for a serious audience, has made an impressive movie adaptation which follows the play almost literally. Too literally, for the flashback technique which makes the play look lively as a movie often makes the film look stagy. Fredric March in the lead tends to scowl, growl and roll his eyes as if the movie were a documentary about alcoholism. It takes the rest of the cast, which is composed mostly of veterans of the original Broadway production, to make the death of this particular salesman seem a tragic event to which, as Willy's wife says, "attention must be paid."

IT'S WHAT

others say

THAT COUNTS!

These excerpts from a few of the many unsolicited letters* we receive each month prove that people like the service rendered by THE AMERICA FORE INSURANCE GROUP!

"I AM PLEASANTLY DELIGHTED"

\$750 Loss under Jewelry Floater Policy—"It proves conclusively the need for carrying insurance on all such valuables. Plus this—contrary to prior opinions, I am pleasantly delighted with your punctiliousness in payment of a claim." C. S.

"THANK YOU FOR THE PROMPT SETTLEMENT"

"I wish to thank you for the prompt settlement of the claim that I had against one of your policy-holders. It seems that most companies do not do business that way today. Getting a claim settled against the majority of them is usually several days' work but I had no trouble whatever. All that it took was a statement to your claim adjuster and that was it." D. C.

"GLAD TO RECOMMEND YOU"

"Just a word of appreciation for your settlement of the above claim. I shall be glad to recommend your organization and will keep you in mind when the time comes to renew a policy presently held with another organization." A. J. W.

*Original letters on file in our home office.

You too can get this calibre of insurance protection and service by doing business with the America Fore Insurance man in your locality. For his name call Western Union (by number). Ask for Operator 25.

THESE FIVE COMPANIES COMPOSE THE AMERICA FORE INSURANCE GROUP
CONTINENTAL * FIDELITY-PHENIX * NIAGARA * AMERICAN EAGLE
FIDELITY AND CASUALTY COMPANY OF NEW YORK

LOOK FOR THIS SEAL ON YOUR POLICIES

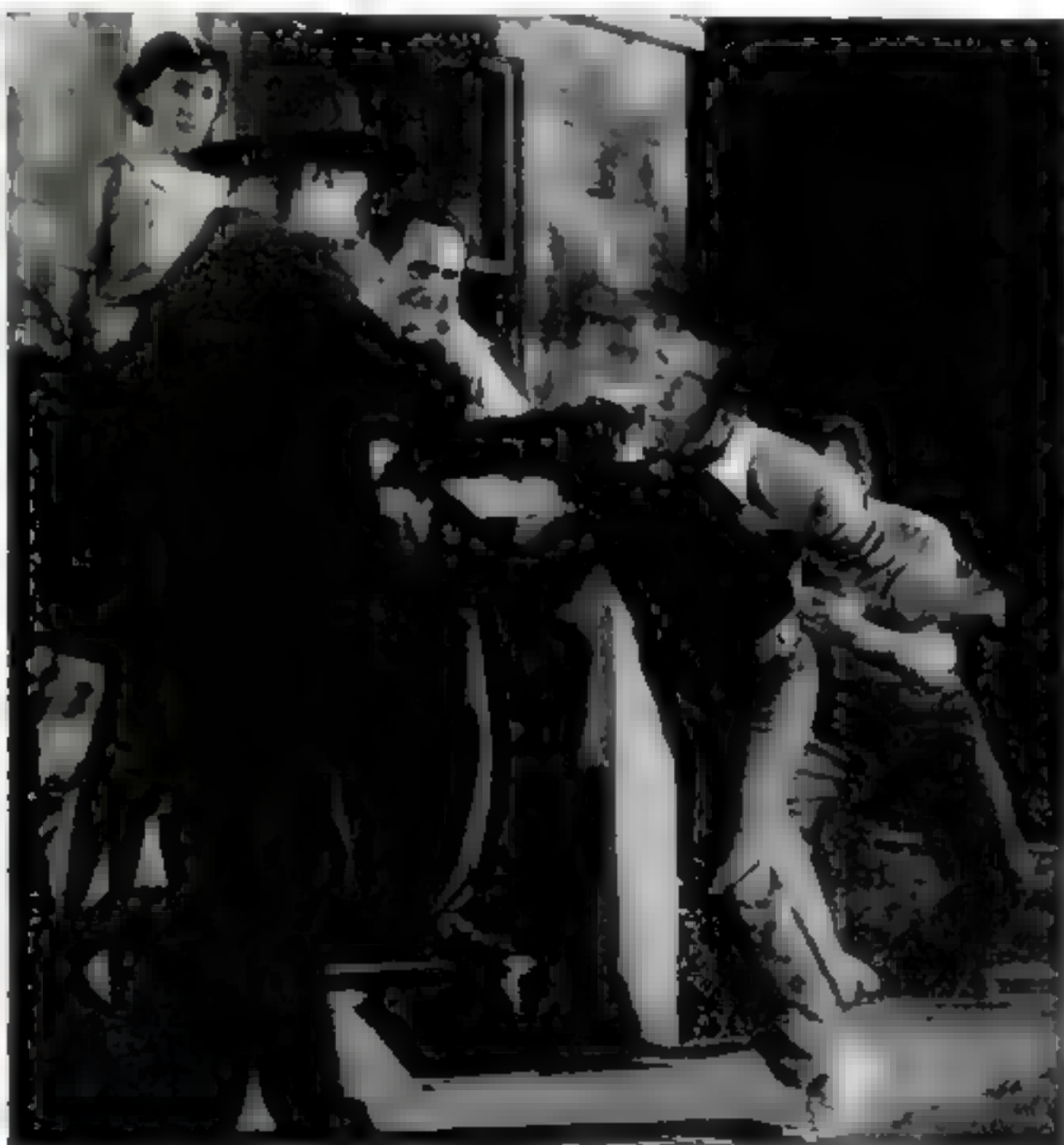
"Death of a Salesman" CONTINUED



WILLY'S BROTHER Ben (standing), whom he idealizes as a successful man, appears to him in a vision at a card game. Ben once offered to take Willy prospecting in Alaska. He preferred to stay in Brooklyn, and lived to regret it.



WILLY'S SON Biff is his father's pet turned into his father's hate. He is a drifter and a failure, and when he comes back to live under the parental roof, father and son are continually working themselves up into bitter quarrels.



BROTHER AND SON meet in a flashback. Ben, who wants to give the boy a lesson in the ways of the world, invites him to hit him as hard as he can. Then Ben knocks Biff down with his umbrella, says, "Never trust a stranger, son."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22



Only Lilt's Superior Ingredients give such a Superior Wave! You can use the Lilt Refill with any plastic curlers and, for only \$1.25*, get a wave far more like Naturally Curly Hair! **Guaranteed by Procter & Gamble!**



Your Lilt wave will look lovelier, feel softer, and be easier-to-manage than any other Home Permanent wave! Only Lilt's superior ingredients give such a superior wave!

No Other Home Permanent Wave looks...feels...behaves so much like the loveliest **Naturally Curly Hair!**

Never before such a gentle, yet effective Waving Lotion!

Never before a wave so easy to manage!

Never before such a natural-looking wave that would last and last!

Never before such assurance of no kinky, frizzy look!

Only Procter & Gamble's world-famous laboratories have been able to develop such a superior Home Permanent. Lilt's superior ingredients make it far superior to all other Home Permanents. These superior ingredients are not only safer for hair—

they also give a wave that looks, feels, behaves far more like the loveliest Naturally Curly Hair!

Money-back guarantee: Both the Lilt Refill and Complete Kit are guaranteed by Procter & Gamble to give you the loveliest, softest, easiest-to-manage Home Permanent wave you've ever had—or your money back!

Complete Kit, with
plastic curlers \$2.25*
*plus tax



Refill, complete
except for
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Permanent**

Procter & Gamble's Cream-Oil Cold Wave



A beauty parlor



That sets the pace



Is Sue's-she uses



Combs marked "Ace"

Do as leading hairdressers
and barbers do--use

ACE
HARD RUBBER
COMBS

Cost less because
they last longer

A type for
every purpose
Sold everywhere

AMERICAN HARD RUBBER COMPANY
NEW YORK 13, NEW YORK

"Death of a Salesman" CONTINUED



SON IS SHOCKED by the chance discovery of his father with a floozy in a hotel room, promptly loses all faith in himself, his family and his future.



FATHER COLLAPSES in washroom which he thinks for a moment is hotel room of 15 years ago. Waiter helps him up, but he never recovers from shock.



Three of
a kind!
salt & pepper
are not enough...add
LEA & PERRINS
The Original
Worcestershire **SAUCE**

To know how good, good food can be add
Lea & Perrins. Just a little adds so much
to the flavor of meats, fish, cheese dishes.
No sauce like it! Always keep a bottle
handy on your table... and in the kitchen.

FREE Recipe Book with 196 easy ways to ex-
celing flavor. Write Lea & Perrins, Inc.,
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What
a
SCOTCH!



White Horse...
of course!

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86.8 PROOF
BROWNE-VINTNERS CO., Inc., New York
Sole Distributors

*"But darling...
they're staring at
our new '52 Dodge!"*



Coronet 'Diplomat'

Drive the very new,

very beautiful '52 Dodge

Enjoy greater all 'round visibility, smoother riding, extra roominess,
the pride and satisfaction of having spent your money wisely and well.

Big, new, dependable **'52 DODGE** 

Specifications and equipment subject to change without notice.

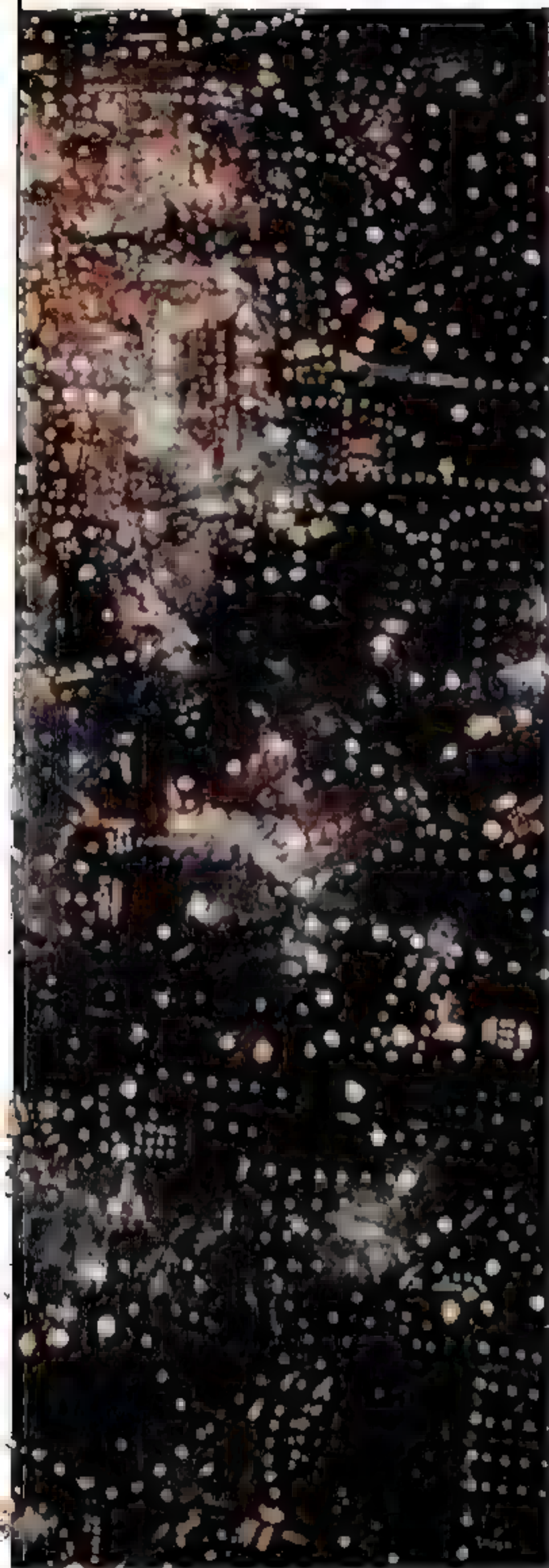


WISCONSIN AIRSCAPES

A Milwaukee store sends painters up in planes to get a new slant on their state

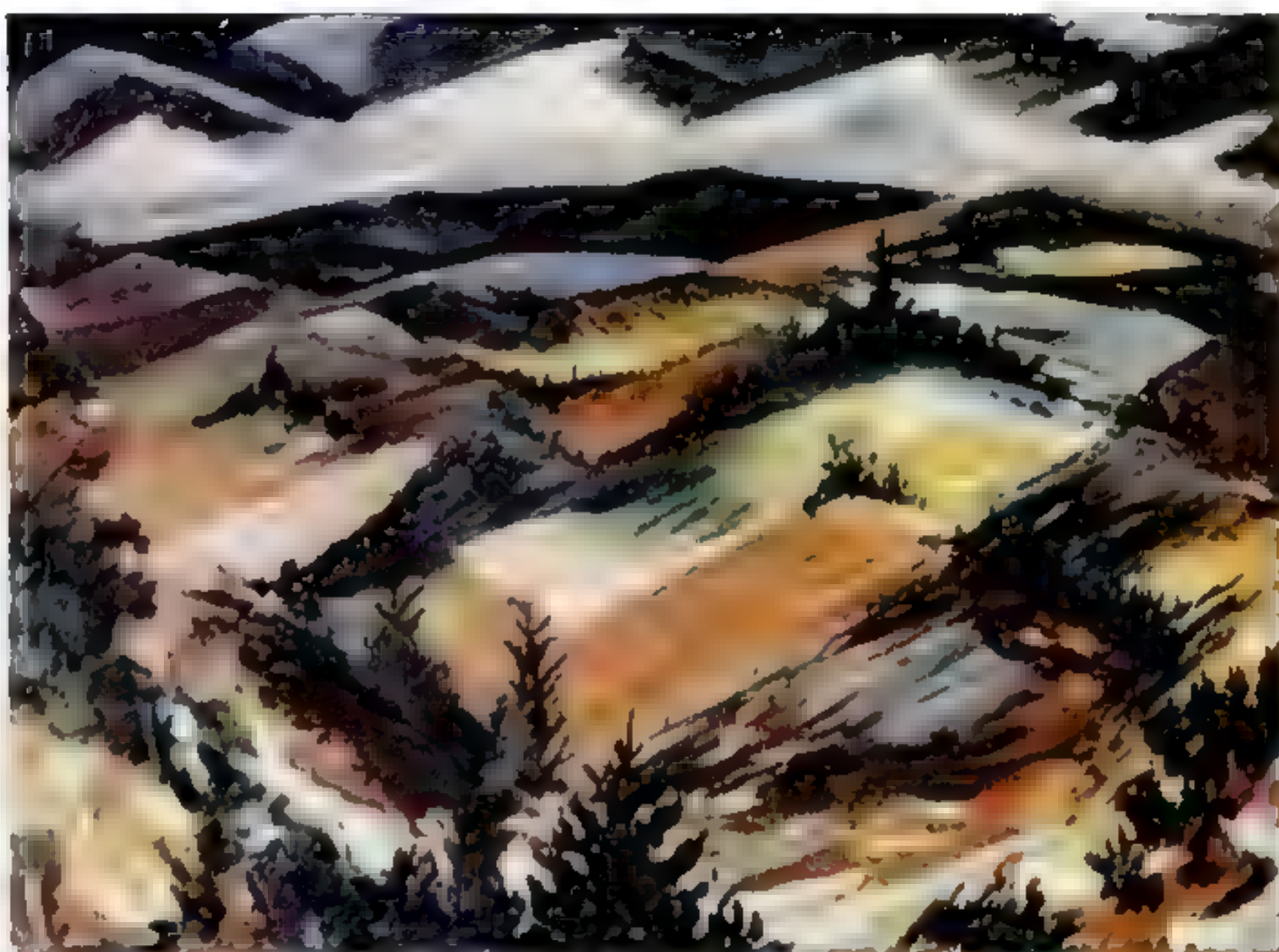
Ever since 1948 when it launched its first art contest, Gimbel Bros. store in Milwaukee has been doing its best to make Wisconsin conscious of its artists and the artists conscious of Wisconsin. Painters have been invited to portray Wisconsin's history, Wisconsin at work (*LIFE*, Nov. 29, 1948), Wisconsin at play. More recently Gimbels' vice president and art "angel," Charles Zadok, came up with still another idea. He suggested that the artists take a look at the state from the air and he chartered

some air liners to enable them to do it. After a series of flights which carried them over thousands of miles of Wisconsin's territory, the painters went home to produce their airscapes. By the end of the summer they had finished, but in the process most of them had gone abstract. "Perspectives from the air are different," one explained. "You have to throw out the old feet-on-the-ground approach." Now Gimbels is sending the paintings on tour to give Wisconsinites an art-in-the-clouds view of their state.



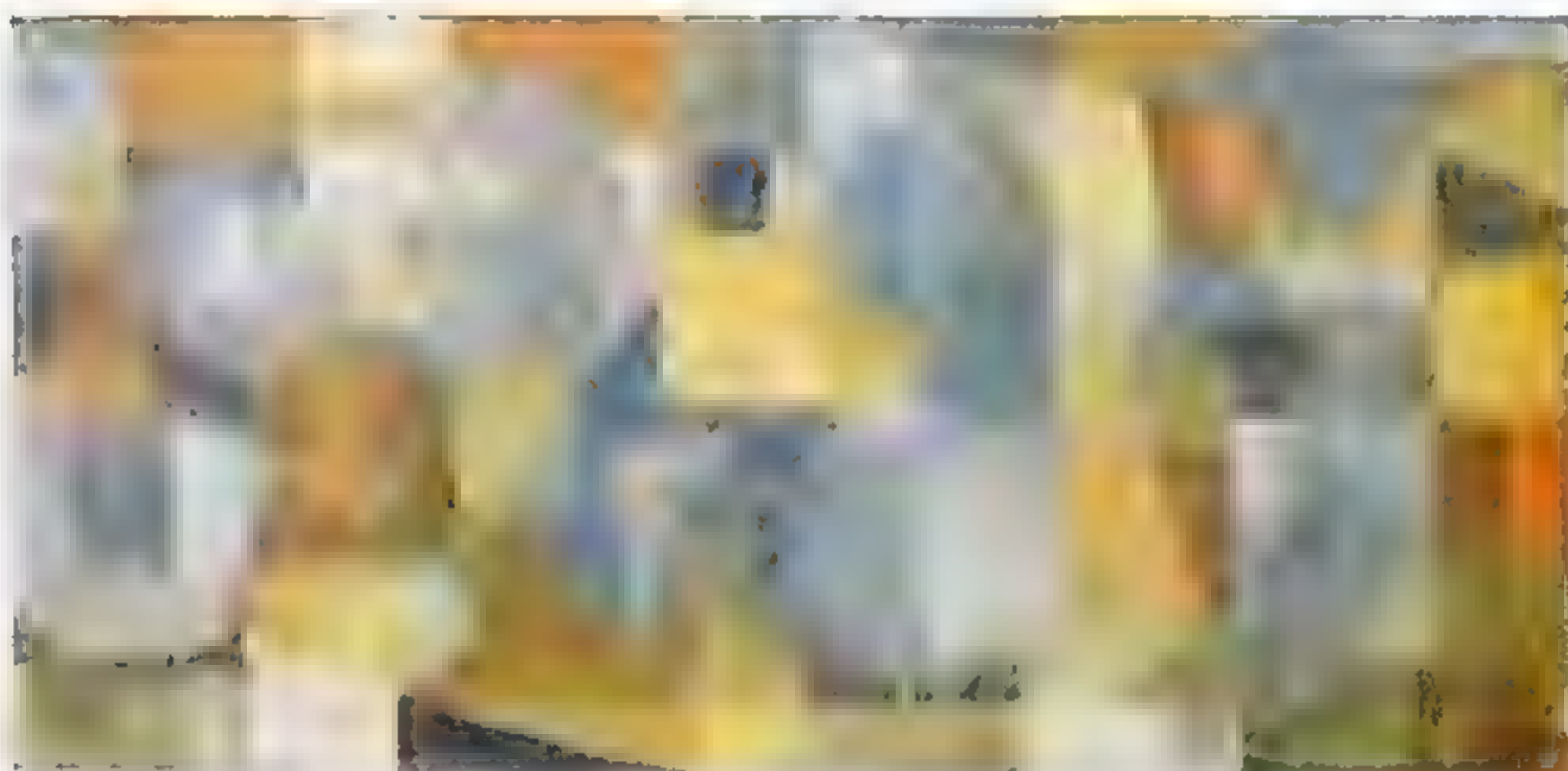
CITY AT NIGHT, painted by Donald Anderson after Gimbel's night flight, is composite recollection of flights over Milwaukee, Detroit, Cleveland and New York. It was purchased for store's collection.

LIMESTONE QUARRY at Devil's Lake in central Wisconsin was first sketched on the ground by Dean Meeker. Later he flew over it twice to study the effects of looking into the quarry from above.



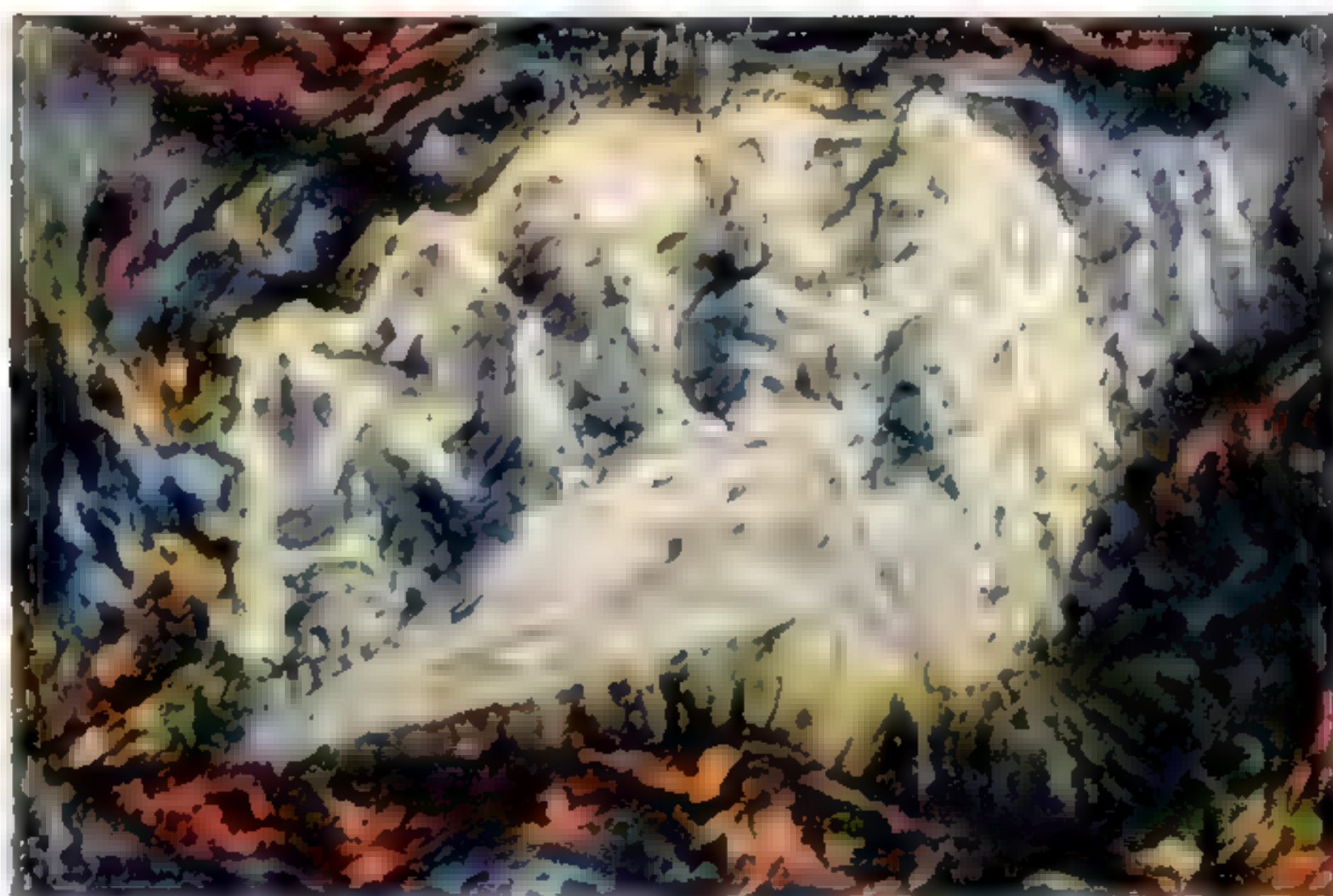
HILLTOP LANDSCAPE near Fond du Lac was seen by Lowell Lee while driving to Milwaukee and

gave him idea for doing scene as if viewed when flying low. Later he got higher view on Gimbel's flight.



CLOUDS AND SHADOWS gliding over farm of Wisconsin created a hazy pattern of geometric shapes and

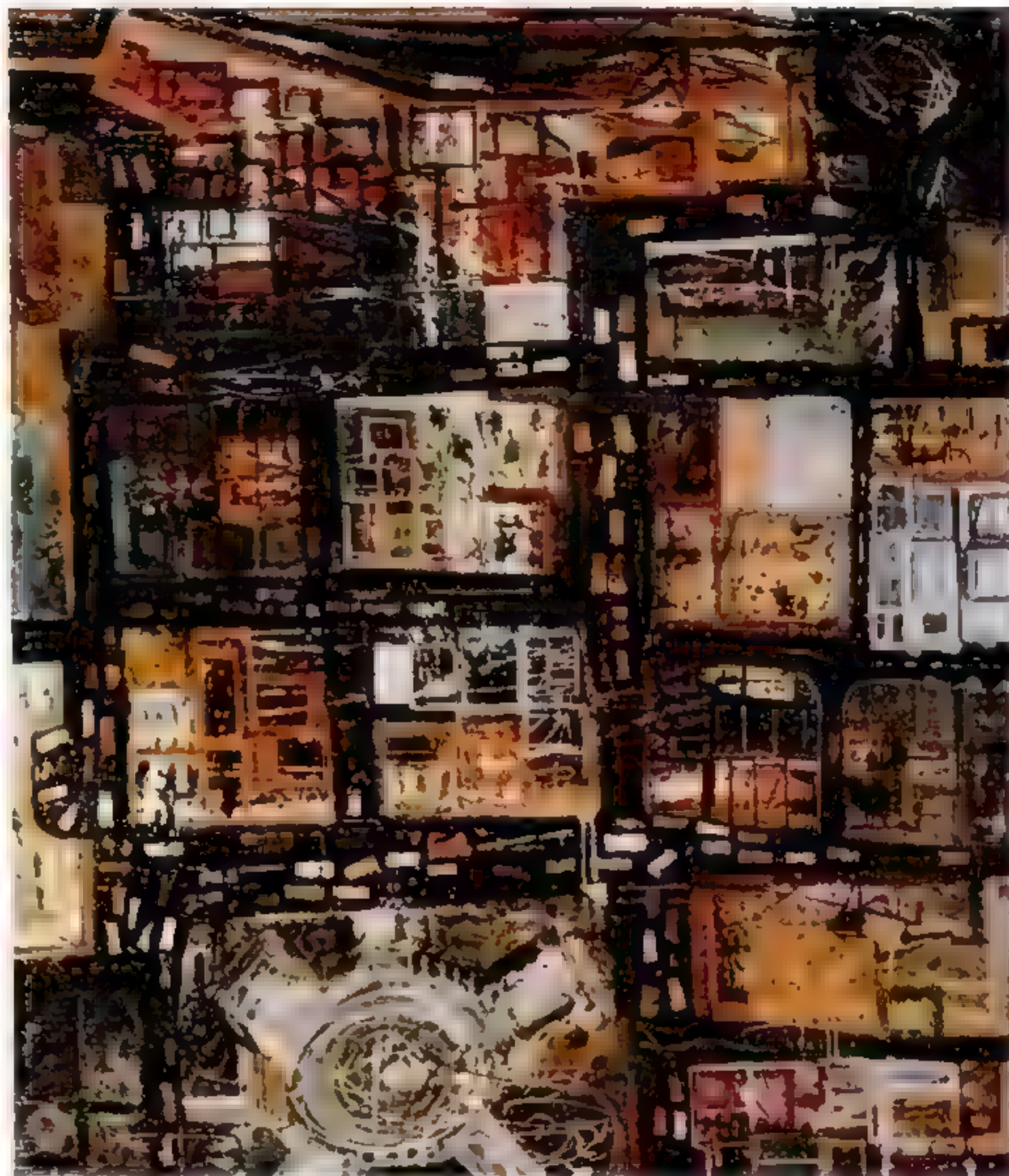
prompted Artist Elden Mathews to paint one of the most abstract aircapes in show. It won honorable mention.



AIRSCAPES CONTINUED



WINTER REFLECTIONS won the first prize of \$600. It is by Marine Lieut. Russell Hendrickson, 23, youngest competitor, who created sinuous pattern of wooded slopes, river and glinting sun. Hendrickson sailed for Korea the day he won the prize.



MADISON FROM THE AIR was imagined by Warrington Colescott who missed Gumbels flights.

"In my mind's eye I went up about two miles," he says, to visualize capitol (*below*), railroads (*top*).



AERIAL FANTASY was composed by Lester Schwartz who feels that flying suggests an escape from reality. Although some of the images are based on shapes seen

from the airplane, the bird was included as a symbol of flight. The artist is not so sure about the symbolism of the women but thinks they add a dreamy, unreal note.

Wisconsin's Cultural Dynamo

FOR CHARLES ZADOK
IT'S ART FOR ART'S—
AND GIMBELS'—SAKE

by GEORGE P. HUNT

THE Wisconsin art boom that produced the paintings on the preceding pages would not have occurred without the exuberant and forceful direction of Charles Zadok. This man is a passionate collector of art with a conviction that art today is not getting the attention it deserves. But he is also a shrewd and successful merchant with an uninhibited flair for promotion. As a vice president of Gimbel Brothers in charge of the Milwaukee store for the last 15 years, he has tripled its volume until now it is one of the three largest retailers in the city, handling eight million transactions a year and doing a \$30 million annual business. Four years ago, in a stroke of esthetic commercialism, Zadok (rhymes with hey, doc) merged his two interests and produced a remarkably deft form of art patronage which glorifies all the parties concerned—Wisconsin, which is enjoying the most spectacular art surge in the country; Charles Zadok, who is enjoying the prestige of being the most active art patron in the Midwest; and Gimbel Brothers, which is getting literally hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of publicity out of a yearly investment of only \$15,000.

Zadok's patronage program grew out of the sound merchandising principle that a merchant must become a prominent member of his community to make sure that the citizens never forget that he and his store exist. After the war Zadok became active in Milwaukee's plans for its 1948 centennial celebration and won a reputation by staging a promotion campaign to prove that Milwaukee was not only a beer town but also a



ZADOKS AT HOME live amid a rich art collection. At top left among living room collection of

modern European art hangs a piece by Gromaire which Zadok calls "the station-wager girl of our age."



BETTER FOR YOUR DOG THAN RED, RAW MEAT!

Meat is a dog's natural food. Yet it's by no means his perfect diet! For dogs need important nutrients that meat itself does not adequately provide.

PARD contains all these ad-

ditional nutrients—plus rich amounts of the meat protein your dog loves. He needs nothing more, can get nothing better than Pard—from Swift's famous research laboratories.

A COMPLETE BALANCED FOOD WITH ALL THESE INGREDIENTS...



NOBODY MAKES DOG FOOD LIKE SWIFT MAKES PARD!



WISCONSIN FANS, young and old, inspect an exhibition of Zadok-sponsored art at the state fair. Paintings tour state, are seen by nearly 1.5 million.

CHARLES ZADOK CONTINUED

busy industrial center. So, when he conceived his art plans, it came naturally to Zadok to decide that his Gimbels exhibits should not be held in the relatively cramped quarters of a museum but out in the state fair grounds where thousands could pour in to see them.

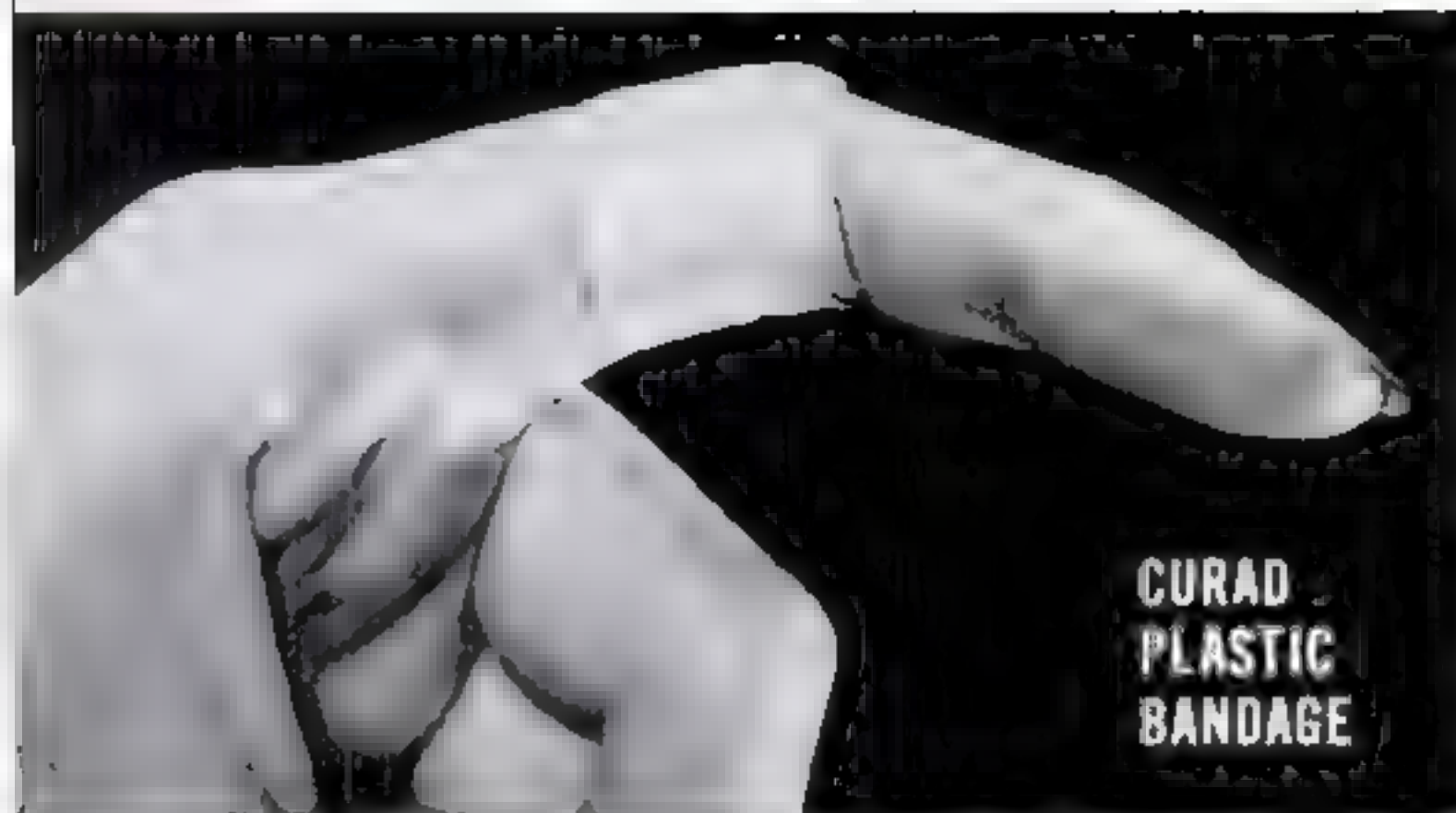
The process of putting on a Gimbels art exhibit follows a series of steps which by now have become formalized. First Zadok and other art-interested people suggest what theme the artists will paint. Second, the artists are invited to the store in Milwaukee for a dinner and a discussion of the theme. The one theme that provoked controversy was the airspace project, prompted by a few who were uneasy about flying. Third step, after the paintings are turned in, is the judging, done by a three-man jury. The awards, all given by Gimbels, consist of \$1,450 in four prizes. Gimbels also buys every painting hung for \$100-300 apiece.

The fourth step is the opening dinner, also held at Gimbels, where the prizes are formally awarded and where Zadok masses his promotional talents with the purpose of converting influential people potentially useful to the art cause. The guest list is carefully worked out by Zadok himself. It includes the governor, the mayor, college presidents, the chairman of the County Board and the president of the Common Council who jointly pass on community-inspired art projects, the school board which can institute more art classes in its schools, the chief librarian who can buy more art books, wealthy executives of important concerns who are possible patrons, newspaper editors, elderly society women who are pleased to have something constructive to do, and Junior Leaguers who are handy at collecting money for art projects.

For this array of notables, Zadok prepares an elaborate program with important out-of-town cultural experts as the principal speakers. He also employs dramatic promotional tricks. Last year the first-prize winner was a Marine lieutenant who had been called to Korea. So at the banquet Zadok awarded the \$600 prize to the lieutenant's parents, and as they came forward to receive it he announced, in a voice which rises naturally to high quaking tones, that the winner of the exhibition was at this moment marching into battle. The crowd stood up and cheered.

Before Zadok began his program, Milwaukee was unresponsive to art. In the annual exhibit held at the city's art institute only \$300 in prizes was given out, awarded by the institute. Today up to \$4,000 in prizes is offered, awarded by the institute, the Milwaukee *Sentinel* and *Journal*, industries, the city and interested citizens. There are other changes. More and more Wisconsin artists are having one-man shows around the state and are then going on to national exhibitions. After a stay at the state fair, the Gimbels shows are sent on tour, neatly packaged with directions for setting them up. So far they have visited more than 80 towns and villages, some of which have never seen an original painting before. As a result more than 25 new Wisconsin art centers have sprung up. Some 1.5 million people have seen the exhibits; newspapers have written about them and one has regularly reproduced the paintings in its color section. Letters asking for more shows come into Zadok's office from all over the state. And in the U.S. Congress Senator Wiley of Wisconsin inserted a glowing paragraph in the *Congressional Record*.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 74



**CURAD
PLASTIC
BANDAGE**



**OLD-STYLE
ADHESIVE
BANDAGE**

NOW THIS A CURAD fits like your skin—moves with your skin. Made of new Curity elastic plastic. A CURAD sticks like a bulldog—even to such hard-to-fit places as knuckles and elbows.

NOT THIS No more unsightly, ragged-looking, dirt-catching bandages that gap open and don't stay stuck. Waterproof CURAD stays put, looks like new as long as you wear it.

The new plastic bandage



WASH THE BANDAGE AS
YOU WASH YOUR HANDS!

Here's the new idea in adhesive bandages you've heard about! A CURAD not only acts to keep germs out . . . it actually *fights* them! Contains a new medication found in no other bandage—goes to work as soon as moisture from your wound touches the pad. It's called Furacin®-Tyrothricin. In actual laboratory tests, this exclusive CURAD medication killed or inhibited all 28 common wound bacteria studied!

CURAD adhesive bandages

are made of a new elastic plastic that fits like your skin. It's waterproof and washable—so it stays new looking for days and stays on. No edges to ravel, nothing for dirt to cling to. Leaves no sticky mess on your skin. And it's paper-thin—you hardly know you're wearing a bandage.

Yet CURAD adhesive bandages cost little more than ordinary bandages. So don't take chances now that you can get CURAD.

At your druggist's now—

CURAD[†]

PLASTIC BANDAGES

(BAUER & BLACK)

Division of The Kendall Company

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CURAD[†]

and it fights germs!

Plastic, elastic and thin—contains a new, exclusive medication—outlasts 3 old-style bandages!





Now, you can buy a personal 'Chap Stick' for everyone in the house—each individually marked for quick identification.

There's nothing like 'Chap Stick' to comfort those dry, chapped, weather-sore lips. Specially medicated, specially soothing. Pocket-size, easy to apply, results swift and long-lasting. Say "no" to substitutes... insist on 'Chap Stick'—the only antiseptic lip balm.



NEW REVOLUTIONARY HAND CREAM FOR MEN!

'Chap-an's' brings wonderful relief to hands that work...to painfully chapped, cracked, weather-sore hands. If you're a mechanic, an outdoor worker, or a professional man... if your hands are irritated by harsh chemicals, grease, grime or frequent washings... try 'Chap-an's.'

Specially soothing, specially penetrating and—best of all—antiseptic. (Contains the new wonder drug, Hexachlorophene.)

Buy 'Chap-an's' in the handy, man-sized tube. Easy to apply...swiftly absorbed. The only hand cream made especially for men.



CHAP STICK COMPANY, LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA



AIRBORNE ARTIST Josephine Schaefer sketches the Wisconsin landscape from window of plane on one of the five flights provided for artists by Zadok.

CHARLES ZADOK CONTINUED

Though Zadok is an American citizen, his nationality by birth is confusing. He was born in Salonika, Greece in 1898. Behind him lies a kaleidoscopic ancestry which includes Portuguese, Italian, Greek, Spanish, Levantine with a touch of Turkish, and for convenience he calls himself a "Mediterranean." His parents were wealthy. His Portuguese father was a successful doctor in Salonika while his Italian mother was a member of a banking family. They sent him to a Paris lycée where he studied the humanities and later to a London commercial school where he learned shorthand and accounting. At 18 he got his first job—secretary to an English trader in Salonika. Pleased by the prospects of the trading business, he returned to Paris and worked for other trading concerns. Traveling all over Europe and South America, he made money easily and spent it just as easily picking up a command of seven languages along the way. Recalling those days, Zadok remarks that, "You had to be awfully dumb not to make a living." As a textile broker in Paris for two years Zadok made all the living he wanted by working only four hours a day.

It was in Paris that Zadok's interest in studying and collecting art began to form. He came to know a tapestry dealer, a gout-ridden old lady, whose shop was near his uncle's bank. From her he learned much of the history of tapestry art and, more important to him then, its value in buying and selling. "It was," he explains, "a case of the agile Mediterranean mind feeling its way out into a new and fascinating field."

In 1922 Zadok made his first business transaction which was related, although remotely, to art. With \$4,000 of his earnings in his pocket he came to America, making friends on the boat with a famous French magazine illustrator named Fabiano. In New York, Fabiano ineffectually set about looking for work—and found none—while Zadok settled down to enjoy the night life before hunting up trading opportunities. On one party he lost his watch, and the next day he dropped in to Gimbel's across the street from his hotel to buy another. Once in the store Zadok was struck by an idea and forgot about the watch. Noticing that the walls were decorated with posters, he went to the advertising department where he announced that the famous French illustrator, Fabiano, was looking for work in New York and was ideally suited to paint Gimbel's posters. The people in the outer office, who happened to know of the illustrator's reputation and admired his technique, got the impression that Zadok was actually Fabiano. Zadok obligingly allowed himself to be hustled into the office of the advertising manager. There he explained who he was, but the talk nevertheless ended in a contract for Fabiano to paint 12 posters for \$2,400.

Through the incident, Zadok not only got a fair share of Fabiano's fee but he also struck up friendships with Gimbel's executives and wound up with a job in the store. The job, however, did not last, as Zadok felt that he was being held back by his immediate boss. So he quit, exasperated, and went on to other increasingly lucrative ventures. In Puerto Rico he manufactured artificial pearls; in New York he became the sales manager of a perfume company; in Paris he was even more successful in the export business. Finally, in 1929, he met Bernard Gimbel and impressed the president of Gimbel

"THERE'S NO
BUBBLE LIKE
DUBBLE
BUBBLE"*

*in other words:
"PEOPLE ALL OVER
THE WORLD HAVE
FUN CHEWING
FLEER'S DUBBLE
BUBBLE GUM!"

1¢

FUNNIES,
FORTUNES,
FACTS ON EVERY
WRAPPER!

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PHILADELPHIA 41, PA.

ANTACID-LAXATIVE
PHILLIPS'
MILK OF MAGNESIA

FOR
GENTLE-THOROUGH
CONSTIPATION
RELIEF

**COUGH
RELIEF**
STARTS
in 5 swallows

Swallow 5 times as an F&F Cough Lozenge melts on your tongue. Just feel that cough-relieving, throat soothing action.

Try the delicious
NEW CHERRY FLAVOR!

HOT 'N' SPICY TODDY: A grand chill-chaser for winter days! Heat Florida grapefruit juice with cloves and stick cinnamon till piping hot. Serve topped with clove-studded orange slice, cinnamon stick as muddler.

GRAPEFRUIT-ASPARAGUS TREAT: Sure lure for salad lovers! Arrange grapefruit sections around asparagus stalks on a bed of lettuce. Decorate with pimiento stars. Serve with your favorite dressing.

Enjoy Florida Grapefruit 4 ways



Serve the juice from cans. Full-strength. Handy, economical. Also, Florida grapefruit and orange juice blended.



Serve the canned sections—or Citrus Salad (grapefruit and orange sections mixed)—fresh-flavored, naturally sweet.



Serve the juice, fresh-frozen in concentrate form. 1 six-oz. can gives 1½ pints of juice. Just add cold water, stir.



Serve the fresh fruit, halved, or sectioned—delectable anytime, and rich in precious Vitamin C!

FLORIDA-FRESH AMBROSIA: Perfect company or family dessert! Prepare half grapefruit as usual. Top with lush orange sections in star design. Sprinkle generously with snowy coconut.

Temptation Florida Grapefruit Style!

Of all the taste-tempters in the book, none takes the place of Florida Grapefruit.

Those big, plump Florida beauties are bursting with tart, zingy *flavor* and with Vitamin C as well! That's the precious vitamin you need to help stave off colds, fatigue—need *daily* because your body can't store it up!

And folks tell us over and over again that "only Florida-grown grapefruit have that *true* grapefruit flavor."

Next time you shop, pick up a couple of Floridas and "weigh" them in your hands. Feel how heavy they are! That weight is *all* rich juice and luscious sections. Florida grapefruit are *famous* for their sunny, thin skins. The weight is where you want it: *inside!*

Keep Florida Grapefruit on your shopping list all winter long. For a free recipe book, address: Florida Citrus Commission, Dept. 101, Lakeland, Florida.

Florida Grapefruit *The Bracer Fruit*

New
CONE TOWELS
in Bath-Beauty Colors

THEY'RE
Super-Spongy
... THAT'S
THE BIG DIFFERENCE

MADE IN U.S.A.
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
100% COTTON TOWEL

You can *feel* the difference right away . . . *see* it in the lofty loops. The superiority is basic in the improved *balanced* construction of the new Cone Towels. That's why they drink up water just like a sponge . . . dry back to their original springy softness. For the dry of your life, treat yourself now to Super-Spongy Cone Towels. In fashion-fresh colors at balanced-budget prices, 59c to 1.98.



*lofty
loop
construction*

*soaks up water
like a sponge*



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COLD
MISERY

Your **BEST FRIEND**
Is a glass of
Sparkling, Refreshing

Alka-Seltzer
BRAND

Dependable Relief for
**ACHES • PAIN
FEVERISH MISERY
EFFECTIVE GARGLE**



ALSO RELIEF FOR
ACID INDIGESTION
HEADACHE • MUSCULAR PAINS

AT ALL DRUG STORES in U.S. and CANADA

HOT SCHOOL LUNCHES



MORE TENDER • MORE DELICIOUS **MACARONI**

**T-N-T
POPCORN**
for winter nights



FIRST COLLECTION that got Zadok started was of chalices. He now has 20, dating from 15th Century to the 19th Century.

CHARLES ZADOK CONTINUED

Brothers with the variety of his experience. Later, as the two men ate in a Paris restaurant, Gimbel wrote out on the back of a menu a contract which brought Zadok into the company as the No. 2 man in the Paris office.

Zadok performed spectacularly for Bernard Gimbel, raising the Paris volume and sending back to the American stores new lines of best-selling goods. Occasionally he included trinkets for Saks Fifth Avenue windows—glass bird cages, ceramics, sculptured cacti—which were, for him, tentative experiments in purchasing art objects. But in 1931 he married a slender, quietly humorous Russian named Eugenia, a girl with scholarly art interests who provided him with the thorough knowledge a collector needs. Reinforced, he set out with Eugenia to build up a collection. On the Ponte Vecchio in Florence they made their first acquisition, a 16th Century church chalice. At Baden-Baden in Germany, where Zadok went for reducing treatments, they purchased six more chalices. They went on to cups and tankards, branched off into oriental rugs and tapestries, Gothic chests and inlaid Spanish traveling trunks.

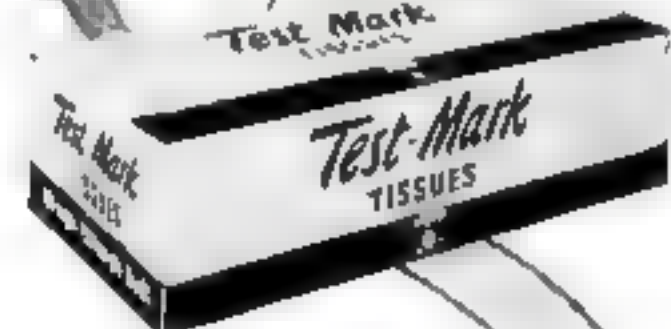
By the time he was made manager of the Milwaukee store in 1936, Zadok had amassed a collection of antiquities. But even though the modern movement had been in full swing during his years in Europe, he had developed no interest in modern art. His interest was stirred when a painting by Picasso was put on view at the Milwaukee Art Institute. The picture, a ferociously distorted work, caused considerable irritation in the city and it was denounced by a local commercial painter as degenerate. To Zadok the reaction raised an important issue about modern art which he had never thought of before. It did not seem logical that there should exist today "a generation of good engineers, good doctors, good scientists, good merchants, good soldiers and lousy artists." Deciding that there must be something good in modern art, he set about to study it and, with his wife's help, discovered that it was, as he had heard, a whole new fascinating language of pattern and brilliance.

The discovery changed Zadok's collecting philosophy. Heretofore he had purchased only items whose artistic and financial value was tested by the past; now he would gamble his money on artists whose work might be valuable in the future. Exhilarated by the challenge, Zadok plunged into collecting the abstractions of the moderns—gay, colorful works as exuberant as himself by men like Delaunay, Kupka, Lansky, Bazaine, Le Moal and other contemporaries. In four years he bought 250 paintings and converted his garage into a pine-paneled gallery to house them. His enthusiasm, meanwhile, has become contagious. Neighbors and friends, who used to regard his newly gained modern tastes as queer, are

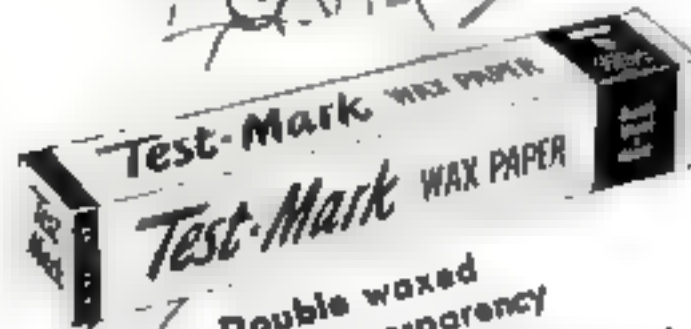
double
double
soft



White and pastel colors
Real facial tissue quality
Double sheets... clean tear-off
A luxury that millions enjoy!



Facial Tissue that is
double, double soft, too!
Free from annoying lint
One or a dozen at a time.



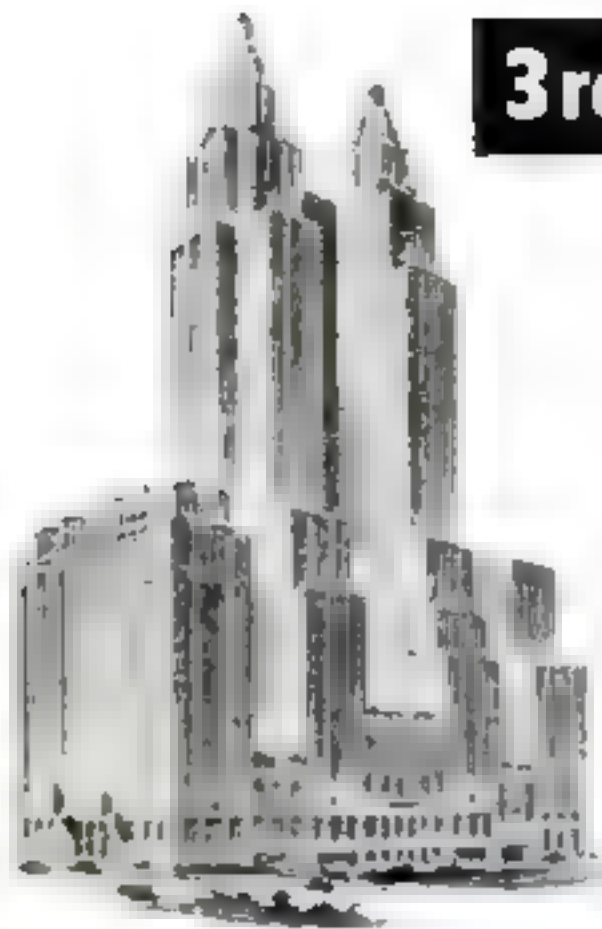
Double waxed
Double transparency
Fresh pink tint makes
sandwiches look so appetizing!

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Household Papers. Each one
brings you a plus value.

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CONTINUED ON PAGE 8



3rd GRAND NATIONAL WINNER

Now you can try Mrs. Weston's



This is Art Linkletter helping himself to a sample of Mrs. Weston's cake just after she had received the \$25,000 first prize at the Awards Luncheon in the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel.

STARLIGHT DOUBLE-DELIGHT CAKE

Frosting in the batter...

Frosting on the top...

All made from one frosting mixture

New delight in flavor...new delight in ease

Mrs. Weston uncovered a really big idea when she put her Starlight Double-Delight Cake into Pillsbury's 3rd Grand National Contest. Mrs. Weston makes her cake and frosting with just one melting of chocolate . . . with just one creaming of sugar and shortening. And when Mrs. Weston takes her cake out of the oven, she doesn't have to get busy and mix up the frosting. It's all ready to go on the cake.

Wouldn't you like to try Mrs. Weston's recipe—of course, with Pillsbury's Best! To quote Mrs. Weston: "We think Pillsbury's Best Flour always bakes well—that's 'the chief thing'." And what could be more important than that?

MRS. WESTON'S NEW "FROSTED-IN" IDEA

HALF THE FROSTING FOR THE BATTER...

HALF THE FROSTING FOR THE TOP...

ALL FROM ONE FROSTING MIXTURE.



THE \$25,000 STARLIGHT DOUBLE-DELIGHT CAKE

by Mrs. Samuel P. Weston, La Jolla, California

BAKE at 350° F. for 30 to 35 minutes.

MAKES two 9-inch round layers.

All ingredients should be at room temperature.

- Cream** 2 packages (3 oz. size) cream cheese
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon peppermint extract until fluffy.
- Measure . . .** 6 cups (1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.) sifted confectioners' sugar. Blend half of sugar into creamed cheese mixture.
- Add** $\frac{1}{4}$ cup hot water alternately with balance of sugar.
- Blend in . . .** 4 squares (4 oz.) chocolate, melted. Reserve half of mixture (2 cups) as frosting for baked cake.
- Sift together** 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ cups sifted Pillsbury's Best Enriched Flour
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons soda
 1 teaspoon salt

Combine . . $\frac{1}{4}$ cup shortening and remaining chocolate-frosting mixture; mix thoroughly.

Blend in . . . 3 eggs, one at a time. Beat for 1 minute.

Measure . . . $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk; add alternately with sifted dry ingredients to creamed mixture, beginning and ending with dry ingredients. (With electric mixer use low speed.)

Pour into two well-greased and lightly floured 9-inch round layer pans.

Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 30 to 35 minutes. Cool; frost with reserved chocolate frosting.

COMING SOON! All 100 prize-winning recipes from Pillsbury's 3rd Grand National Contest in new cookbook. A big book, color pictures, many, many ideas for pies, cakes, breads, cookies, entrees and desserts. Reserve your copy now. Just send 25¢ to Ann Pillsbury, Box 511, Dept. L, Minneapolis, Minn.

This is the lady who won the big prize. She is Mrs. Samuel P. Weston and she lives in La Jolla, California. She has two small boys - one, age 3 and one, age 6. Mrs. Weston and her husband dreamed up this recipe one night in their kitchen.



\$25,000 Recipe!

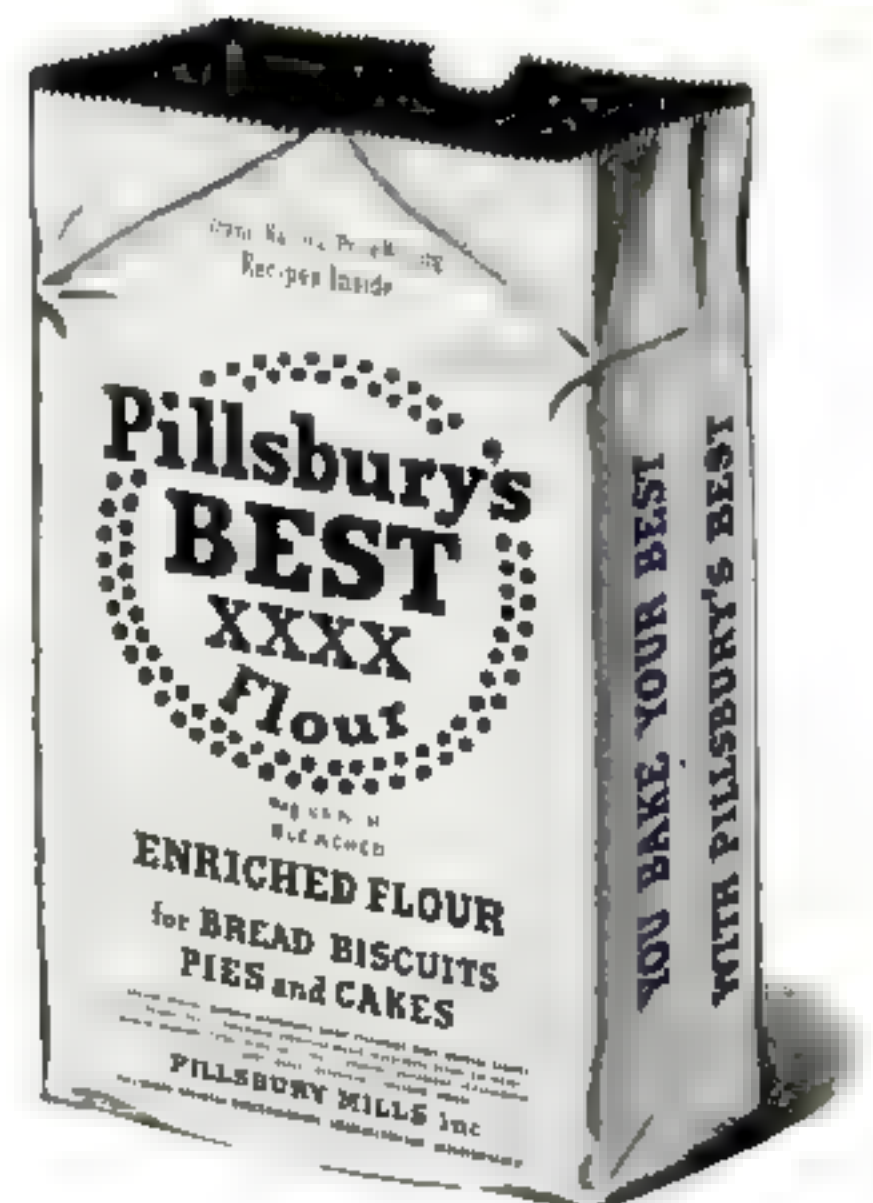


This is the chocolate cake that was judged most important of all the fabulous foods in Pillsbury's 3rd Grand National Recipe and Baking Contest. It is a very high cake, as you can see. Nice and chocolatey, too, with a bit of mint flavor carried into the cake from the frosting mixture. This picture shows how moist and fine this cake is—thanks to Mrs. Weston's idea of putting frosting right into the batter.

Watch for Prize-Winning Recipes at your grocer's

OR WRITE ANN PILLSBURY, BOX 570, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Pillsbury's BEST
The GRAND NATIONAL Flour



Blend-ability

makes your highball taste better



Here's why: Only Sparkling Canada Dry Water has *Blend-ability*. It is the ability to point up the flavor of any drink . . . to make all drinks taste better. You don't get *Blend-ability* in ordinary soda water. You don't get it in plain water. *Blend-ability* is the result of these Canada Dry exclusives:

Exclusive "Flavor-Balanced Formula"—an expert blending and balancing of important mineral salts.

Exclusive "Pin-Point Carbonation"—creates millions of tinier, longer-lasting bubbles that keep your drink lively longer.



CHARLES ZADOK CONTINUED

beginning to come around. One, the president of a large Milwaukee firm, has bought eight modern paintings including a wild Picasso; a year ago he would not have let one in the house.

Zadok has become an agile student of modern art, and in the evenings often retraces the definitions of philosophers like Ortega y Gasset and André Malraux. He likes to study the paintings under different lighting effects, moving them around from one wall to the next to test their relationships to each other, or planning the next purchase—always a serious matter. "The adoption of a painting is like the adoption of a child," he explains. "I assume full responsibility."

Zadok's home is an old-English-style house crammed full of his collection gathered in an unusual arrangement which he calls the "cohabitation of old and new." An ancient jade and a group of faceless figures by the English modern Henry Moore sit on a radio-television console; a Giacommetti statue stands on a 16th Century table and a tapestry of the 16th Century hangs on the wall next to the curiously humorous shapes of a Miro painting. Amidst all this Zadok, extending his arms and rising up on his tiptoes, bounces about like a plump, agitated robin. Meanwhile he fills the room with a voluble, heavily accented stream of emotional fervor mixed with commercial calculations. "I don't want gloom to come into my house; I love the *joie de vivre* in art"; or, "I want only the paintings which stand within 10% of the artist's best work." Stopping before a Derain landscape, he cocks his head to the side, smiles: "The most poetic wild beast I know"; before a Lansky version of Dunkirk: "a peculiar painting—it changes with each look"; before a Gromaire nude, a muscular, lean, sun-tanned woman: "she is the station-wagon girl of our age"; and before a Villon: "an orgy of color and beauty as though he were painting from heaven." Then, in the summation of the moment, Zadok expands and the words roll out: "You travel around when you're a young man, but when you get old and tired of traveling physically, your mind travels. Painting is a voyage into the unknown." Surveying the brightly lit gallery walls crowded with pictures, he may finish with a shrug: "Some-day my judgment will either prove right or my collection will be fit only for the garbage can."

Like his commercial instincts Zadok's interest in modern painting was a compelling influence in turning him to the art scene in Wisconsin and the art-patronage program. With comparisons to make in his own house he realizes that much of the art Wisconsin is producing under the program is mediocre. But from one Gimbel's exhibit to the next the work is improving, and the fact that it is being done at all is to Zadok the first practical culmination of his own mixed interests. The next steps go farther. He has already talked to merchants in Texas, Arizona, St. Louis and Chicago about his plans. He visualizes the day, far off as it may be, when other department stores all over the country will hold similar contests in their states, followed next by interstate exhibits, and then by further weeding down until the finalists will meet in what Zadok would banner across the startled country as the "World Series of Art."



BUSINESSLIKE OFFICE reflects the merchant in Zadok, has no paintings. Walls are adorned by photographs of executives and Gimbel's stores.

The Biggest Money-Saving Idea in Car Maintenance in 20 Years



STOP those endless repairs that keep pulling \$10 bills out of your pocket.

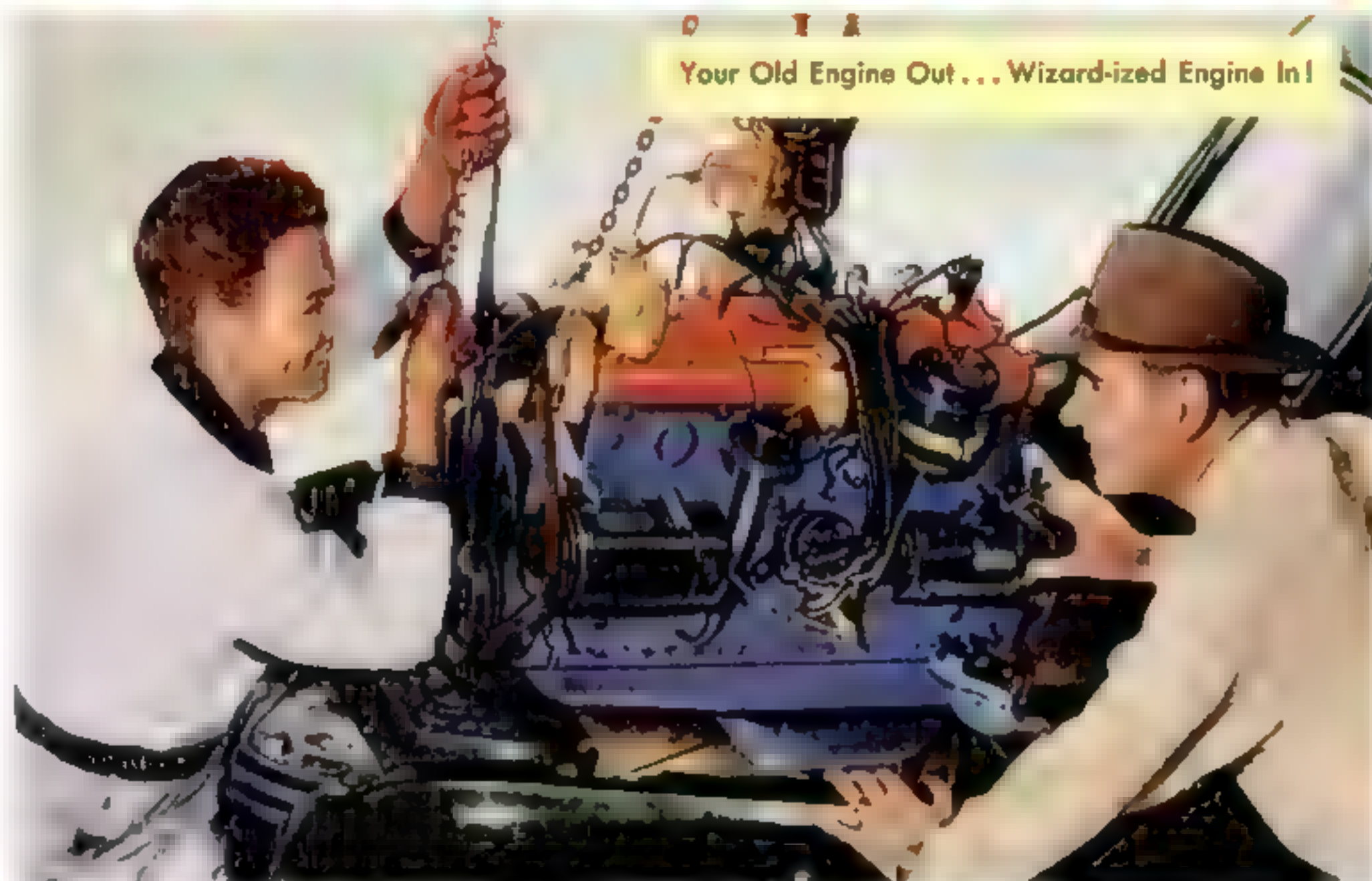


STOP expensive overhauls that still leave things undone to break down later.



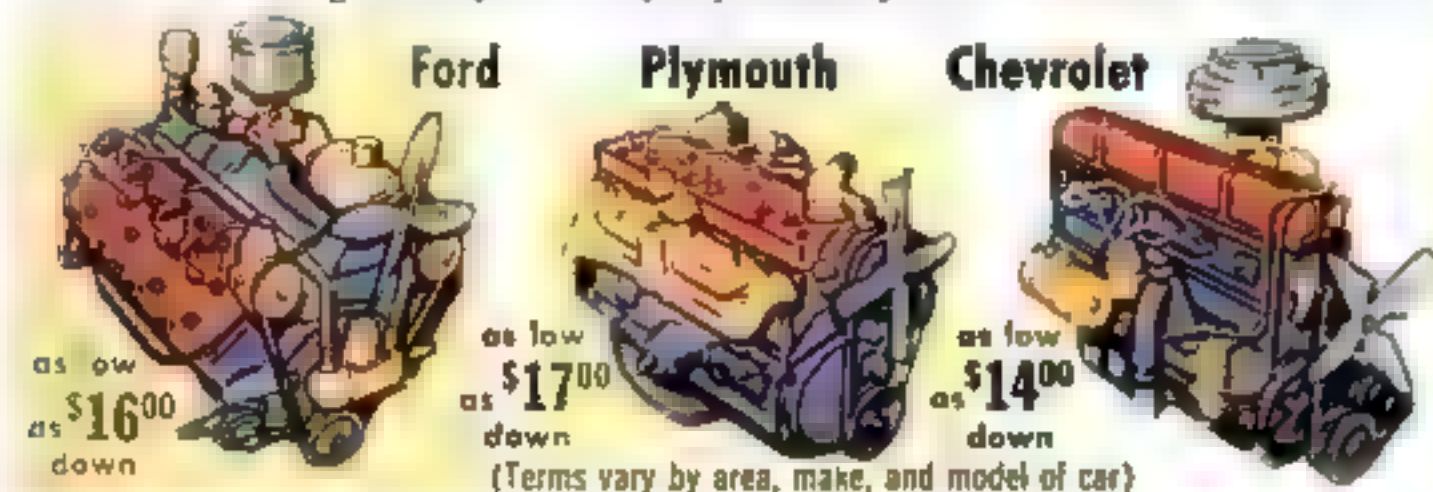
STOP paying high gas, oil and maintenance bills on an unsafe, worn-out engine.

New Kind Of Replacement Engines ... Successor To Costly Overhauls!



Enjoy again the new-car thrill of an engine that's packed with surging power... power to level any hill... power to pull out of tight spots in traffic... power that means years of care-free driving and day after day dependability. You

can have it now in one complete, guaranteed package in a Wizard-ized Engine. (Attached engine accessories are used from old engine, or may be replaced new.) Yours on easy Western Auto terms!



GUARANTEED

New Car Engine Performance for

Chevrolets, Fords, Plymouths, Chryslers, Pontiacs, Mercurys, Dodges, Studebakers, DeSotos, Olds and other popular makes.

No Regular Overhaul At Any Price Can Match Your New Factory Remanufactured*

Wizard-ized Engine!

HERE, AT LAST, is a new kind of replacement engine for your car! ... so much **better** than partially rebuilt engines or ordinary overhaul jobs that thousands of happy owners call it the **successor** to costly overhauls!

*NOT A SO-CALLED "REBUILT" but completely remanufactured in 5 large factories, this Wizard-ized engine gives you an easy, low-cost way to **end** costly repair bills. And you can ...

GET ANOTHER 50,000 OR MORE MILES from your present car as you save! That's because ...

EVERY MOVING PART IS BRAND NEW top quality or fully remanufactured to function like new. Over 150 new parts. That's why you can buy with new car confidence. In fact, Western Auto gives you ...

THE SAME GUARANTEE THAT COMES WITH A NEW CAR ENGINE — plus a free 500-mile service inspection of our installation. Still this Wizard-ized Engine is ...

PRICED FAR BELOW THE COST OF A NEW ENGINE ... or about the cost of a bearing, ring and rebore overhaul! Our ...

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SEE YOUR WESTERN AUTO MAN TOMORROW ... find out about his guaranteed trade-in allowance for **your** old engine!

Wizard-ized Engines

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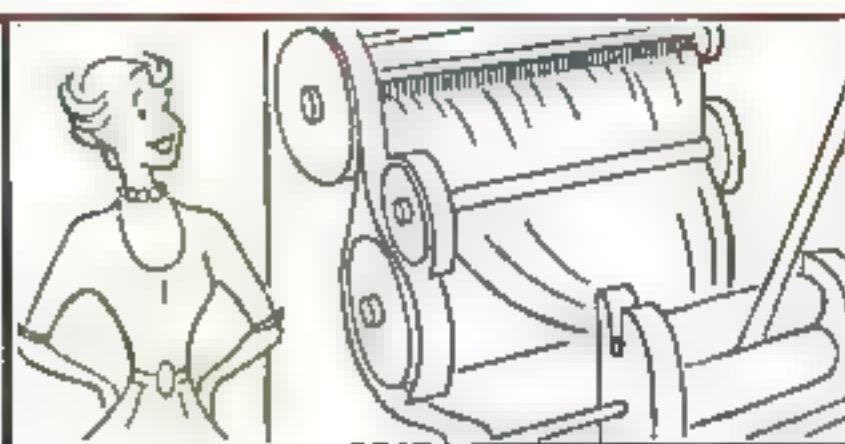
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Eye-opening values in Lowest! Yes, Lowest



↖ Six glorious colors that refuse to fade, plus the snowiest of snowy whites.

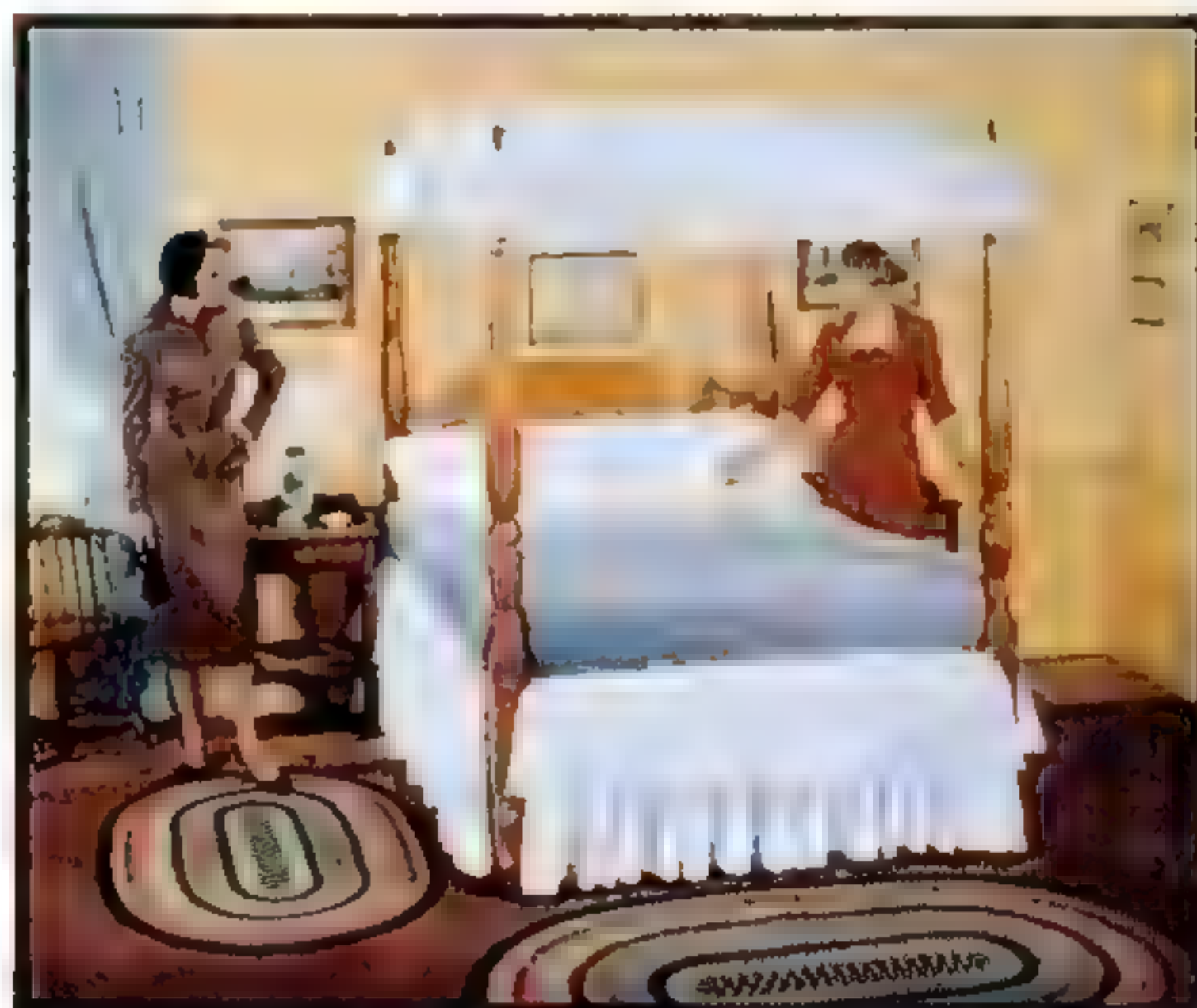


↖ Cotton is combed for extra smoothness; far, far longer wear.

Look at all the clever things you can do with lovely, thrifty Cannon Percales!



Shades of green and Moonlight Yellow! A wonderful idea for your modern room. A thrifty, easier-than-you-think idea with budget-priced Cannon Combspun® Percale Sheets. Use one Moonlight Yellow sheet for your draperies. Cannon Percales are so smooth—so firmly woven—they're almost as pleasant to sew on as to sleep on. For your bed—Moonlight Yellow again, for pillow cases and top sheet. Lagoon Green for the bottom sheet.



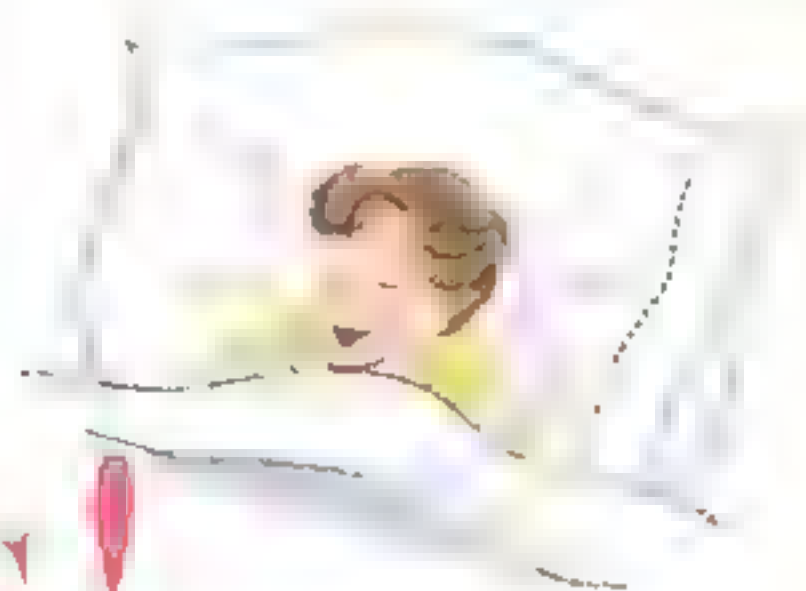
Dress up your tester bed in two blues and snowy white! Cannon bright, white percale sheets for canopy, cases and dust ruffle. Cannon Aquamarine for sheets that harmonize with blankets and spread. Cannon sheets look so elegant—feel so luxurious—yet they wear, wear and wear. They're Combspun—the cotton is combed till only the long, strong fibers remain. P.S.: carry the aqua to your window with another Cannon sheet.



Make your bed—make your bedroom with

sweet-sleepin' CANNONS

Prices in 19 Months!



← Light in weight for easier, thriftier laundering; easier bed-making.



← Year 'round they cost just a few pennies more than top-grade muslins. But January, prices hit a new low 'low'.



Put some pink in your blue heaven! Take your choice of Cannon's Shell Pink or luscious Sunset Rose. Either shade is perfect for pillow cases, sheets, and curtains. (Figure the cost on a yardage basis and revel in the tidy sum you save.)

Crown your creation with Cannon Aquamarine sheets for your headboard, dust ruffle, swag drape and vanity skirt. Cannon Percales launder so beautifully, wear so wonderfully, your room will gather compliments for a long, long time to come.

Cannon Combspun Percale Sheets

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I'd like some more thrifty, exciting ideas of decorating. I enclose 10c. Please send new 20-page, color illustrated decorating booklet "MAKE IT WITH SHEETS!"

Name _____
Address _____



She helped us sail to where we are

Go to ANY waterfront and you'll see bigger ships every day of the week. They build them different nowadays, with belts of steel thicker than a man's chest, with machines that think faster than you can, with guns that stalk an enemy a dozen miles away. But those big ones wouldn't be there if she hadn't come first, the hand-hewn, wind-spirited little vessel we've come to call "*Old Ironsides*."

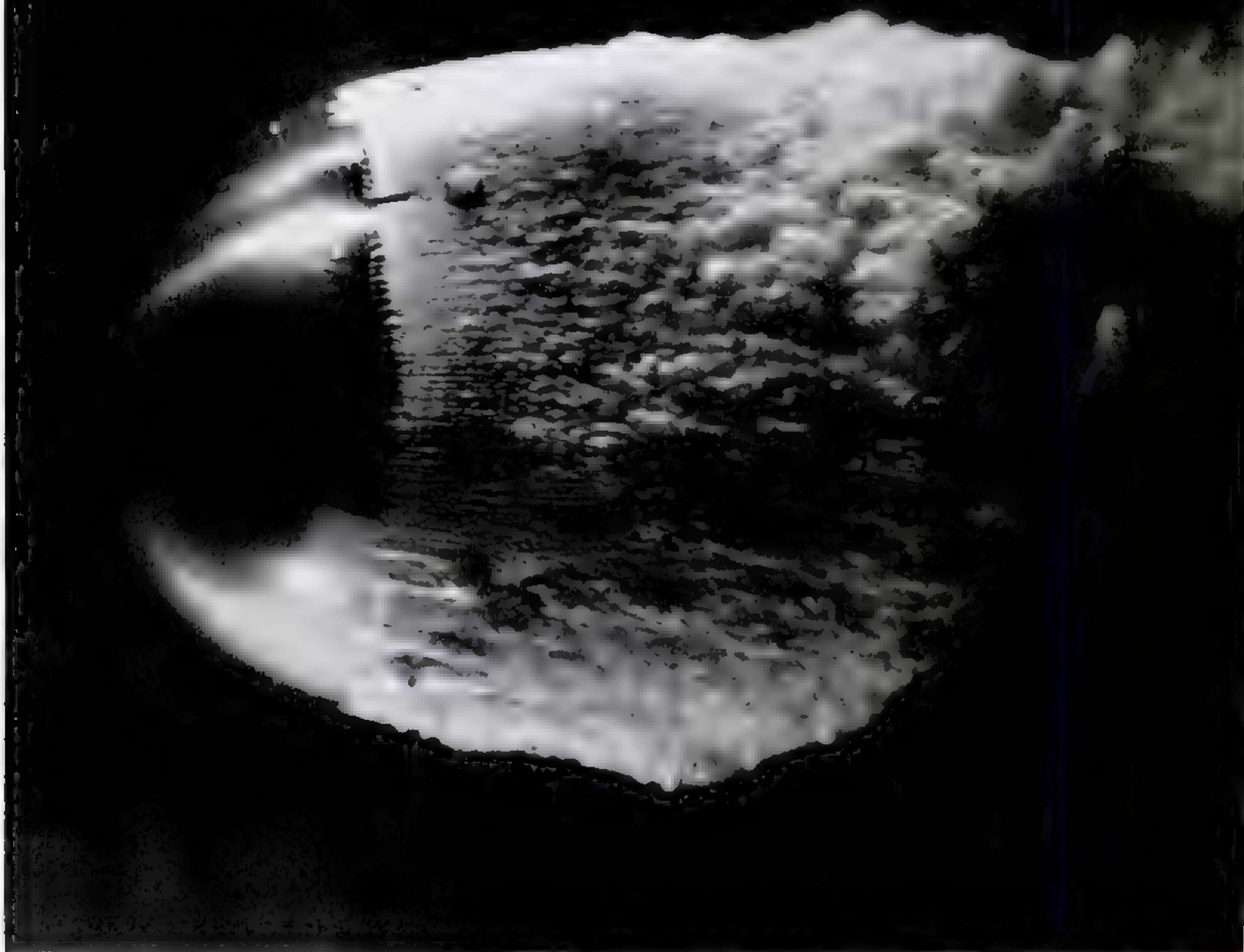
In her own day she was a marvel. Two hundred feet long she was, and built by men who were pure religious about timber. For the great frames of her they found live oaks that had been sunning in Southern pastures a hundred slow years. For her topsides they sliced thick planks from the heart of the red cedar. Paul Revere, the coppersmith, hammered out her bolts, and some pretty Boston ladies gave their red cloaks for the caulking of her keel. Then they named her *Constitution* and slid her into the sea. And to the people of this poor young nation, fighting for life and growth, she seemed an undefeatable thing, guardian of their freedom.

Something gets into a ship when good men take the handling of her, and somewhere on the Atlantic the *Constitution* found her gallant Navy soul. She was bold and she was swift; she could strike with the lightning of her sixty-six guns, and she could dance away, when enemies pressed upon her, to show them the laughing eagle on her stern. Sixty years she sailed, and when her work was done there was not a country in the world that dared deny to any American ship the right to range the seas in freedom, and to trade in peace.

Go to any waterfront and you'll see bigger ships every day of the week. They come and go loaded with goods and hopes and the stuff of living. And before them sails *Old Ironsides*, hand-hewn and wind-spirited, an undefeatable thing, guardian of our freedom.

John Hancock

MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS



MOUNTED IN THE GIANT WATER TUNNEL, A TORPEDO MODEL GIVES OFF SHEATH OF BUBBLES, REVEALING THE TURBULENCE PRODUCED BY ITS BLUNT SHAPE

TORPEDO TURBULENCE

Tunnel tests make missiles quieter and deadlier

In the world's largest water tunnel at Pennsylvania State College, the 31 knot stream rushing past a torpedo model (above) forms a pattern of turbulent bubbles. Scientists watching know that the more bubbles they see the less efficient the torpedo is. A perfectly shaped torpedo would leave no turbulent wake at all, for water would flow around it smoothly. As in aircraft, turbulence produces drag, slowing the missile. More important, in torpedoes, it also produces noise. For a decade the Navy has been experimenting with deadly homing torpedoes which reach their targets by pursuing the sound of a ship's propellers, but many of these missiles proved so noisy they chased themselves as readily as slugs. To discover quieter torpedo shapes Pennsylvania State College recently completed its \$3 million water tunnel for the Navy. Models are mounted in it and water pushed past them at speeds up to 48 knots, at different pressures and temperatures. The test chamber is lined with instruments which record how much turbulence the models produce and how much noise this makes.



THE WATER TUNNEL is seen beyond the windows of the control room. It is shaped like a huge rectangle, holds 106,000 gallons of circulating water.

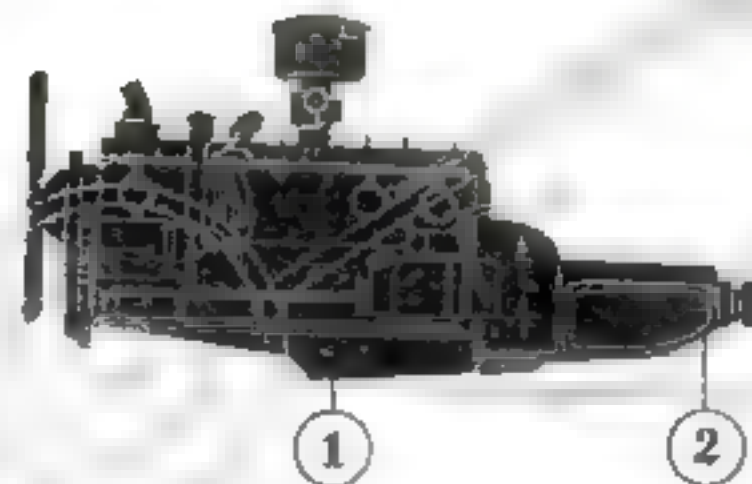
See and Drive the Great



Equipment, accessories and trim illustrated are subject to change without notice.

The Power You Want-When You

- ① More Powerful High-Compression Engine
- ② Wonderful Dual-Range Hydra-Matic Drive*
- ③ New High-Performance Economy Axle



Combine to Give You Spectacular Dual-Range Performance

YOUR NEAREST PONTIAC DEALER HAS A

New '52 Pontiac



Want It—Where You Want It!

There is only one sure way to get the full and exciting story of Pontiac's spectacular new Dual-Range* performance—that's to get behind the wheel and *drive this great car yourself!*

In the driver's seat of a new Pontiac you can literally choose exactly the kind of power you want for any driving situation and your Pontiac will deliver it instantly, automatically! In Traffic Range you have tremendous acceleration, snap and go. Then on the open road you simply flick into Cruising Range and glide over the miles with gas-saving smoothness.

It's a wonderful feeling to be able to order exactly the *power* you want, *when* you want it and have it delivered *where* you want it. Remember, Pontiac is the first car to bring you the amazing development of Dual-Range* performance and it is the *lowest priced car to offer it for 1952.*

Come in and see us today—see this great new 1952 Pontiac—but above all, we want you to be sure to get behind the wheel and *drive it yourself!*

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When you're out in the evening, or in the middle of a business day, you can't stop to gargle or brush your teeth no matter how self-conscious you are about your breath!

Then what can you do to clean your breath instantly? Just take a tiny pleasant-tasting Nullo Junior tablet. Chew it and swallow. That's all there is to it! Nullo Junior is not a candy... not a gum! No one will notice you take it!

But more important, no one will notice your breath no matter what you eat or drink. Nullo Junior is genuine Nullo, the original chlorophyll tablet, in new breath-size. Clinical tests in Midwestern Universities prove its immediate, lasting effectiveness. Carry Nullo Junior with you always to clean your breath anytime... anywhere!



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NULLO REALLY WORKS!

FULL-STRENGTH NULLO

Goodbye Body Odors all day...all over!

Now, take your deodorant like a vitamin and stay nice to be near all day... all over! Just take a Nullo tablet once or twice a day. Then no matter how stuffy the room, how overheated you get, what time of the month, you're as fresh as though you'd stepped right out of a shower—all day... all over!

Why take a chance on "one-spot" protection—the only protection most other kinds of deodorants can give you! Take Nullo every day... like a vitamin... and say goodbye to body odors from head to toe all day... all over!

There never was anything like Nullo before. It's chlorophyll, nature's deodorant, and it's safe as a lettuce leaf. Nullo really works!

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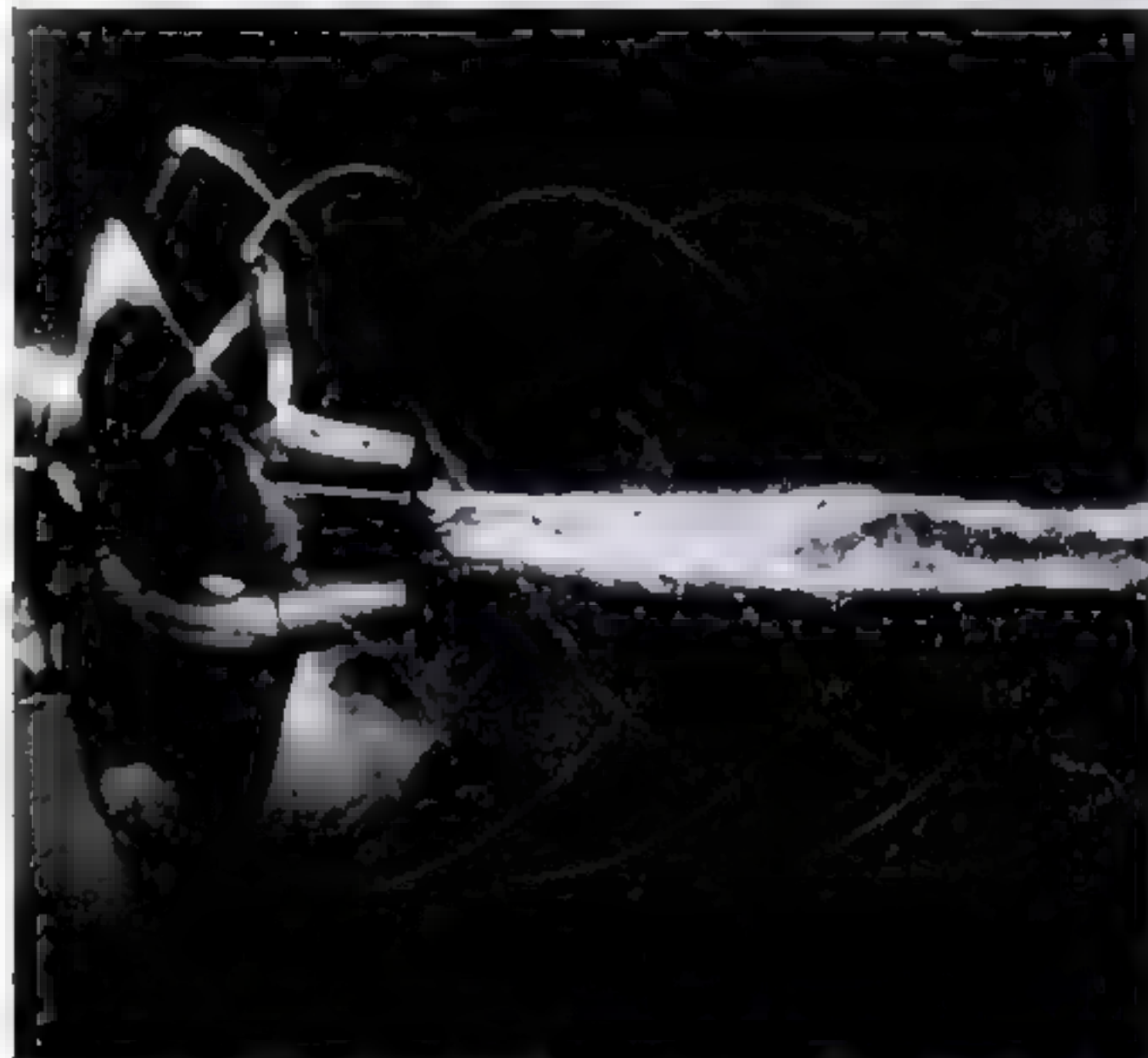


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Torpedo Turbulence CONTINUED

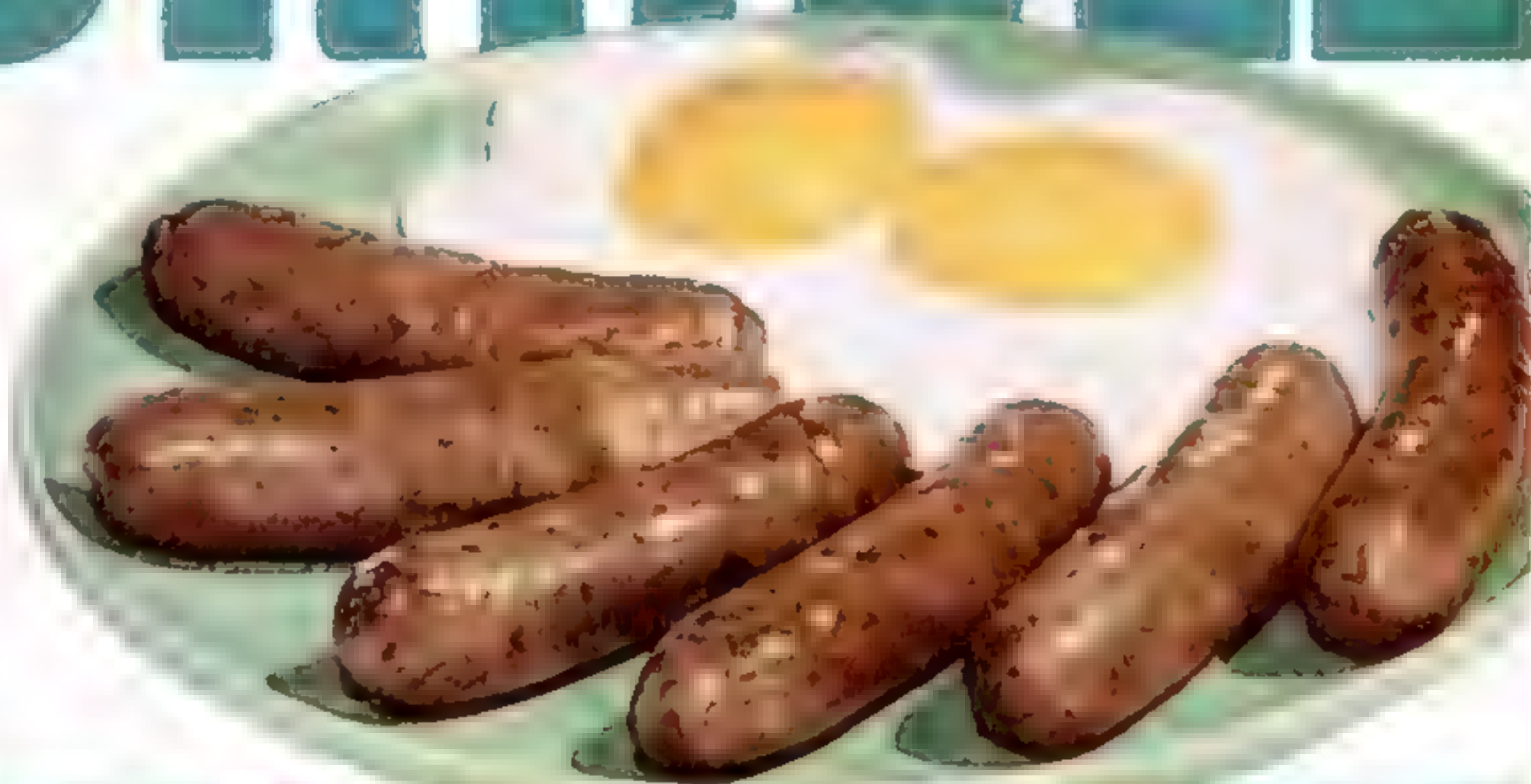


PROPELLER TURBULENCE is shown above, photographed in stroboscopic light as water passes the torpedo at 15 knots. At the top the blades are spinning at 1,400 rpm but produce no turbulence. At center, as speed reaches 1,930 rpm, a heavy and erratic stream of froth appears behind the hub and the blades leave a cloudy trail. At the bottom, at 2,070 rpm, the turbulence from the hub is stronger and that from the blade tips forms a regular pattern.

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Sniff that fragrance of sizzling
Morrell Pride Sausage!
Made only from choicest pork,
seasoned *just right*. Morrell
Pride Sausage is tops in
flavor and rich in nourishment.
A pure pork product we
are proud to label Morrell Pride.



PRIDE

Morrell Pride Fresh Pork Sausage . . . in either links or ready-to-slice roll for patties.
Perfect for any meal—everyone likes that all-pork flavor! Morrell Pride Breakfast Sausage
Links . . . same delicious blending of pure pork and mild seasonings in always-handly cans.



MEATS

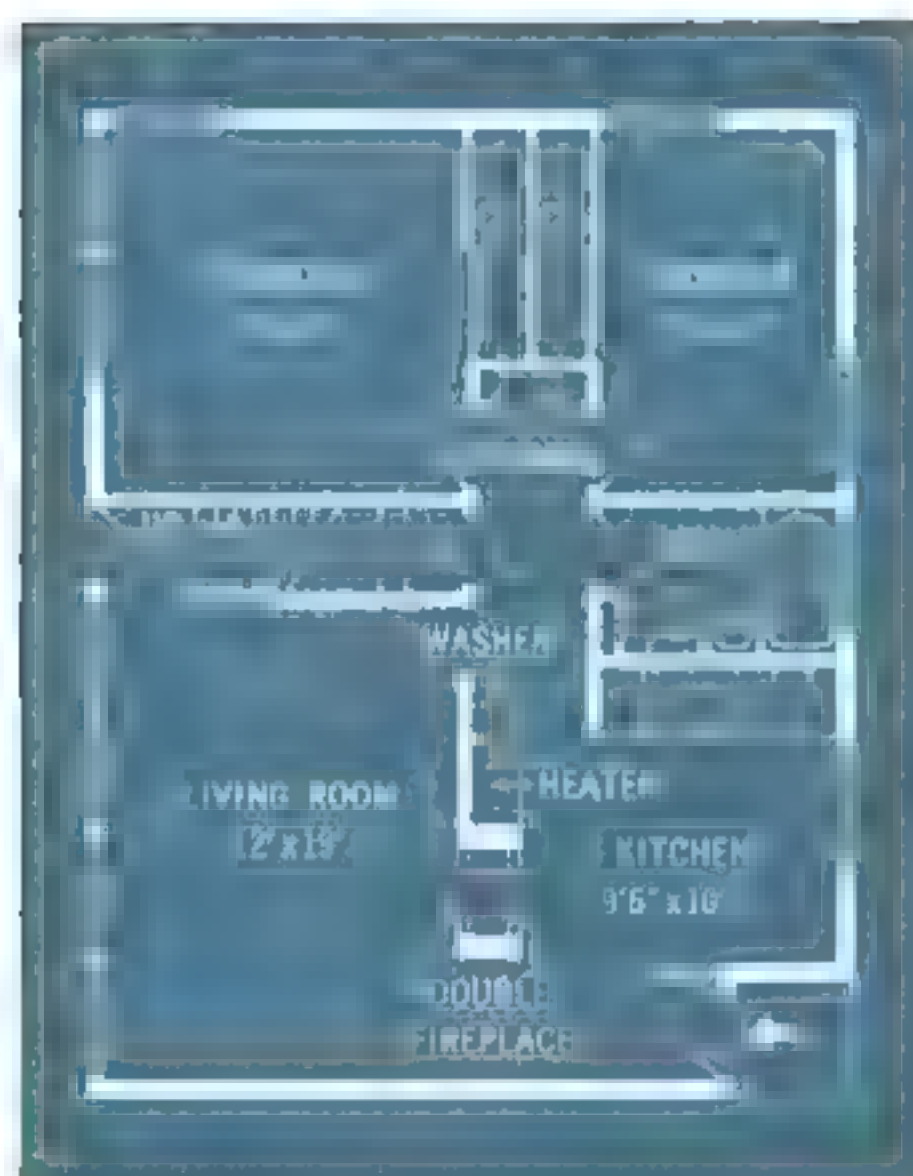


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SAME ROOMS, VARIED DECOR

CLEVER INTERIORS WIN PRIZES
IN IDENTICAL LEVITT HOUSES



The big housing developments, which over the past few years solved the shelter problems for hundreds of thousands of Americans, have also created some difficult decorating problems for the new homemakers. Faced with furnishing a house that, inside as well as out, was identical with hundreds of houses all around, they found it troublesome to give their homes individuality, usually in small space and on small budgets. A few months ago William Levitt, the biggest U.S. development builder, recognizing the problem he helped create, held an amateur home-decorating contest at Levittown, Long Island among the first 500 buyers of his newly built \$9,000 homes. He offered prizes of \$1,000, \$500 and \$250 for the best-decorated homes plus five \$50 runner-up prizes. As judges he got New York decorators Melanie Kahane, Ted Muller, Edith Hernandez and Beatrice West. Their decision has just been announced and on these pages LIFE shows various views of the prize-winning interiors.

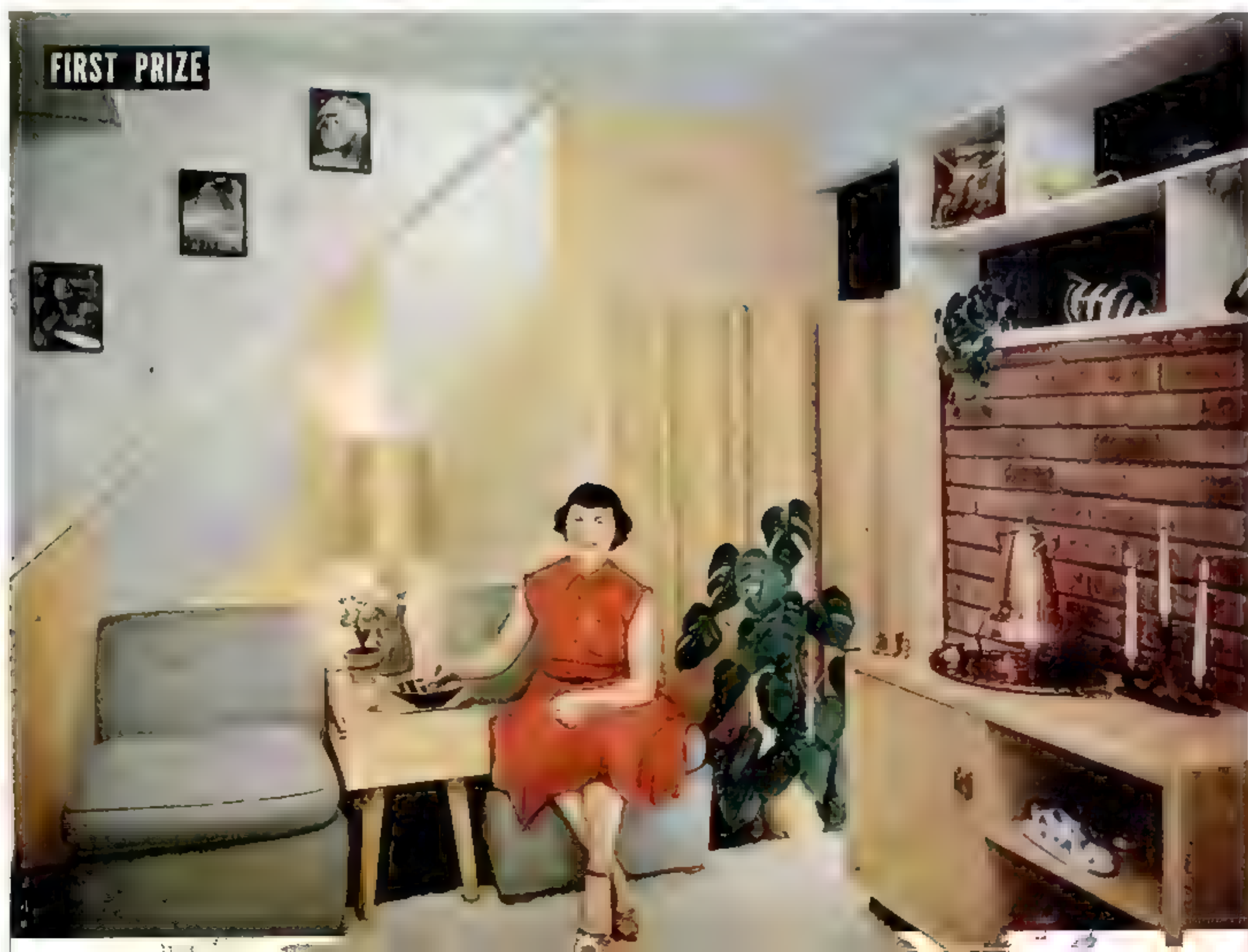
The houses, whose ground floor plan is shown at left (carport omitted), are all identical to the last bit of brick and piece of pine paneling. The average income of Levittown homeowners is \$80 to \$100 a week; carrying charge for houses is \$61 to \$68 a month. The fact which chiefly impressed the judges was that most homeowners did not know how to furnish small rooms to make them look more spacious and uncluttered. Since the average home has shrunk 200 square feet in the past 10 years and most homes built today are small, this is a knack which the average housewife should learn. The prizewinners showed a feeling for scale and used ingenuity in making the most of every inch of space. The views of the living rooms of the three prize houses (*below and opposite*) look toward the

stairs leading to the second floor where one room is finished. (Other views are on following page.) First prize went to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Mel Gervey (she is seated, *below*), whose furniture is all in proper scale for the house. The sectional chairs against the stair wall are in perfect proportion to the height and size of the living room. Shades of two colors used as the decorative scheme enlarge the room. Textures—brick, glass, cotton on the floor, nubby fabrics, copper—add sparkle to the muted color scheme. The bamboo screen at the right of the lounge chairs, which is used to conceal an extra entrance to the kitchen and bedrooms, makes the room seem less a passageway.

Second prize went to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Field (*top, opposite page*), who showed excellent taste in using traditional furnishings and suitable accessories. Choice of dark green for the walls makes the small living room look friendly, warm, large. Only one printed fabric is used, a good rule for small rooms.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hagan's home (*below, right*) won third prize because of its courageous blend of colors and complete individuality. The owners created a smart, big-city interior right in the center of a development. The judges liked the olive walls—even the brick and pine paneling were painted—and the dramatic gold-and-silver tea paper on the wall behind the stairs. They also commended the lavish use of white (masks on wall, triple lamp, ash trays) and the strategic touches of black (magazine rack, table) which keep the bright colors from overpowering the room.

Among all the houses judged, 35% of the interiors were modern, 20% traditional and 45% were an eclectic mixture which in many cases turned out to be an unsuccessful hodgepodge.



SECOND PRIZE



THIRD PRIZE



Decorating CONTINUED



OTHER VIEW Living room in first prize house shows window with a corner seating arrangement with leaves the pattern. Hanging says this is a good idea—saw them here. Pictures by Mrs. G. very keep on sun, let a lot. They from being to floor the corner up and down to room.

WARMTH is great merit of second prize house. Mrs. Field, shown with Andy, 4, made the curtains of same patterned material used on sofa and armchair. Mr. Field built the bookcases closing up each end of the living room to fit in with provincial style furnishings. Color choice is excellent with traditional decoration.





JUDGES leave one of the contestants' houses. Left to right are Muller, West, Hernandez and Kahane.



\$1,000 CHECK is presented to first-prize winners, Mr. and Mrs. Mel Gervay, by Builder William Levitt.



FIRST RUNNERS-UP, the Robert C. Fowlers, expanded their house by making carport, off living room (foreground), into extra rooms for play, dining.

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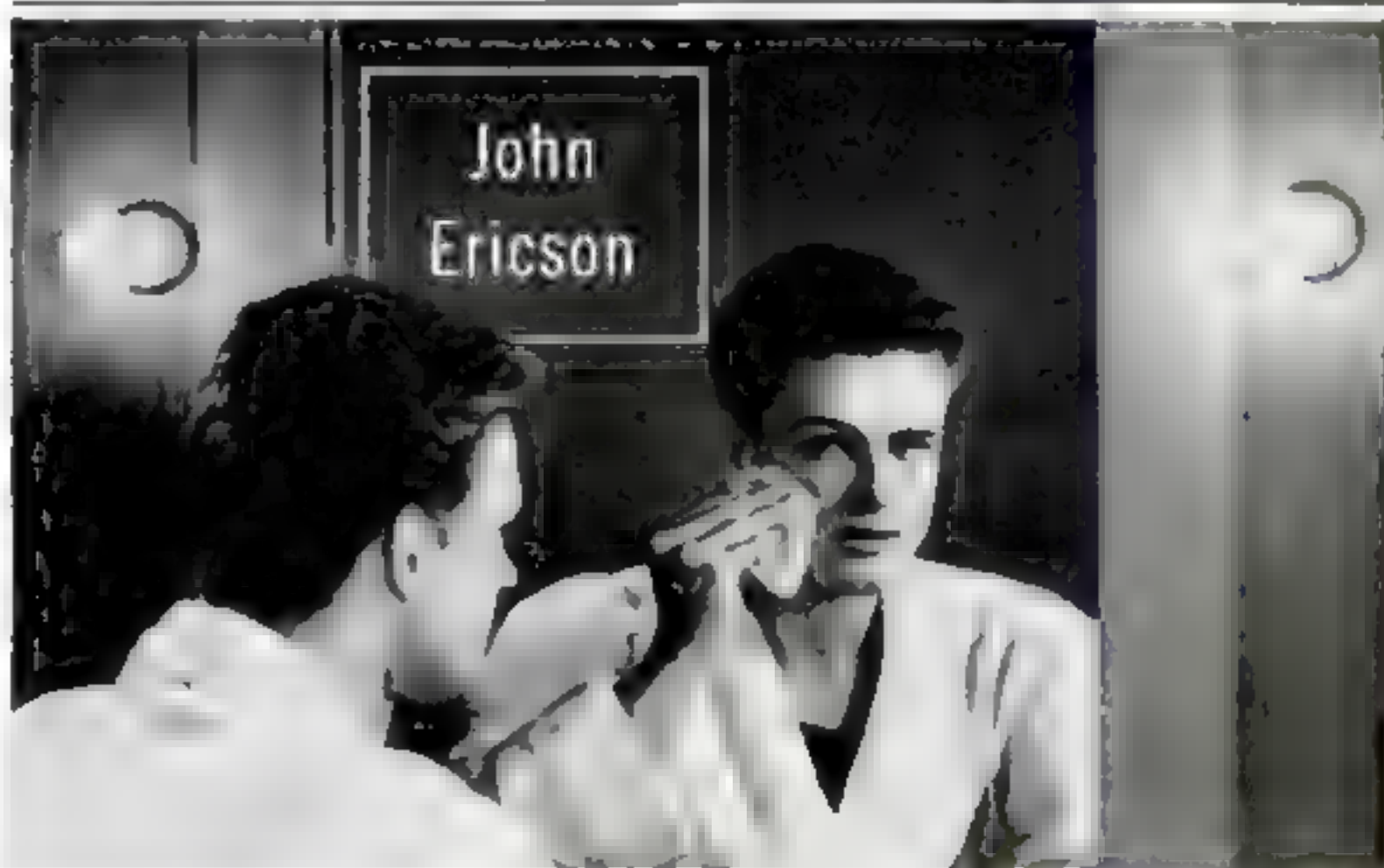
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John Ericson, youthful star of the Broadway comedy "Sally 17."

Actors' faces are extra-sensitive

But John Ericson knows that this wonderful shaving cream helps him shave comfortably, have soft, smooth-looking skin.

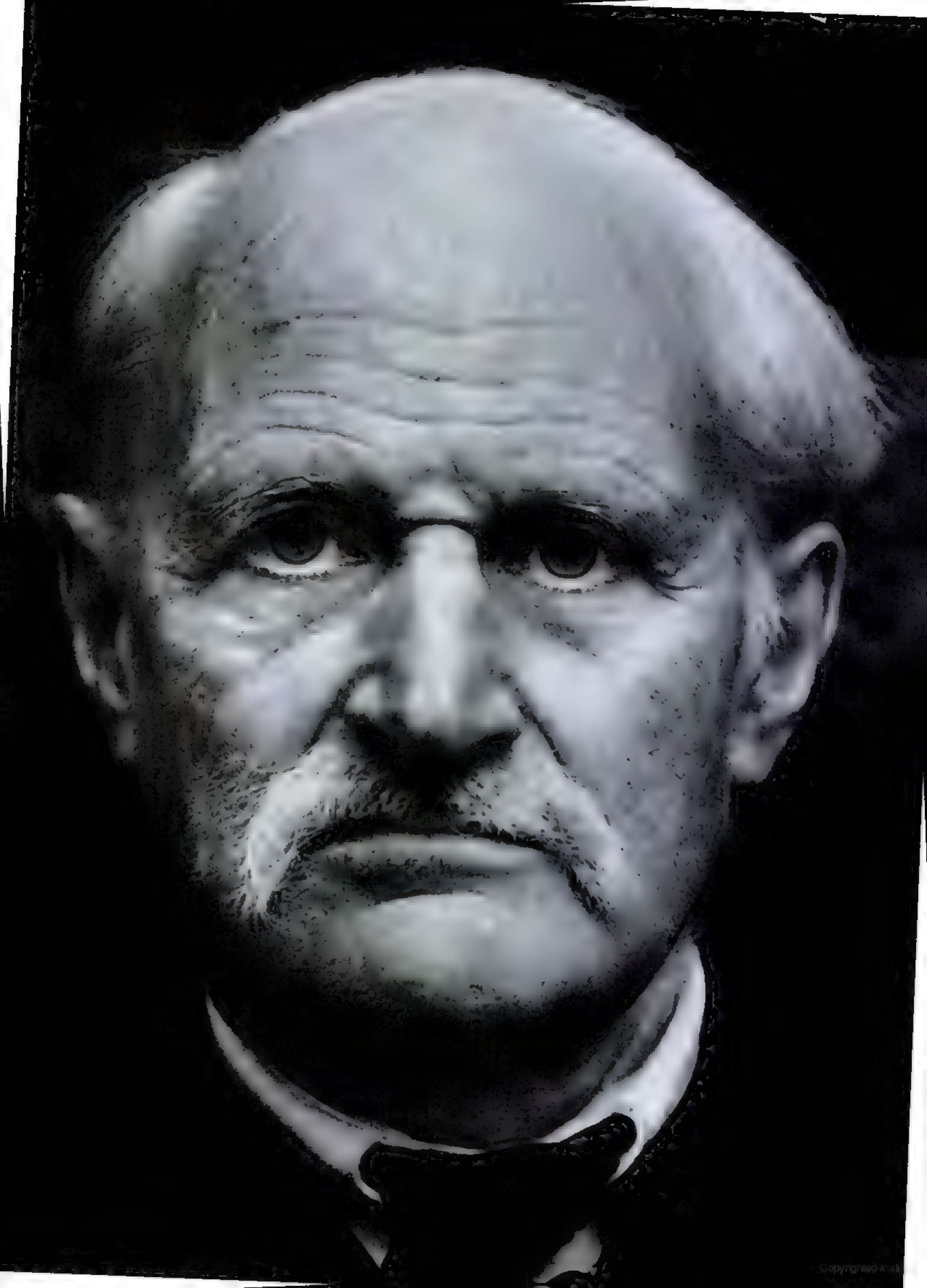
Wearing and removing heavy stage make-up several times a day leaves actors' faces sensitive to the razor, prone to wrinkled, old-looking skin. And for actors, looking one's best is important to returns at the box office.

To help all men with sensitive skin, the J. B. Williams Company has added a wonderful new ingredient to Williams Shaving Cream. This new ingredient, Extract of Lanolin, contains 25 times the beneficial properties of the well-known skin conditioner, plain lanolin. It lets you shave close, yet helps free

your skin from the risk of painful nicks and scratches.

If your position, too, requires good grooming at all times, use the New Williams Shaving Cream with Extract of Lanolin every time you shave. It helps your skin preserve its youthful qualities, take on that healthy glow... helps you look your very best at all times.

Start using the New Williams Shaving Cream right away. If you prefer a brushless shaving cream try new Williams Brushless. It contains the same luxurious shaving cream qualities.



A Portfolio of Distinguished Britons

by Alfred Eisenstaedt

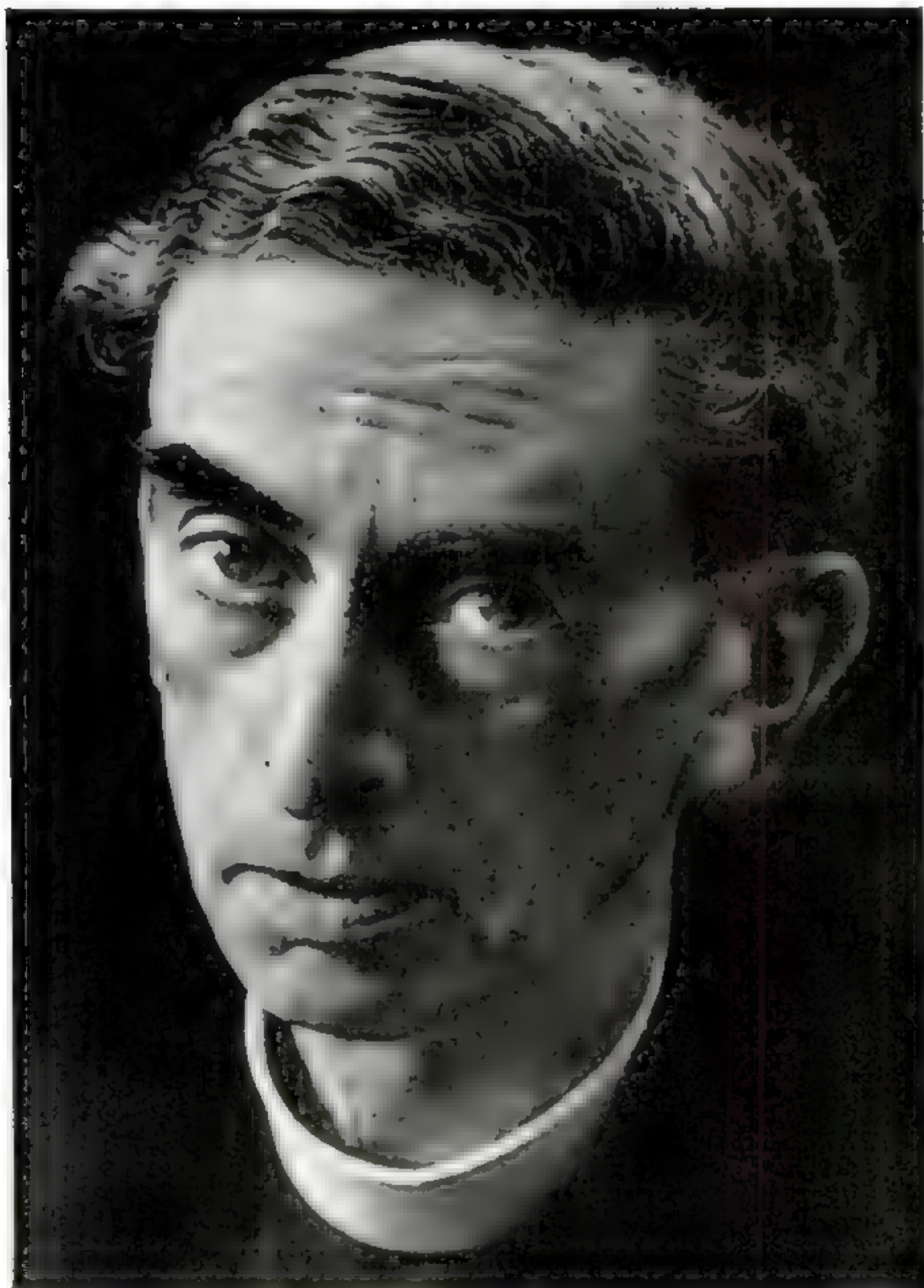
From the drizzle of drab news that has blown from Great Britain these past few years, the world has sometimes gained the impression of a tired and dispirited nation whose greatness was draining away. The drizzle has clouded but hardly altered a prime fact about Britain's regenerative powers: that she still possesses and is still producing a great many people of eminence in a great many fields. This is assurance that while Britain is condemned to more austerity, she is by no means condemned to mediocrity. This winter, in a 10-day round of calls, LIFE Photographer Alfred Eisenstaedt visited a representative group of British men of stature. His aim was to show his subjects candidly, as their character might be revealed to anyone encountering them at work or at home. His study of Painter Augustus John is on the cover, and on these pages LIFE presents a portfolio of 17 others on whom he called.

GEORGE MACAULAY TREVELYAN

The possessor of the fierce visage on the opposite page is one of the more impressive sights of Cambridge University: an erect old man who strides its grounds, hatless and coatless no matter what the weather, flashing dark looks and flaunting a cigaret from a holder. Behind his look of ferocity is a kindly nature and one of the most tremendous minds to mature in Britain in this century. At 75 Dr. G. M. Trevelyan, lately retired as Master of Trinity College at Cambridge, is probably his country's most eminent historian and its most readable one. His *English Social History*, published during the war first in the U.S. and then in England, has sold 473,000 copies and is the greatest phenomenon in its field since his great-uncle Thomas Babington Macaulay's *History of England* came out a century ago. An outspoken, impatient man, Dr. Trevelyan is a tireless hiker and a jealous lover of the green loveliness of his land, who warns his country that unless its beauties are preserved against the defacements of modern life, "the future of our race will be brutish and shorn of spiritual value."

THE VERY REVEREND MARTIN CYRIL D'ARCY, S. J.

If Catholic thought exerts an influence out of all proportion to Catholicism's numbers in the intellectual life of Protestant England, Father D'Arcy (right), who is 63, can take a good deal of credit for it. As Master of Campion Hall at Oxford University during the '30s, this priest from Bath was the center and mentor of a large and lively circle of young artists and writers, including Evelyn Waugh and Lord Cherwell, who have since made their marks in many fields. From 1945 to 1950 he was Provincial of the Jesuits' Society in England, constantly traveling between scattered Catholic communities but finding time to write such scholarly inquiries as *The Mind and Heart of Love*. These and his disciples have spread his fame. Nowadays he works in a cluttered room in London's Farm Street Church, the Jesuit headquarters, where Eisenstaedt photographed him. Father D'Arcy impressed his visitor as "the ideal priest from a photographer's standpoint: he looks lean and ascetic, yet there is kindness written all over his unworldly face."



SIR DAVID MAXWELL FYFE

This brilliant Scottish barrister (*right*) wears such a heavy mask of dignity that cruel wits (and the *London Sketch*) have jingled of him that "*The nearest thing to death in life, is David Patrick Maxwell Fyfe.*" The burly Home Secretary and Minister for Welsh Affairs in the new Conservative government is not all that sober-sided. As the deputy chief prosecutor at the Nürnberg trials he spent his free evenings writing a serial fairy tale for his young daughter Miranda, and one of his parties there, complete with pipers and Highland toasts, melted Andrei Vishinsky into making thunderous pro-British speeches. At 34 Fyfe was the youngest King's Counsel in 300 years; now at 51, married to Actor Rex Harrison's sister, he is an M.P. from Liverpool and a Conservative Party big wheel. Eisenstaedt saw him for exactly 4½ minutes, found him "extremely polite."



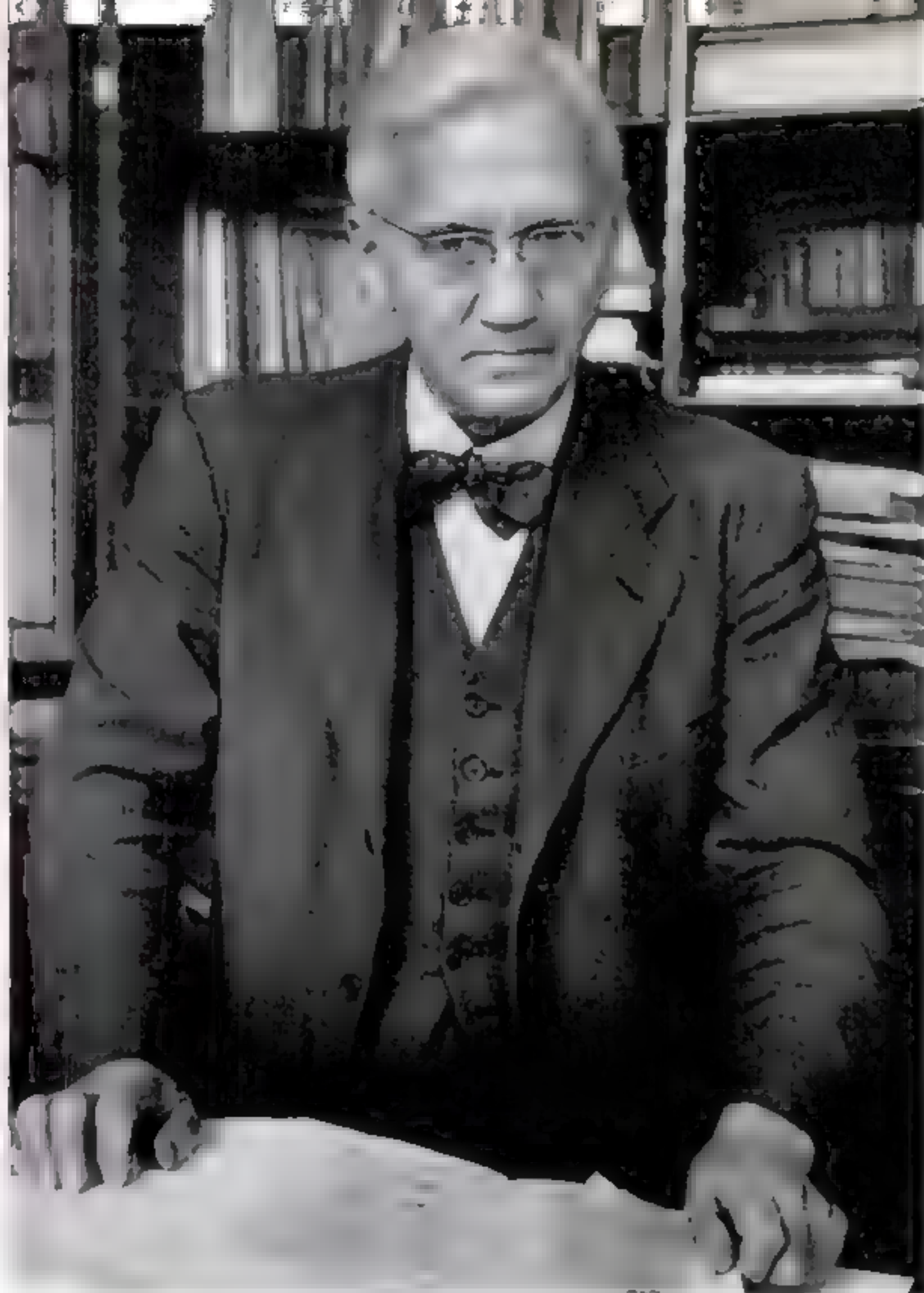
VISCOUNT CAMROSE

In the gritty South Wales mining town of Merthyr Tydfil, back in 1893, a 14-year-old boy submitted an essay in a contest run by the local *Times*. He was the youngest entrant, and across his winning essay the editor wrote, "This competitor should enter journalism." The competitor did. His name was William Ewert Berry and he became the first Viscount Camrose (*above*), millionaire chairman of the dignified London *Daily Telegraph*, confidant and sometime critic of Winston Churchill, and one of the shrewdest British press lords. His brother Gomer, Lord Kemsley, once his partner in a vast empire, runs the country's largest publishing chain. Eisenstaedt saw Camrose, 72, in his office and roof garden overlooking Fleet Street, and found him "enormously tall and awe-inspiring, very much the boss, forbidding and intimidating . . . he could be a Tammany boss."

SIR WILLIAM EDWARD ROOTES

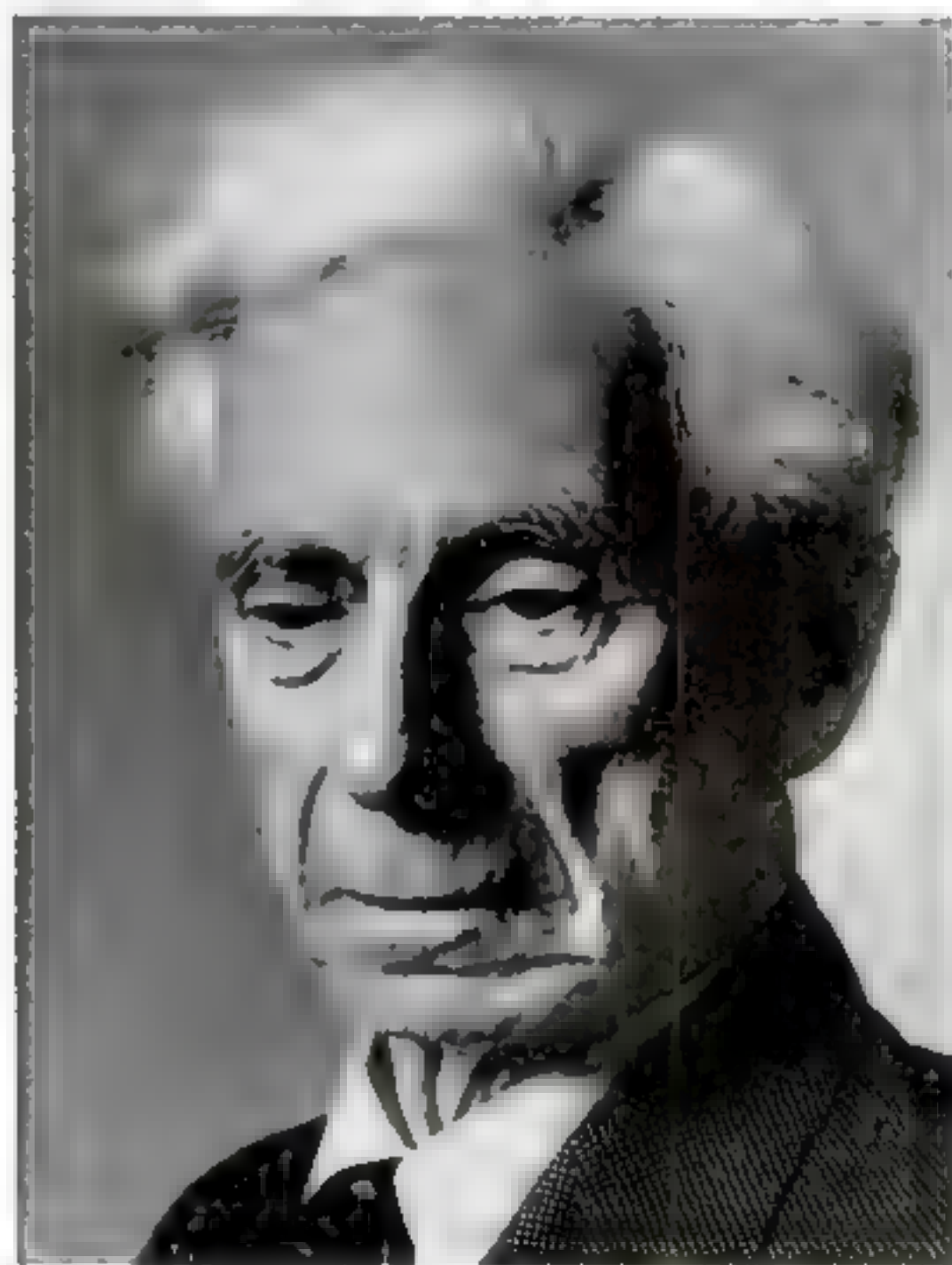
Dictating a letter in his Devonshire House office, 57-year-old Sir William, the motormaker (*right*) is the picture of the dynamic and incisive man of affairs. From a rural bicycle and auto agency started by their father, who is still living, Sir William and his brother, Sir Reginald Claud Rootes, built a huge British motor firm. As chairman of Rootes group, which makes the Humber, the Hillman and the Sunbeam Talbot, Sir William has a passion for detail and a flair for fast action: when war neared he switched from cars to airplanes and made one out of every seven British bombers during the war. An international supersalesman, he spends much of his time on the road studying foreign markets for such hot products as his sleek little Hillman Minx. He is now in the U.S. as head of his country's Dollar Exports Council, formed to boost sales in the dollar area.





SIR ALEXANDER FLEMING

It was in 1928 that Fleming (*left*), examining a culture plate which had been left uncovered on his desk, noticed a strange mold which was dissolving a colony of staphylococci. The mold was penicillin, first of the family of new antibiotic agents out of which grew both an important drug industry and Fleming's reputation as Great Britain's most famous bacteriologist. Thirteen years after his accidental discovery Sir Howard Florey and Dr. Ernst Chain completed the research that made penicillin available in quantity in time for World War II, and in 1945 the three of them shared the Nobel Prize. Eisenstaedt photographed Sir Alexander in the same small, upstairs room at St. Mary's Hospital in London where he discovered penicillin and where the 70-year-old scientist is continuing his research on how the antibiotics, chiefly penicillin, do their germ-killing work.



BERTRAND RUSSELL

"When I saw him," said Eisenstaedt, "I decided to do nothing but portrait heads of him. I said, 'Except for you, I haven't found anybody who sits as still as a monument.' Lord Russell said, 'The best occupation of a crocodile is to rest.'" The craggy, 79-year-old, thrice-married philosopher (*above*) has not come to rest yet, although he no longer gets involved in uproars over free love (as he did in England in 1933) or jailed for antiwar articles (as he was in London in 1918) or barred from colleges for his agnostic beliefs (as he was in the U.S. in 1940). Since winning the 1950 Nobel Prize for Literature Lord Russell has toured Australia, made a lecture tour of America (which he thinks may be his last) and gone on giving advice to a heedless world. His latest book, *New Hopes for a Changing World*, based on a series of BBC lectures, will be published in the U.S. next week.

VISCOUNT MOORE

Heir to an old Irish peerage, Charles Garrett Ponsonby Moore, 41, is the apotheosis of a peculiarly British 20th Century type, the cultured, titled socialite who is also a brilliant, hard-working businessman. He began his career as an advertising salesman, interrupted it to fight in France, and is now managing director of the influential *Financial Times*, a director of the *Economist* and chief stockholder in trade journals for doctors and bankers. He is known as one of the brightest brains in London's City, the empire's finance center. An enthusiast of classical music and opera, Lord Moore struck Eisenstaedt as "what a poor man thinks a lord should be—most charming, elegant and looking rather languid. When he carried my bag down from his wonderful apartment in Bentinck Street, I thought, you couldn't give him anything heavy to carry—he might fall down."





SIR HUGH CASSON

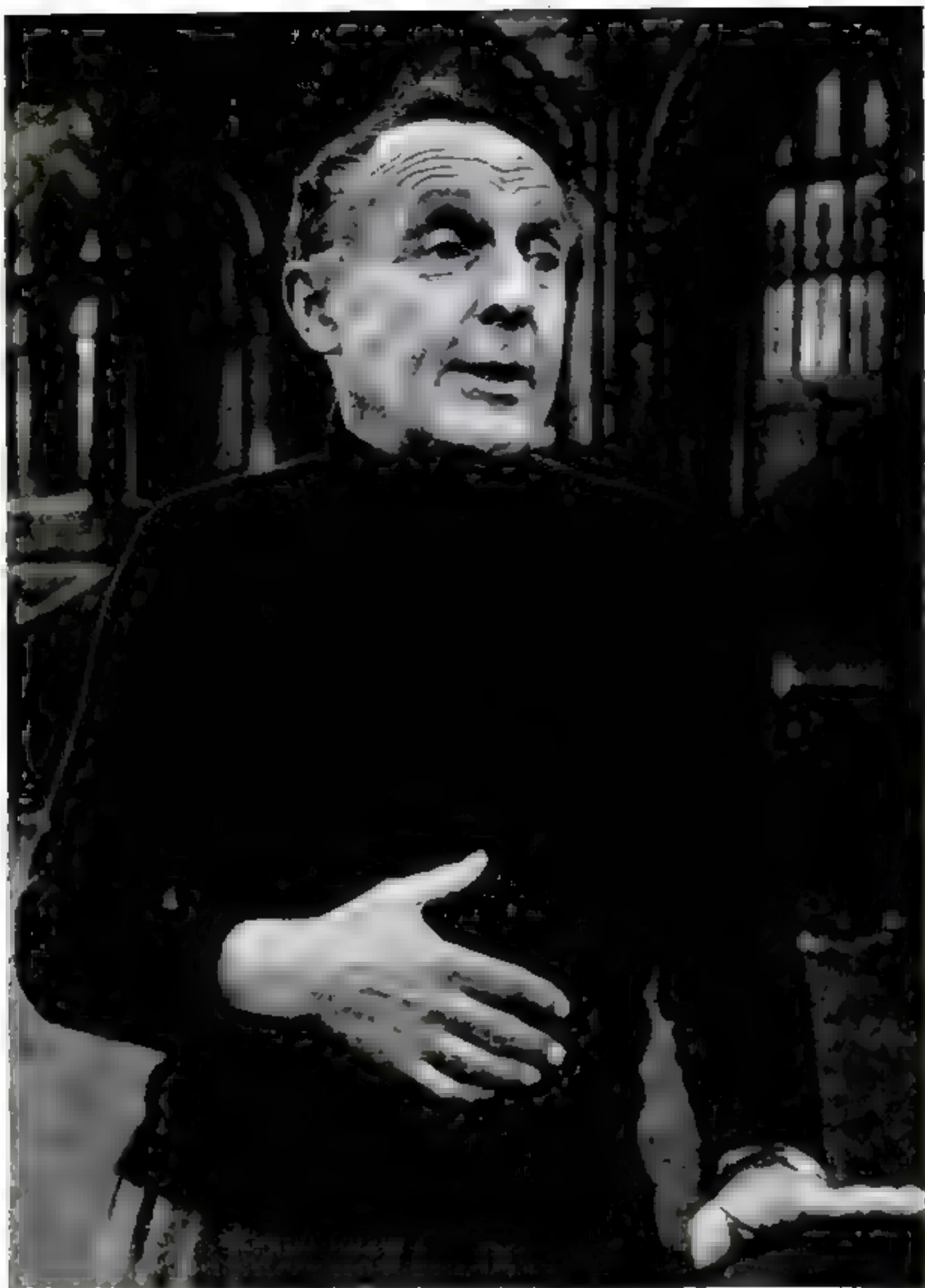
In the New Year's Honors List this outstanding young architect (*above*) attained his knighthood at 41, a reward for his services as head of the design group that created the gay and adventurous look of the Festival of Britain (*LIFE*, Aug. 20). The slender, witty son of an Indian civil servant, Hugh Casson went to Cambridge and then starved in bohemian Chelsea. He got his architectural start when his father let him spend a £1,500 legacy on the speculative building of an imaginative country house—which brought him orders for half a dozen like it. He camouflaged airdromes during the war, and, after a surprise telephone call from the Festival of Britain director in 1948, spent two years straw-bossing an eager team of architects. The result was to give the best modern architectural ideas an airing that should stimulate building in Britain for years to come.



SIR EDWARD BRIDGES

The devoted, self-effacing careerists of the Civil Service are the British Empire's truly indispensable men. As Permanent Secretary to the Treasury, Sir Edward Bridges (*opposite page*), 59, not only heads this army in dark suits but epitomizes it. A serious, iron-gray figure, Sir Edward, Eton-and-Oxford educated son of Poet Laureate Robert Bridges, dresses and works and thinks in the stiff-collared tradition of his profession. He gets to his office overlooking the Admiralty at 9 a.m., often works until midnight, sometimes sleeps in the Whitehall bomb shelter where he had a room during the war. On weekends, before his life got too crowded, he used to paint and play the clarinet in his home in Surrey. Eisenstaedt photographed him in his office, where there is an old print of Pembroke on the wall, a red dispatch box and Sir Edward's topper on the table.





BRITONS CONTINUED

JOYCE CARY

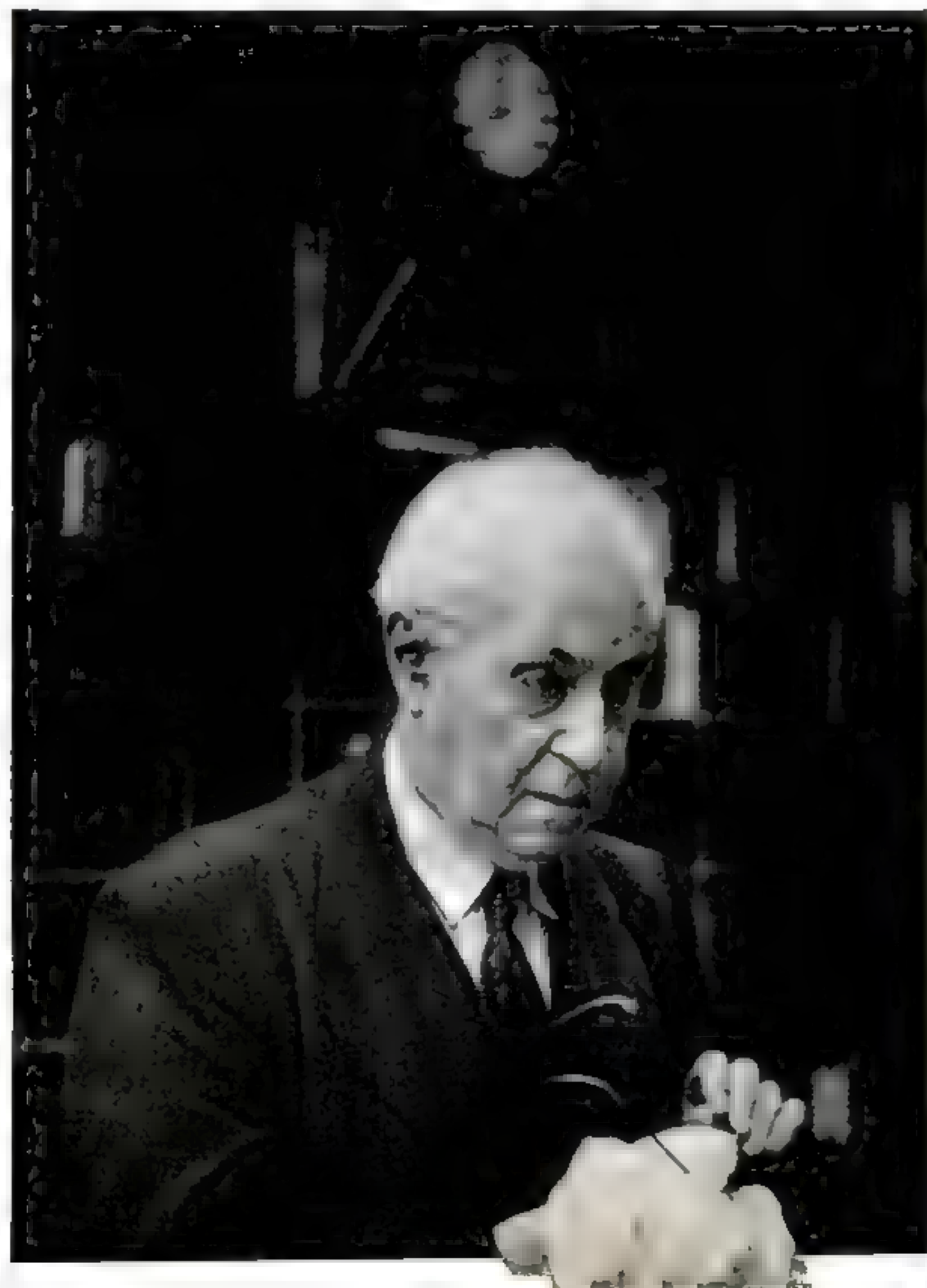
With the transatlantic publication of such novels as *Mister Johnson*, *Herself Surprised* and *The Horse's Mouth*, Joyce Cary (left), 63, is belatedly becoming known in America as a major modern novelist. Recognition had come belatedly to him in England too, and it was largely Cary's own fault: an old Africa hand, a veteran of the Cameroons fighting and magistrate in the remote Nigerian district of Borgu, he turned to writing when the African heat broke his health but was too dissatisfied with his work to let anything be published before he was 43. He was born in Donegal to an aristocratic family from Devonshire. The sociable Cary (pictured in a turtle-neck sweater, his working garb) now lives in a red-brick Victorian pile locally known as a "North Oxford monstrosity," and often dines with philosopher friends from the university he attended.



CHRISTOPHER FRY

"In my plays," says the 44-year-old playwright-poet (above), "I want to look at life—at the commonplaces of existence—as if we had just turned a corner and run into it for the first time." With the triumph of *The Lady's Not for Burning* in London's West End in 1949 Christopher Fry, who never made more than £8 a week in his life, turned a corner and ran into 20 times that much money—and fame to boot. On the strength of it the Frys, who had made do in a 16-shilling-a-week cottage near Oxford, took a London house. Benignly influenced by T. S. Eliot as well as by Shakespeare, Fry's verse plays revive a long-lost art form, the lines falling upon hearers like lyrics in a strange new tongue. So far four of his plays, the newest *A Sleep of Prisoners*, have been seen in the U.S. and next month Laurence Olivier's production of *Venus Observed* opens on Broadway.

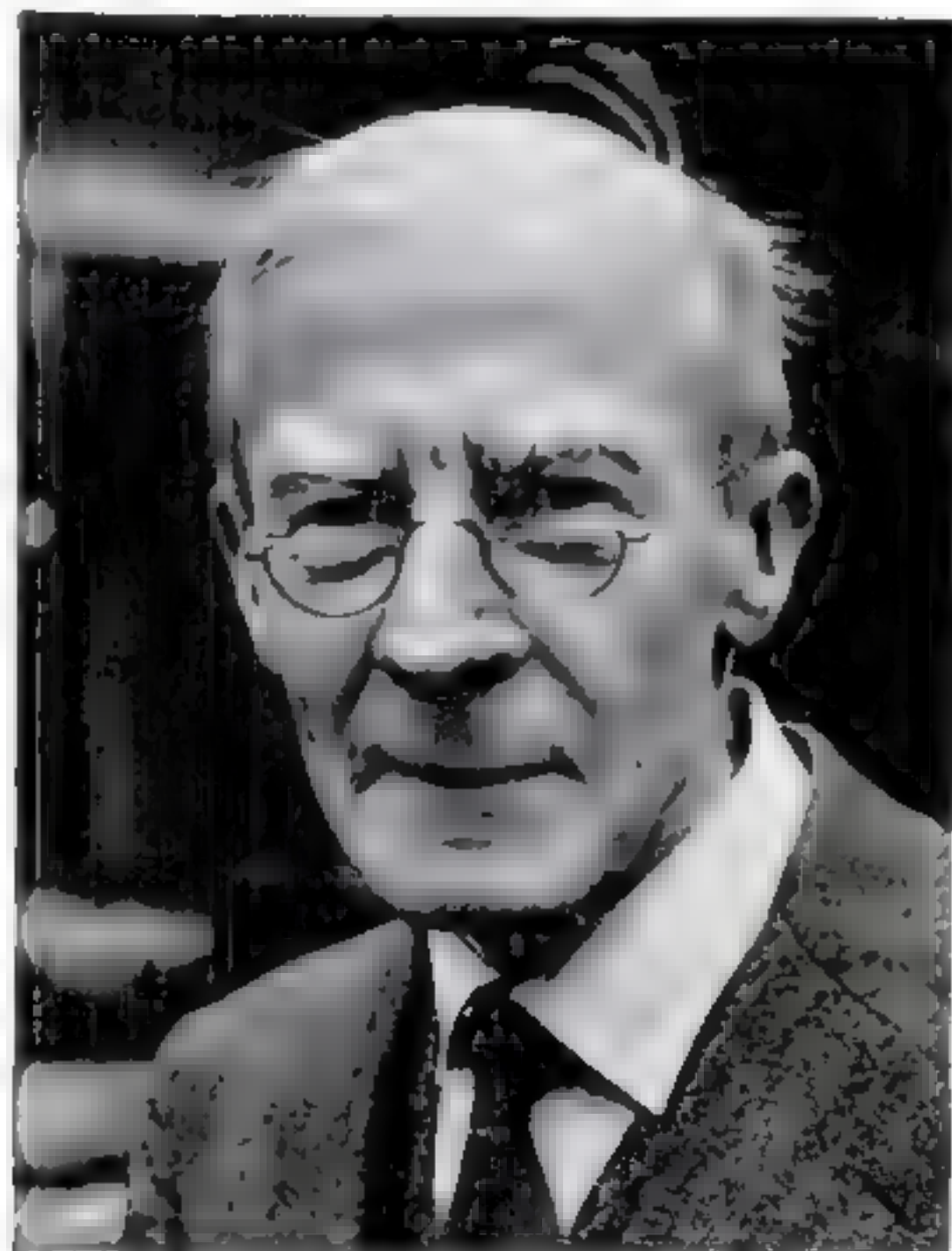
SIR HENRY DALE



Nearly half a century ago Henry Dale (left) quit an obscure £150-a-year university lectureship and became one of the pioneer research scientists in British industry. His early studies of ergot extracts for the Wellcome Laboratories led to important discoveries about the nature and function of histamine in human physiology—and to the 1936 Nobel Prize which he shared with Dr. Otto Loewi. As president of the Royal Society [of science] during World War II, and as chairman of the scientific advisory committee to the war cabinet, he had great influence on the accelerated pace of science research in his country. It was he who decided to speed the development of practical applications of nuclear fission, and to concentrate the British atomic research staff in the U.S. At 76 he is a big, broad, energetic man, still one of his country's leading physiologists.

DAVID LOW

In 1919 a book of caricatures brought a gleam to the eye of Novelist Arnold Bennett, who forthwith dispatched a note to the *London Star*, which forthwith lifted the artist from the relative obscurity of Australia. Now regarded as the world's top political cartoonist, David Low (right) is a merry-eyed little man, half skeptic and half idealist, who sees himself as "a nuisance dedicated to sanity." His nuisance value was well appreciated by Lord Beaverbrook, who kept him on his Tory *Evening Standard* 23 years; they disagreed about nearly everything save their freedom to disagree publicly. Two years ago out of political sympathy Low switched to Labor's *Daily Herald*. In a secluded Hampstead studio he wields his mighty pen—a lance tilted at premiers, dictators, Colonel Blimps and other inflated characters, but never dipped in the poison of viciousness.

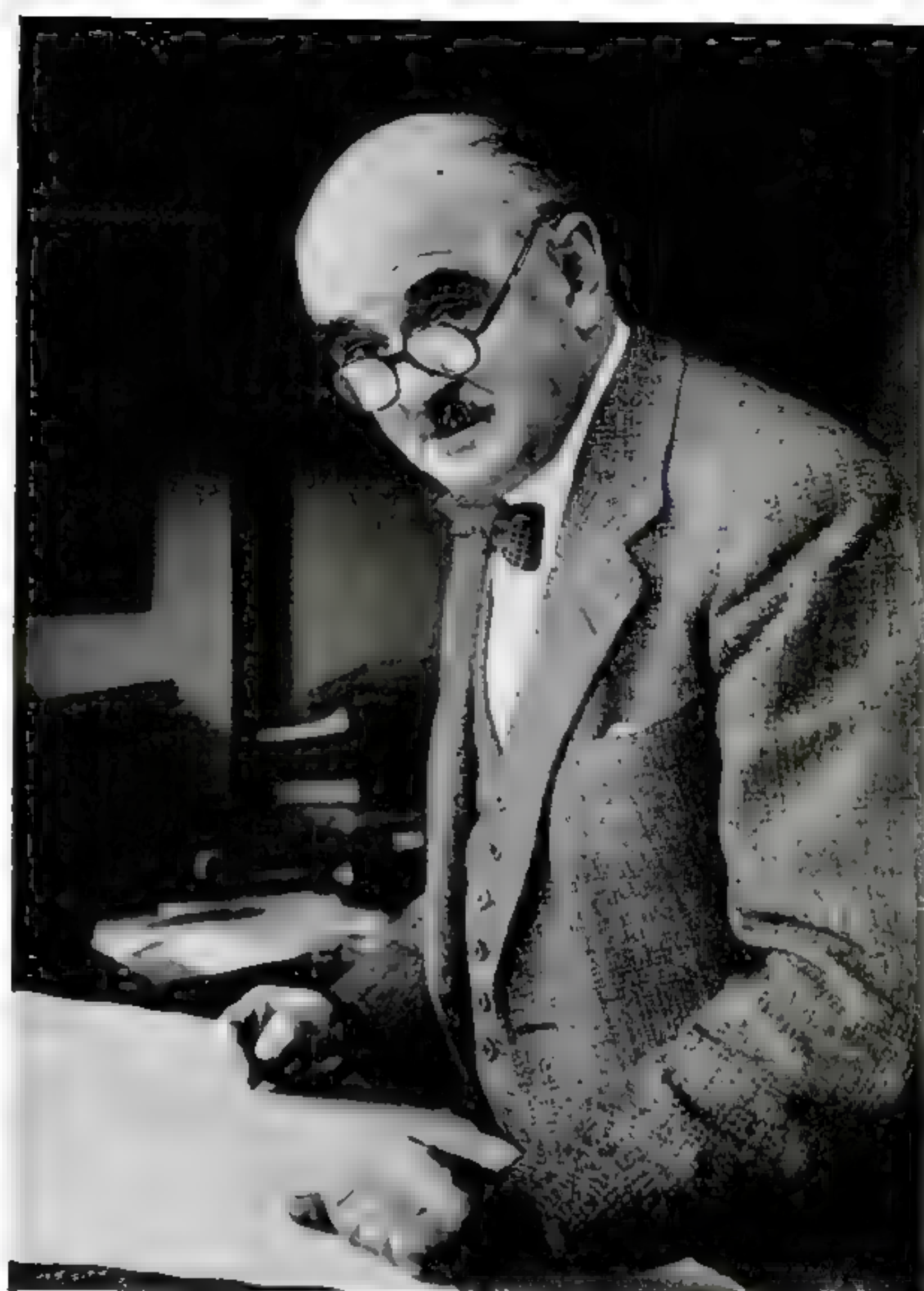


DR. EDGAR DOUGLAS ADRIAN

"He looks to me," said Eisenstaedt, "like a nice old Mr. Rockefeller." The gentle, retiring Professor Adrian (above), an eminent physiologist, is a successor of Sir Henry Dale as president of the Royal Society and to Dr. Trevelyan as Master of Trinity at Cambridge. He is excessively shy and climbed out a window to escape reporters on the day his 1932 Nobel Prize was announced. He is famed for dramatic research on the workings of the brain and nervous system: in 1929, with a long needle piercing a muscle of his arm, he recorded muscle movements that sounded like machine-gun fire when amplified. He was the first man to photograph the brain at work, by transforming its electrical impulses into light rays. An expert sailor and retired mountain climber, Professor Adrian, 62, is now doing research at Cambridge on the physiology of the sense of smell.

SIR JOHN DOUGLAS COCKCROFT

The director (right) of the Atomic Energy Research Establishment at Harwell, a pleasant Yorkshireman who is also a first-rate administrator, is Britain's foremost nuclear physicist. Last year he got an overdue Nobel Prize, which came 19 years after he and Dr. E. T. S. Walton, who shared it, had completed the first disintegration of the nucleus of lithium, a milestone in the transmutation of matter. Sir John's staff at Harwell, working on a budget that is small change compared to American outlays, may not have produced a bomb but has exported more industrial and medical isotopes than the U.S. And Harwell recently inaugurated the world's first atomic hot water heating plant. Sir John's own pleasant home, with a fine collection of classical records, is so close to the piles that its rooms recently were found to be a bit radioactive, but not enough so that he had to move.







GILBERT MURRAY

Among England's populous ranks of classical scholars the name and fame of Professor Murray, who turned 86 in his Oxford home last week, are unsurpassed. His translations of the Greek dramatists, begun in 1902, have become standard in the language. But his reputation does not rest on classical studies alone. When he was invested with the Order of Merit in 1941, the *London Times* observed that he "might equally have earned it by his success in transmitting the light of Hellas to a generation that is forgetting the Greek tongue—or by the noble failure of his long works for peace." For since the days of the League of Nations he has been in the thick of the fight between civilization and barbarism. He is an eloquent advocate of the U.N., of the Marshall Plan and of what he terms "a united civilization determined not to perish through continual strife but to relight those lamps which went out, one by one, in 1914." Eisenhower found the splendid old man wearing mittens—taken off for the photograph—when he called on him at Oxford and came away with the impression of "a man with a great feeling for other people—a very great man and very humble."

A RANSOMED U.S. AIRMAN

'LIFE' PRESENTS AN EXCLUSIVE, FIRST-PERSON ACCOUNT OF A NIGHTMARE IN HUNGARY IN WHICH

by CAPTAIN JOHN J. SWIFT, USAF

When a U.S. Air Force transport plane, on a routine mission from Germany to Belgrade, was forced down in Hungary last Nov. 19 its four crew members became central figures in an international drama. They were arrested and grilled, first by Russians and then by Hungarians, and finally were found guilty of "violating" Hungary's border. The Hungarian court assessed "fines" amounting to a ransom of \$120,000. On Dec. 26 the U.S. State Department decided to pay the ransom, and the fliers were released on Dec. 28. Now Captain John J. Swift, the copilot, who arrived in the U.S. en route to his family home in Syracuse on Dec. 31, has written—exclusively for LIFE—a first person account of the airmen's 40-day ordeal.

THE flight to Yugoslavia was to be my last before going home after three years' overseas duty. There were times when I thought it was going to be my last altogether. I volunteered for the mission for a reason maybe other pilots, if no one else, will understand: I wanted to get another country on my short-snorter. I got it, though that country wasn't Yugoslavia.

Physically the Russians and the Hungarians treated me superbly. They never touched a hair on my head. Once even they got terribly worried when I slipped on the ice on my way to an interrogation for fear I'd hurt myself. For food I had steak and even caviar—which I don't like, being from Syracuse. But the intentions were good: on food.

I learned there are other ways to do things to a man than giving him black bread and water. I have never been the excitable kind. I'm so much the other way, in fact, that my friends and even my wife frequently say to me, "For heaven's sake, show a little emotion." But I almost went off my rocker this Christmas Day when they showed me the picture of the son I had never seen.

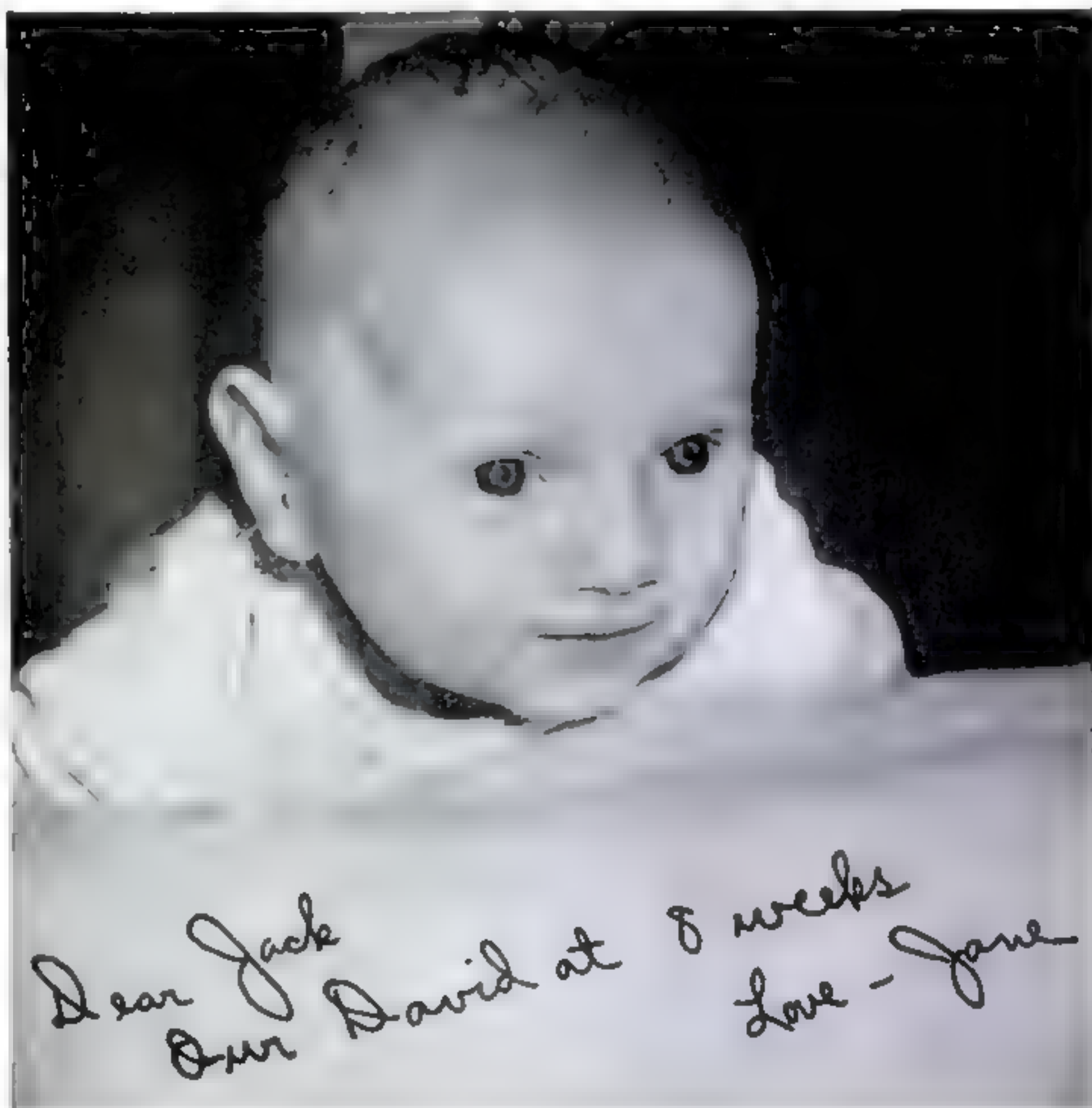
I had been held for 37 days when Colonel Red Tie came in my room Christmas morning. Red Tie was one of my Hungarian questioners. I never knew the names of any of them, except my lawyer. This colonel almost always wore a red tie.

"Here's a Christmas present for you from the Hungarian government," he said, and handed me an envelope.

I opened it and there was a picture of a baby boy. On it in my wife's handwriting was inscribed, "Dear Jack—Our David at 8 weeks. Love—Jane."

I had stood up, I think, fairly well until then. One thing I had been very careful about was never to tell them my family's address or names. A father should be glad to see a picture of his first-born son for the first time, but when I saw mine I broke down crying. Not because I was homesick and it was Christmas.

All I could think was, "Oh, God, they've got hold of my family now. They're going to do something to them."



PICTURE OF HIS SON, whom he had never seen, was given to Swift by Hungarians on Christmas Day.

He recognized wife's handwriting but, instead of being reassured, feared Reds had captured family.

It wasn't a very reasonable thought. They couldn't possibly have captured my family. But a man shut up for 37 days, out of all touch with the real world, can think anything and make it logical.

I had 40 days, all told, of that unreal life, shut off from everything. Here is what it was like:

As probably everyone knows by now, we—meaning the four-man crew of an American C-47 out of Erding Air Base in Germany with me as copilot—got lost on the night of Nov. 19 and landed in Hungary instead of Yugoslavia. It was either land or crash into the Alps, and when an unidentified fighter flew near us we followed him in to a landing field. We didn't know even what country we were in.

A lot of soldiers surrounded the plane. They took off Captain Henderson, the pilot, but kept Sergeant Duff, Sergeant Elam and myself aboard. About a couple of hours later we were taken inside a building at the airfield. The first thing I saw was a picture of Joe Stalin on the wall. There were some men seated around a table and they took what we had on us. I threw my wallet and an inhaler down on the table, which was all I had except for a rosary, which I kept. In my wallet they

were interested in a card which said, "S. A. Ristorante Passetto, Piazza Zanardelli, 14." Through an interpreter I told them it was the name of a good restaurant in Rome, if they ever got there. An old guy wearing those old-fashioned flying goggles and helmet walked in. I guess he must have been the pilot who led us in, though it was strange to think of such an old guy flying a jet fighter. He pointed to Stalin's picture, then to himself.

"Roosky," he said, and tapped his chest so you could hear it. "Roosky."

That was the first time we knew the Russians had us.

"Leather Jacket" takes over

NEXT morning, Nov. 20, they took us to a Russian BOQ (bachelor officers' quarters) near a little town and put Henderson in one room, me in another and Duff and Elam together in a room next to mine. They put guards with submachine guns at the door. Near dark I was taken over to a headquarters building five blocks away.

The first of scores of question sessions I was to have during the next several weeks began.

My main questioner with the Russians

TELLS STORY OF HIS ORDEAL

COMMUNISTS LIKE 'RED TIE' AND 'COLONEL TWEED' TRIED TO FORCE A CONFESSION OF ESPIONAGE



MEETING WITH SON David, now 12 weeks old, took place on Jan. 4 at city of Glens Falls, N.Y., where

Captain Swift, who is originally from Syracuse, has his home. The Swifts also have a daughter, Leslie, 5.

was a colonel with dark eyes, spectacles and a black leather jacket. He interrogated me through an interpreter.

"Why did you have 21 blankets in your plane?" he asked. "You were intending to drop them to American spies in Hungary."

I told him the truth, which was that they were a consignment to the American air attaché in Belgrade, Yugoslavia.

Leather Jacket looked very unbelieving. "What would he want with 21 blankets?"

"I don't know. Maybe he gets cold easily."

He smiled. At least he had a sense of humor.

The Russians didn't question by the clock. Sometimes it was the middle of the day. Sometimes close to the middle of the night. All the time I tried to keep two things in my mind: first, about Vogeler—that they had got him on trumped-up espionage charges. The second thing, I thought, was in our favor: we were military personnel and we were protected under international law. They kept trying to work me around to an espionage confession and I thought I would be all right so long as I didn't buy that.

"I've been waiting for you to tell the truth voluntarily," Leather Jacket said on one occasion. "But" (he pointed to a place on the

map—I looked and saw his finger on Bucharest, Romania), "our radar picked you up flying near Bucharest."

"Romania," I shouted. "Why that's absolutely ridiculous." If he was trying to get on my nerves he was doing it. It was an outrageous charge.

"Our radar," he said, "shows that you flew in circles near Bucharest. Why?"

The only relation to truth this had was that we had made two turns—one 90°, one 180°—while we were lost and shortly before landing. But they were navigation turns and they were not over Romania. I told him this.

He said, "How do you expect us to believe you passed over Hungary and Romania—two unauthorized countries—and still that you were lost?"

I said, "There's no way to prove it. Maybe there was something wrong with your radar."

He said, "Oh, now you criticize our radar."

Suddenly he flicked off those big black-rimmed glasses, pointed them at me, then back at Bucharest on the map.

"The fact is, you dropped parachutists there. I will tell you something else: you were fired on by our antiaircraft near Bucharest."

"Colonel," I said, "that's fantastic. We

weren't fired on. Look at the plane. If anyone can't hit a C-47 he oughtn't to be in antiaircraft."

"Oh. First we've got poor radar. Now we can't hit a C-47."

Leather Jacket tried all the approaches, including getting confidential.

"Can't you see what a serious situation you're in?" he said once, in a tone that was almost fatherly. "Here you are, flying over two countries you've no business flying over. Look at it from the point of view of myself, whose duty is to find out the truth from you. What if you were in my place and someone came into the U.S. as you've done here, one of us came in that way. Wouldn't you think they were there for some other purpose than being lost? Why don't you just tell me why you dropped those parachutists over Romania—and who gave you the orders?"

Then he would switch to something else—quickly, so that I began to get confused as to just what the hell we were talking about, Romania, Hungary, blankets, or what not. One time he stopped abruptly and had a box brought in. I recognized it as more of our cargo. It was a big box and he took out its entire contents: a small package wrapped in tissue paper, a can about the size of a coffee can, and a small box. He took off the tissue paper—some navigation calipers. He opened the can—some fishing equipment. He opened the box—some cartridges of CO₂. Then he dumped the packing on the table. He made a great gesture of there being so much of the packing and really there was a lot of it. He held up the contents of the box piece by piece.

"Why such a big box and so much packing for three tiny items?"

I told him I didn't know, maybe we Americans just believed in being supercautious. Then I realized what he was thinking: they were packed so well so they could be dropped out of an airplane. I did something I suppose was silly. I picked up the carbon dioxide tubes and explained that they were for inflating life vests when a pilot went down in the ocean. I even got out the fishing gear from the can and went through the motion of fishing, to show what it was for.

"I know, I know," he said impatiently. "We fish over here, too."

When we were first taken from the plane I had to leave my B-4 bag aboard. It contained spare clothes, shaving gear, and a big fat book called *Personnel Administration*. That's a textbook in a course I'm taking from the University of Maryland extension service. After a couple of days the Russians brought me the bag, book and all. I ought to make A-plus in this course. Between questioning sessions I practically memorized the book. When I got tired of it I asked the guards to bring me something else to read. They gave me a Russian schoolbook for teaching English. It had a vocabulary and using that I got some slips of paper and wrote on them in Russian, "Four American prisoners held here" and "Telephone American consulate," and dropped the slips out the window hoping



PRISONER'S PLEASURES had to be improvised. Swift had only a wallet, inhaler and rosary when captured, made this "solitaire deck" out of old money order stubs.

RANSOMED AIRMAN CONTINUED

someone would see them. Some, for added temptation, I wrote on dollar bills. I made myself a deck of cards out of the little blue receipts for money orders I'd been sending home. I had only 40 receipts so I invented a new game of 40-card solitaire. I had one social visitor while with the Russians: a Russian colonel, a ground officer, who said he had worked a long trip just to see me. I didn't know they had junkets in Russia too. He was half loaded that night and the main subject he discussed was washing clothes. "In Russia," he said, "we have machines where you can just press a button and they do all the washing."

My only other social contact was a Hungarian. She was blond and buxom. Our friendship was carried on over a distance of 75 yards. I first saw her one day when I looked out my window over the stone wall that enclosed the BOQ. She was standing in the door of a house beyond the wall. I waved and she waved back. She spent a lot of time scrubbing the steps of her house and we waved from time to time.

At one session with Leather Jacket he asked me, "What's going to happen to you when you get back?"

"Don't know," I said. "They'll probably hang me." Actually I did expect, when and if I got back, that the colonel at Erding would meet me with the sword out of his scabbard, especially for losing his C-47. When I was released I was pleasantly surprised at the reception I got.

"Well, you can stop worrying," Leather Jacket said. "You'll never see Erding again."

If this was intended to scare me, it worked. When I got back to my room I decided to sit down and write my thoughts out. This is a habit I have when confused of writing the issues down on paper. The only thing I had to write on then was the flyleaves of *Personnel Administration*. On one page I wrote some questions and answers, like this:

Q. What am I accused of?

A. Basically it can only be crossing the border.

Q. How does the seriousness of this offense compare with murder, stealing or driving on the wrong side of the street?

A. In my mind no violation of any moral law occurred when we crossed the Hungarian border. So the offense itself can't be compared with any serious offense. Therefore there can be no serious penalty for it.

Q. Would this crime that I committed be serious enough to deprive me of freedom for life?

A. If I am imprisoned for life then you people [which is the way I wrote it, second person], not I, will be committing the crime by depriving me of my freedom unjustifiably.

Q. Why aren't we turned over to the Hungarian authorities?

A. The Russians and Hungarians are allies.

Later the Russians picked up the book again—and again kept it for two days before giving it back. I hope they enjoyed *Personnel Administration*, especially the part on the flyleaves.

The day before we were taken away two one-star Russian generals questioned me. They went over about the same ground Leather Jacket had: our route, why we were dropping parachutists and the rest of it. I gave them the same answers. It was that same day we made our one feeble attempt to escape. The door between my room and Duff's and Elam's was nailed up, but Duff had a pair of snippers and small screwdriver the Russians had first confiscated and then, for some reason I do not understand, given back to him. He got the nails out of the door, put the nailheads back in so it would look the same, and came into my room. We moved a locker in the corner and tried to pry up the floor boards. We guessed a basement was underneath and thought we might get out. It was a foolish attempt from the first. The little screwdriver would not begin to budge the boards.

On Dec. 3 the Russians turned us over to the Hungarians. Outside the BOQ there were four cars lined up: a 1951 Cadillac and three 1950 Buicks with curtains over the windows. There were several guys wearing black peak caps and black overcoats standing around. They put me into one car between two of the peak-cap characters. The curtains were drawn and they took off the doorknobs inside. I didn't know it then, but we were on our way to Budapest.

The two peak-capped boys never said one word the whole three-hour trip. I offered them cigarets, but they just shook their heads. We drove like hell. I never heard any other cars pass. Once after about two hours I had to go to the bathroom very badly. I made signals to the peak-capped boys, but they just shook their heads—that was the only thing, it seemed, they were supposed to do. I leaned over to another guy in the front seat and told him, "My friend, I have to go to the bathroom." He shook his head too and I started shouting. There was a long discussion. Then I shouted, "Do you have to wire Moscow for permission for me to go to the bathroom?" Finally we stopped and they let me stand on the running board.

The next time the car door opened I was stepping into a courtyard and up the steps of a house with an architecture I'd call "Spanish stucco." I was led alone upstairs to the room where I was to live until released.

It was a fine bedroom. The couch-bed I slept on was short by three inches so that I had to sleep either with my head on the headboard or my feet over the end. But then I am 6 feet tall. Steam heat the room had. They even gave me pajamas and slippers. There were big French double-door windows with blinds over them. There were lace curtains and an iron sliding gate over the window and blinds beyond the gate. In the end I was to hate this silver-lined cell far worse than the much shabbier room at the Russian BOQ. There I could at least see out the window.

The main Hungarian questioners were Red Tie and a lieutenant colonel who often wore a gray tweed suit—Colonel Tweed. Red Tie was older and a pretty nice guy.

Colonel Tweed was only about 27 and like many lieutenant colonels who are only 27 had his nose in the air most of the time. I am Irish and can get a temper with this kind of people. He had a fiery girl interpreter about 35 with a scar across her face. Colonel Tweed, Miss Scarface and I had some lively sessions. He kept trying to get me to sign a confession that I had crossed the border.

"Will you admit you are in Hungary?" Tweed asked me once.

"I don't know I'm in Hungary."

"You don't know you're in Hungary! But I tell you that you are. If you are in Hungary will you admit that you crossed the border?"



BACK WITH HIS FOLKS, the captain (left) visits with his mother and brother Joe, who was a bombardier in war and also was once held by the Reds in Hungary. But Swift suffered a blow when his father (right) died a few days after his return.



REUNION WITH WIFE, Jane, occurred Dec. 31 at Syracuse airport. She came there from Glens Falls to be with husband at bedside of his dying father.

"I know I'm in Hungary only because you tell me I'm in Hungary," I said. "Therefore it follows that if I'm in Hungary I must have crossed the border."

"Then you will sign a confession that you crossed the border?"

"No. Because I don't know from my own personal knowledge that I am in Hungary."

Another time he asked me, "How do you explain the fact that you had 4,000 pounds of cargo and don't know what was in it? What if you had gas and explosives?"

"During the war," I told him, "I carried bombs in the B-25 I flew—and the wings of the airplane had gas in them. I never signed for the bombs or the gas."

It was a mistake to tell him I was a bomber pilot during the war. He kept coming back to it with the opening, "Now about your previous trip to Budapest..." Actually I never bombed Budapest, though my brother Joe, a bombardier on a B-17, did plenty. I don't know if they knew about Joe, but it was a coincidence that he was held by the Russians for about four weeks, before being turned back to the Americans, when he crash-landed in Hungary in 1945.

On military information the Hungarians asked mostly about our bases in Europe, such as, "What bases do you have around Munich?" I didn't tell them that or the name of our commanding officer at



SWIFT SCRIBBLED THESE PLEAS FOR HELP ON EDGE OF DOLLAR BILLS

Erding, which they also asked. They asked me where I had been and I said all over the world. They asked me what my father did and I said he was a train engineer. Now and then Tweed and his interpreter made efforts to convert me. They had too hot tempers to be good missionaries. Once Tweed drew a map of Russia and all the Communist nations, then drew a circle around it where we were building air bases. "You intend to attack Russia," he said. "Otherwise why the bases?" They were always more concerned about Russia than about their own country.

Before I could answer, Miss Scarface exploded, "Why don't you Americans go back to America where you belong and let these people over here alone?"

The Hungarians questioned me on schedule: every night at 8. I used to get a knot in my stomach as it got close to 8, knowing they would come for me then. With the Russians, though, it was even worse: I had a knot all the time, not knowing when they would come.

It may sound strange, but the interrogations were almost a relief from being in my room, where I lived 22 hours a day. I thought at the time I would have preferred physical torture. At least in physical torture you lose consciousness after a while. But to sit in a room not knowing when or if you'll ever leave it, not knowing if your family knows you're alive or dead, not knowing what is being done to get out... I once read a story, by Edgar Allan Poe, I think, about walls closing in on a man and crushing him. I got that feeling about my walls. I thought, if I could just look out the window and see sky.

They had knocked off the questioning for about a week when one

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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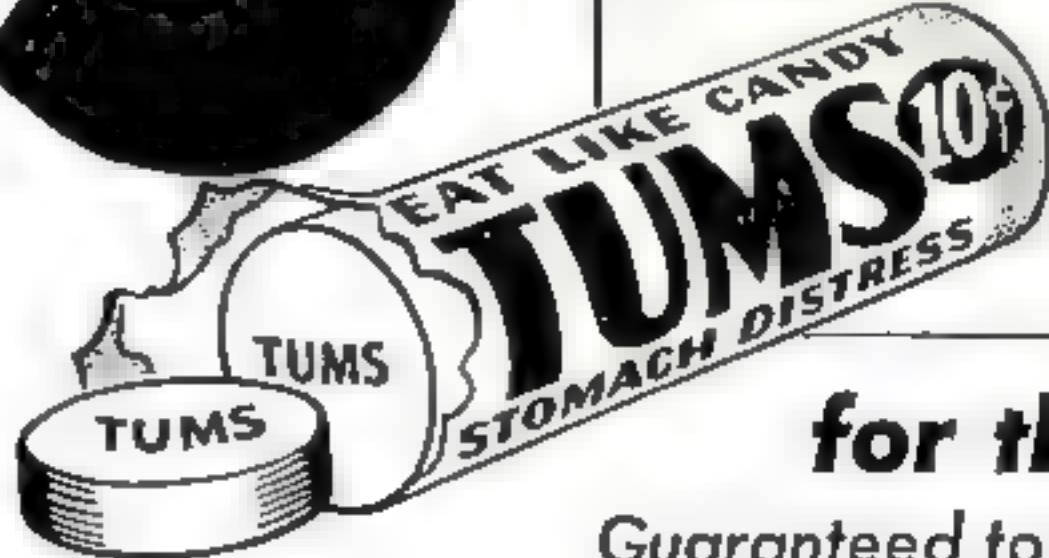
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AN ABANDONED TREE glows in Hungarian consulate in New York after U.S. closed it in retaliation. Picture is of Red Boss Matyas Rakosi. U.S. also closed Cleveland consulate, barred U.S. travel in Hungary.

RANSOMED AIRMAN CONTINUED

morning around 7:30 I woke up to see the lights on in my room and Tweed standing there with a new girl interpreter. He gave me a piece of paper that said "Statement of suspect" and had a lot of writing in English beneath. I was enraged. Not because of the statement, which I hadn't even read, but because of this man I hated coming in my room while I slept. I told him to get out.

"We want you to sign this," he said.

"I'm not going to sign," I shouted. "I'm never going to sign it."

They left and later that day Red Tie came in. "I understand you were a little nervous this morning," he said, smiling. He sat down and read the statement Tweed had brought me. The essence of it was that because of our experience as pilots it was impossible for us to lose the way involuntarily and therefore we must have flown over Hungary for a purpose.

"I can't sign that," I told him.

He wasn't a bit ruffled. "I know." He pulled another statement from his pocket and read it. It was much shorter—also quite different. It said simply that we had crossed the Hungarian border. I knew sooner or later I would have to sign some sort of confession if we ever got out of here, even to trial. I signed the second statement.

On Dec. 23 they got me up at 7 a.m., told me to get dressed and pack my bag. That was all. They took me in a car across the city to a barracks and put me in a room again. Soon I was taken into another room where a new colonel identified himself as "Commander of the Budapest military post."

He handed me a sheet of paper. It had a list of eight or nine names. "Here, pick yourself a lawyer."

I jabbed my finger on the first name. I was taken back to my room. After a while the door opened and one of the saddest-looking characters I've ever seen stepped in. He was quite an old guy, white hair, a big hairy mustache, frayed shirt collar. He had the saddest eyes, like a big sheep dog. He looked like he was on his way to his best friend's funeral.

"I'm your lawyer," he said.

He identified himself as Dr. Imrie, I think it was spelled.

"What can we do to defend you?" he said through an interpreter he had with him.

"You want me to tell you how to defend me?" I said.

He said the penalty for the charge was five years. We sat there for about five minutes not saying a word, then he asked me if I'd thought of anything. "I thought you were the lawyer," I said.

Sheep Dog got up. "Well, see if you can think of anything," he said sadly. "I'm going out for a while."

Ten minutes after he'd left they came and took me down the hall to the courtroom. They had Henderson, Duff and Elam. I hardly recognized them. They looked like people who'd been living in a cave all their lives and then suddenly had been let out into the light. We looked at each other and didn't say a word. Only our four lawyers were there, and the prosecutor—who never said a word the whole trial. We lined up while the military tribunal of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 111

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RANSOMED AIRMAN CONTINUED

three officers came in. They read the charge: violating the border. The president of the court asked me four questions. The first was name, rank and serial number, then:

Q. Did you have any blankets on your aircraft?

A. If they were on board I had not seen them.

Q. Did you have a radio that would send from the ground?

A. If so, I didn't know about it.

Q. Did you have more parachutes than usual aboard?

I said "yes" to that one without thinking, then asked them to repeat the question. "No more than usual," I answered it then. "Just two more than the number of the crew."

It was the same business with Duff and Elam. Then the lawyers were given a chance to speak. The other three didn't, but Sheep Dog gave a loud talk, most of the time looking very sadly at me. When he'd finished the interpreter came over and told me, "Dr. Imrie has just said 'The crime was not committed during time of war and therefore is not serious. Anyhow Captain Henderson is to blame; he was the pilot.'"

We were asked if we had anything to say. No one did except me. I told them it wasn't fair to push the blame off on Henderson, also that the two crewmen had no responsibility.

They took us from the court. The trial had lasted an hour and a half. They took us back to our rooms. The next two and a half hours there were the worst of my life. Later I looked in the mirror and saw I had rubbed a raw spot on my temple.

We were marched back in and the president of the court read a four-page finding in Hungarian. I was ready to collapse. Then it was interpreted. There was a big blast against the U.S., then it said we were guilty of violating the Hungarian border and were fined 360,000 forints each or three months in prison and expulsion from the country. Also they were confiscating the airplane. We were asked if we wanted to appeal. Finally we all agreed to appeal.

Christmas Day, Red Tie brought me the picture of my son which almost did me in.

The next night something new happened: I was given cherry brandy for dinner. On the morning of Dec. 28 they got us up early again, took us downstairs and fingerprinted and photographed us. Front and sideways as prisoners are done. We knew we were headed for jail. They took us back to our rooms. In a few minutes a man who I imagined was from the Hungarian state department came in. He handed me something.

"Here's your passport. You'll be turned over to the American authorities at 5 p.m."

"You'll meet a group of American newsmen at the border," the Hungarian state department man went on. "Be careful what you say. Remember we treated you well. Don't say anything bad of Hungary. Remember the picture of your baby we gave you on Christmas Day?"

They drove us to the border. I began a little to believe it when I saw our cars had no curtains. At the border we waited an hour and a half, then the Hungarian guards escorted us about 100 yards to another gate. As we approached I saw a man standing there who in a minute was to introduce himself as American High Commissioner Donnelly of Austria. As we got nearer, the Hungarian guards by us, suddenly this man who looked like an ambassador opened his mouth and made a great shout, a very unambassador-like noise. It was a beautiful noise as he shouted at the top of his voice:

"Welcome to Freedom!"



DOORWAY TO FREEDOM is border station in Austria. Commissioner Donnelly (right) welcomes Sgts. Duff and Elam, Capt. Swift and Henderson.

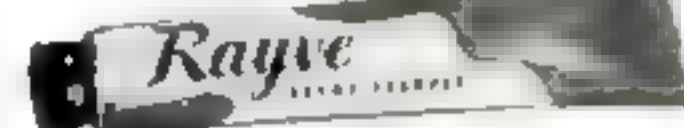


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a Universal-International Picture

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DRESSED AS FRENCH CAVALIERS FOR GRAND MARCH, DUBUTANTES FLOURISH SWORDS

Life Goes to the Dubutante Party

COLLEGE BLADES COME OUT IN BED SHEETS

During New York's winter season the eligible young male can keep himself socially occupied, at practically no expense, by accepting invitations to one debutante party after another. But most of these parties are pretty much alike—long receiving lines, chicken à la king, champagne, prepicked girls. This year, to spice things up, 21 students from Yale, Princeton and Harvard christened themselves the "Dubutantes" and held their own coming-out.

Their party, given in an Astor Hotel ballroom, paid lip service to debutante rituals. There was a receiving line—but it consisted of the 21

"dubutantes" and their dates attired in Roman togas made mostly out of bed sheets. There was chicken—but it was served "in the basket" with potato chips. There were champagne glasses—but they were filled with beer. All those invited (at \$7.50 a head) were told to come dressed as the spirit moved them. The guests jitterbugged, sprawled on the floors and sang college songs. The experiment was such a success that the "dubutantes" plan to make the party an annual affair. "It's expensive," said an ungallant college man, "but at least we can invite the girls we want and that eliminates the drips."



LOLLING on the floor, Peter Rhett du Pont, of the Delaware Du Ponts, relaxes with his date Dulcy Lee.



EATING chicken out of the basket, Jean Garrison of Vassar rests palm wreath on foot instead of head.



RESTING after hours of strenuous dancing, two couples prefer ballroom's soft carpet to hard chairs.

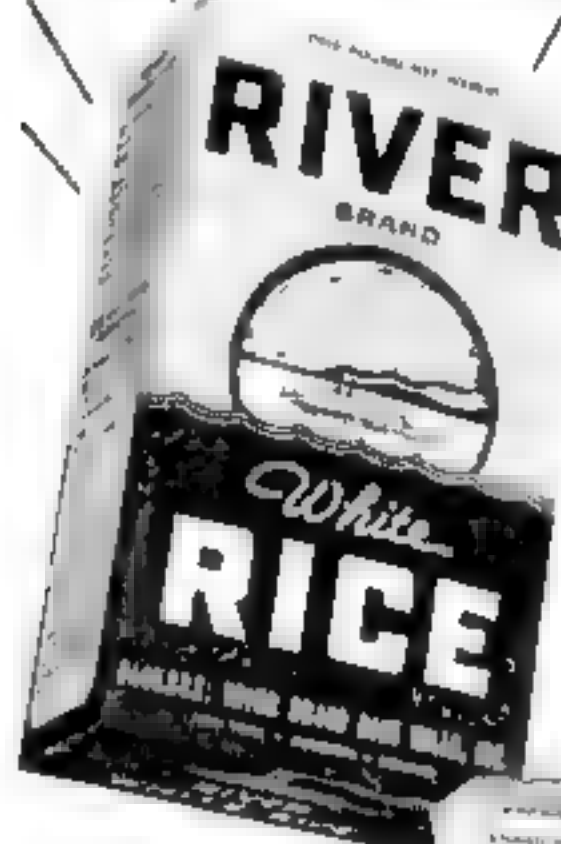
← SWINGING OUT, Carol Lombardi of Washington and Rev. Kim Underwood, Connecticut Congregational minister, do the Lindy.

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How he'll love it!



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● A little rice gives a lot in quantity and
nutrition. Each of these famous brands
cooks to 4 times its package weight...
makes 16 generous servings per pound
at only about a penny a serving!

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Dubutantes CONTINUED



RECEIVING LINE rests before going into action. In spirit of the occasion
Bandleader Lester Lanin (upper left) and musicians dutifully donned togas.



CENTPEDE makes grand entrance at height of party and comes to halt in
center of dance floor. Under painted cloth were eight students and their dates.



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—writes Miss Kay Dorian of London, England,
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I have discovered Greyhound to be
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CONTINUED ON PAGE 112

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Step up to Carling's!



You've just never tasted anything so refreshing,
so enjoyable—as Carling's Red Cap! For only Carling's
offers you the dry, delicious lightness of smoothest beer
... plus the rich, rewarding heartiness of ale—and
at no extra cost. Whichever you've preferred
up to now—beer or ale—you'll like *Light-hearted* Carling's
better! So . . . be light-hearted! Stay light-hearted!
Step up to Carling's Red Cap Ale today!

CARLING'S *Red Cap* **ALE**

It's Light-hearted!



CANADA'S
GREAT ALE
IS NOW BREWED
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Not a shadow of a doubt —with Kotex

Not a shadow of a revealing outline because only Kotex of all leading napkins gives you ends that are flat and pressed.

Not a doubt—for confidence and peace-of-mind go hand in hand with the extra absorbency and safety of Kotex . . . *proved superior by actual use!*

Best of all, *this pad is made to stay soft while wearing . . . to retain its fit and comfort for hours and hours. No wonder Kotex is America's first choice in napkins . . . always, very personally yours.*

More women choose Kotex
than all other sanitary napkins*



DRY, FLAKY SCALP?

Read this Carefully:

Are harsh, drying chemical detergents found in some cream shampoos and other preparations robbing your hair of natural oils leaving your scalp dry, itchy, flaking, hair dull and lifeless looking?



Thousands are finding relief by switching to famous Mar-o-Oil Shampoo. For Mar-o-Oil brings to your hair the two-way care it needs: First, a thorough cleaning such as no harsh detergent or soap none can do. Second, pure blended oils that revitalize and beautify. Makes hair want to curl! Mar-o-Oil shines as it shampoos leaving hair gleaming, scalp comfortable, free from ugly flakes. No dulling soap film—never sticky.

Learn why professional beauty operators and barbers use and recommend Mar-o-Oil Shampoo. You'll find glorious hair beauty and scalp comfort! Get genuine Mar-o-Oil either No. 1 (Non-Foamy) for DRY hair or No. 2 (Super-Foamy) for OILY hair—at your drug counter. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. Get Mar-o-Oil today.

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Fine Guns Since 1870

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Enjoy quick relief and speedy removal of aching corns with soothing, cushioning, protective, world-famous Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads!



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TAKE

BAYER

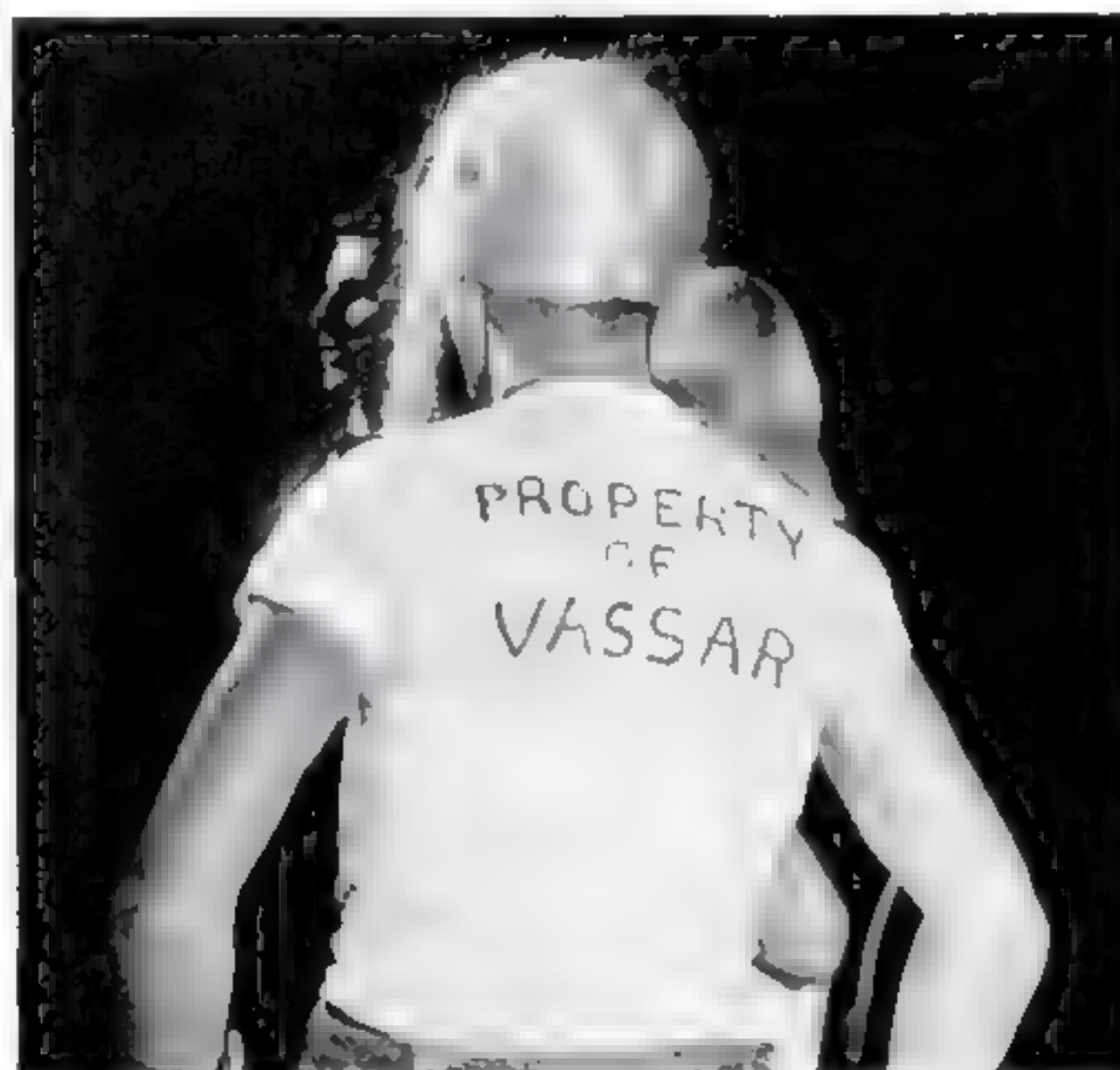
ASPIRIN

TO **RELIEVE** SIMPLE
HEADACHE

FEEL BETTER FAST!



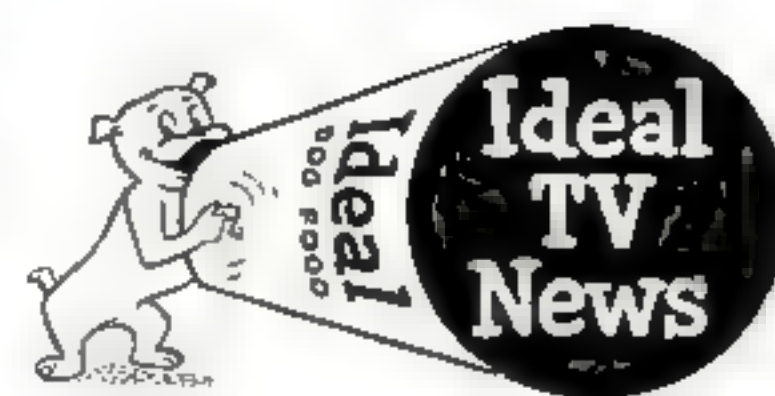
PANTSLESS guest puts on flannel suit after shedding his toga. Many others changed midway in evening when costumes got too warm or too cumbersome.



BEWIGGED student, Steve Mohl of Yale, was popular with the Vassar girls even though his impersonation of them included falsies and buck teeth.



BEARDED guest, Chuck Smith of Hamilton College, dressed as a fantastic gnome. He had trouble drinking because his big nose always got in the way.



Ideal CHAMP WINS AGAIN!

...AND WHAT A BATTLE! THE CHAMPION LEADS WITH A RIGHT, A LEFT, A RIGHT... (BOING!)



STILL WORLD'S CHAMPION, KID IDEAL!



YES SIR, THAT IDEAL DOG FOOD SURE PACKS A PUNCH!



IDEAL GIVES US PETS APPEAL!



Ideal THE 7-COURSE MEAL



ANOTHER WILSON REALITY PROGRAM

You are invited to join these 20 famous men

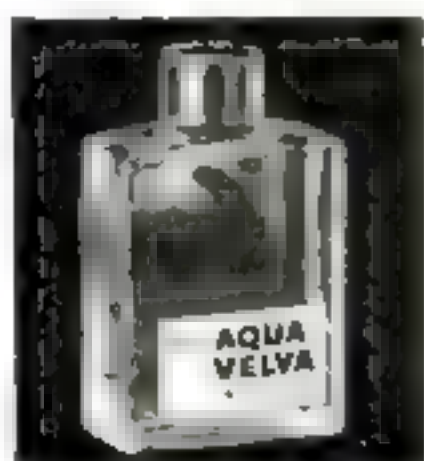
LUCIUS BEEBE
GEORGE BIDDLE
LOUIS BROMFIELD
LOUIS CALHERN
FRANCIS GROVER CLEVELAND
ELY CULBERTSON
THE DUKE DE VERDURA
DENIS CONAN DOYLE
MAJ. GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT
CEDRIC HARDWICKE

DENNIS KING
PAUL LUKAS
LALRITZ MELCHIOR
THE MARQUESS OF MILFORD HAVEN
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ALBERT SPALDING
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one of the world's most distinguished clubs

● You are never too young to begin taking a young man's care of your appearance. And because it is so important, you, too, belong with these distinguished members in this world-famous After-Shave Club.

Like other Williams preparations, Aqua Velva has an extra youth preserving quality. It contains a very special tonic ingredient for the skin. This wonderful substance leaves your face with its natural



moisture intact . . . helps protect it from sun, wind and cold.

To freshen and "firm-up" your skin, to help keep your face looking and feeling young, make a habit of using Aqua Velva after every shave. Its quick-refreshing feel, its tangy scent will show you why it is the world's most distinguished after-shave lotion.

Join the After-Shave Club . . . use Aqua Velva tomorrow morning.

Here's the *ONLY* Cough Drop...

VICKS
MEDICATED
COUGH DROPS
20 Drops

VICKS
...*REALLY*
MEDICATED

with cough-easing ingredients of Vicks VapoRub plus other soothing medications.

THAT'S WHY THEY'RE SO EFFECTIVE!

Dubulantes CONTINUED



TIGER RUSS is given to Alice Kerr at end of show by the Circus Platoon, the beast who puts on a act of a coat of arms and other things.



TIGER TALK entertains Rhea Ellman of New York. Ed Craig, Princeton junior who wears suit, had to take head off frequently during evening for air.



"Can't we do something about the heat—before the Martins arrive?"

Chances are the husband above can only shake his head and say "No."

For in homes where the room temperatures keep seesawing between too-hot and too-cold—everyone is uncomfortable.

It happens in many more homes than not. It may be happening in *your* home right now.

And there's really no reason for it! Your heating dealer can easily remedy this condition—thanks to recent developments in heating equipment and

controls. And the cost can be far less than you might think!

If your present heating system is adequate, probably all you need is a modern Honeywell thermostat, to see that the heat comes to you in an almost constant flow—metered to your exact needs. And the cost is negligible, for an up-to-date Honeywell thermostat is surprisingly inexpensive—less than 2¢ a day, figuring the cost over its lifetime.

Your heating dealer can tell you all about the recent heating developments and new Honeywell

controls that can put an end to your home heating problems.

Consult your heating dealer now. You'll find his name in your classified phone directory. Or mail the coupon below.

And remember—whether you buy a new heating plant or modernize your present one, we think you'll be glad you insisted on Honeywell Controls.

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*Turns heat down at night,
up in the morning—automatically!*

This Honeywell Electric Clock Thermostat makes your heating *completely* automatic. And it's the most sensitive thermostat of its type—keeps room temperatures uniform—no matter how the weather changes.



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Set the Honeywell Time-O-Stat for the morning pick-up time you want—wake up to a warm, comfortable house.

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ELECTRONIC MODUFLOW. The magic sensitivity of *electronics* matches heat requirements to the weather changes, and keeps your home comfortable at all times.

ZONE CONTROL. The wonderful new way to provide comfort in the various heating areas of ranch-type and larger homes.

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from LIFE, December 3, 1951, by W. Eugene Smith

WHAT'S IN A PICTURE . . .

"God could not be everywhere, and so He made mothers," runs an old saying. This event, a mother seeing her newborn child for the first time, is something that happens so many times a day there is hardly a counting.

Yet birth is always news.

Who can see a moment like this, understandingly

and without intruding? A doctor, a midwife, a husband . . .

. . . or the camera. For the camera, when directed wisely, is not impersonal, but alive and knowing. It can go to the heart of an everyday happening. It can see what needs to be seen, and say what it is that matters.

. . . to see life . . . to see the world . . . to eyewitness great events

LIFE

We swung from a rope to save our necks



1 "I felt like I'd lost my best friend when I saw my guide disappear over the Ontario treetops, swinging from the rope attached to a 'flying windmill,'" writes Everton Smith, an American friend of Canadian Club. "Johnny had sprained his ankle—just as the deer we'd been tracking had come within range. Stranded in that vast Canadian wilderness, we had to pin our hopes on the S.O.S. of the north country—*smoke* . . .



2 "We didn't stand a chance unless somebody saw our smoke and investigated. Johnny sent me beating the bush for evergreen branches. Lighting balsam boughs isn't easy; a few gulps of smoke had me sputtering. But that fire was our only way out . . .

5 "Canada's backwoods airlift reflects a comradeship distinctively Canadian. I find that same friendliness on all my travels—wherever people enjoy Canadian Club." Why this whisky's worldwide popularity? Canadian Club is light as scotch, rich as rye, satisfying as bourbon.



3 "Our distress signal, sighted miles away at Cobalt, brought a helicopter flying to the rescue. The pilot lowered a rope. Johnny grabbed it and they were off, hedge-hopping over the wooded hills to a clearing where the 'egg-beater' could land and take Johnny aboard.

Yet no other whisky in all the world tastes quite like Canadian Club. You can stay with it all evening . . . in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after. That's what made Canadian Club the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.



4 "Some trapeze act!" Johnny said after I, too, had been flown back to civilization. "With a happy landing." I added, for on the table was my old favorite—Canadian Club!



IN 87 LANDS . . . THE BEST IN THE HOUSE

"Canadian Club"

6 YEARS OLD
90.4 PROOF

IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM WALKERVILLE, CANADA, BY HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILL. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY.

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